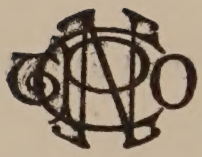
# THE · OLIVIA · LETTERS

EMILY EDSON BRIGGS

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE AND ACADEMY
MONROE, MICHIGAN
FAITH and DUTY
Sisters Servants of the
Immaculate Heart of Mary
1845

# THE OLIVIA LETTERS



Emily Edson Briggs.

"Olivia."

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# THE OLIVIA LETTERS

Being Some History of Washington City for Forty Years as Told by the Letters of a Newspaper Correspondent

By
EMILY EDSON BRIGGS

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## A TRIBUTE TO ARCHITECTURE.

### Honor Paid to the Builders of the Dome of the National Capitol.

Washington, *January, 1866.*

The time has come when our wealthy citizens need not to go abroad to see the finest specimen of architecture of the kind in the world. Visitors to the shrine of St. Paul and St. Peter return westward and award the palm of superiority to the dome of the nation's Capitol. Towering 300 feet from the base to the summit, its superb porportions, unsurpassed in the world of art, at once attract the attention of all beholders, and, as the king of the landscape, it reigns supreme. But to see it in all its regal beauty it should be aflame of a night, with its innumerable gas jets; then it becomes in every sense of the word, a "mountain of light," and shares the honors of the evening with the "Pleiades," "Orion," and the "Milky Way."

The Pharaoh who built the mighty pyramid of Egypt simply constructed his own monument, and in the same way the architect of the dome, a citizen of good old Philadelphia, has woven his name into a fragment of the web of Time. Thomas U. Walter—do you know him?—the man who held this mighty tower in his brain, in all its perfection, long, long before it ever saw the light of day. When you and I, dear reader, are not so much as a pinch of dust—when the names of Washington and Lincoln are as remote as the sages who lived before Christ—the great architects of the world will live, whether they sprung from the tawny mud of the Nile, the soil of classic Greece, or the rich vegetable mould of the western hemisphere.

Previous to 1856 a dome had been constructed of brick,

stone, and wood, sheathed in copper. Its height was 145 feet from the ground. This was torn away to give place to the present structure, which is composed entirely of iron and glass.

At the commencement of the rebellion the labor of completing the dome was progressing rapidly. Strangers visiting Washington will remember what seemed to look like acres of ground strewn with immense piles of iron. Facing the east and west fronts of the Capitol, immense timbers were raised to fearful heights, to which pulleys and ropes were attached that looked strong enough to lift the world. Weather permitting—for workmen had to lie by for either wind or rain—little black objects might be seen crawling in and out, building up a nest after the most approved waspish fashion. A closer inspection showed these to be workmen. Now let Charles Fowler, esq., one of the firm of New York builders, tell his story:

"I never had a comfortable night's sleep during all the time the work was going on. I lived in perpetual fear of some horrible accident. We could not keep people out of the rotunda. Suppose there had been a weak place in one of the timbers, a flaw in an iron pin, a rotten strand in one of the ropes—and against neither of these things could we entirely guard—there is no knowing how many lives might have been lost." "What precautions did you take?" "We made everything four times as strong as it was necessary to lift two tons of iron to a given height." "Were any lives lost?" "I only had three men killed in all the time. We had stopped work for dinner one day, and when the workmen returned they found one of their number dead on the ground. No one saw him fall, but it was plain he had missed his foothold on the scaffold and been precipitated to the ground. His head had come in contact with some projecting beam. That was the end of him. Another lost his life in the same way; but the third, poor fellow! it makes my hair stand on end to think of it—a rope gave way and caught him." "The lightning hug of an anaconda?" "Yes, yes; that is it. Poor Charlie! he never knew what hurt him. It chopped him up in an instant. You don't know how quick a big rope can do that thing."

The dome might have been completed in five years, but the Secretary of the Interior during the dark days of the rebellion stopped the work, at a great pecuniary loss to the contractors. On the average 200 men were employed

in building the dome, including those who were working on the castings in the foundry. The largest pieces of iron weighed two tons each.

The chief engineers employed were Gen. M. C. Meigs and Gen. Wm. B. Franklin. These engineers were detailed from the War Department because the building was Government property. Everything pertaining to this work is under the care of the engineer, and for its faithful execution he is responsible. It is the engineer who accepts the plan of the architect and judges of strength and merit. It is the engineer who makes the contracts and disburses the money. The word of the engineer is law. He is the autocrat in his own dominion, from whose fiat there is no appeal.

As we have already said, the dome is composed wholly of iron and glass, whilst the image which crowns it is made of bronze, designed by Crawford, and executed by Clark Mills. The weight of this goddess is about 1,700 pounds. Everything included, the dome weighs 10,000,000 pounds, which if turned into gold by the enchanter's wand would about pay the national debt.

This brief and imperfect sketch is gathered from glances from the outside. The interior of the dome from the floor to the rotunda requires the pen of a genius to do justice to the so-called works of art found scattered in all directions. It is a long mathematical calculation to find out how many square inches of canvas have been ruined. A plaster caricature of our beloved Lincoln occupies the center of the floor, made by the tender hands of a youth of 17 summers. The fruit of genius, in all stages of the ripening process, its maturity forever arrested, lies gently decaying. It is enough to make the cheek of an American blush, if the spectacle were not so pitiful. A few gems gleam out of the rubbish. Exclusive of art, the dome of the Capitol cost the nation $1,000,000.

OLIVIA.

## A SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

### Last Scene of all Pathetically Depicted.

Washington, *January 31, 1866.*

A close observer in Washington is greatly surprised at the easy transition from a state of war to that of peace. An intelligent person might say there is no true peace. We will leave this discussion to the politicians, and say we are no longer awakened in the small hours of the night by the rumbling of the Government ambulances bringing the wounded and dying from the battlefields to the hospitals. We never shall forget that peculiar sound, unlike that produced by any other vehicle. Perhaps it was the zigzag course the driver often took to avoid any little obstruction in the street, which might jar and aggravate the wounded occupant, that made it seem so long in coming. But the movements were always slower than a funeral march.

But sad as this procession seemed, painful almost beyond expression, there was still a sadder sight. It was the same fashioned ambulance, with "U. S. Hearse" marked in large letters on the side of it. Our ears could never distinguish the movements of this from any grocer's wagon. Sometimes we have been crossing a street, this solitary equipage would dash past, and if we were quick enough to catch a glance at the open end of it, we might see a stained coffin, perhaps two of them, with nothing to distinguish them but their manly proportions. No carriages, no mourners, no comrades, even, with reversed arms, all alone, save detailed soldiers enough to perform the act of burial; even the "chaplain" often absent.

Happening to meet an old soldier whom we knew just

as the Government hearse was passing, said he, "I hope you don't mind that; you see that is only a part of the play. It don't make much difference how you drop the seed; the Lord will take care of the harvest." In an instant religion stood stripped of its vaulted roof and broad aisles—*Te Deums,* new bonnets, gewgaws and pew rent. Anxious for his salvation, we inquired, "Do you ever go to church?" and thus this bronzed soldier answered, "Got too much faith to go very often. They don't ask a fellow to sit down. Got to stow away somewhere in the back gallery, or near the door, out of everybody's way. And besides that, I don't want to go to their heaven. I ain't got on the right kind of uniform to serve under their General. But hang it, Heaven is big enough for us all—horses and dead rebs into the bargain."

Only yesterday, as it were, the cloud, the vapor, the storm of war, the wrath of the conflict, bleeding wounds, breaking hearts. To-day the sun shines upon free, proud America, the most powerful nation on the face of the earth—a nation that stands forth pure and undefiled, her late difficulties overcome, or will be just as soon as old Thad Stevens reports the surgical operation a success. Fifteen able doctors are at work, and have been ever since Congress has been in session, and the country can rest assured that everything is going on as well as can be expected.

It is a pleasant place to visit, this Capitol of ours, on a sunshiny afternoon. 'Tis true that when once seated in the House of Representatives there is that feeling which one might be supposed to have if hermetically sealed up in a huge can; but one is disabused of this feeling as soon as the greatness of the surroundings is comprehended. There is no mistaking the Republican side of the House; there is such a placid, self-satisfied look upon the faces of the members, as much as to say, "We have got it all in our own hands." The Democratic side is greatly in the minority, so far as numbers are concerned;

but they are a plucky set of men, mostly with thin lips, which they are in the habit of bringing tight together, reminding one of a certain little instrument made for torture; and woe to the House when an unfortunate Republican falls into the trap, for then follow long, windy discussions of no mortal use to the country and amounting to only so much waste of time and money.

The gallery known as the "Gentlemen's" is generally filled with masculines who have little or nothing to do; but as they do not impede the wheels of legislation, and are kept out of the way of mischief in the meantime, the country is obliged for their attendance. And now I come to the ladies who grace and honor with their presence the national Capitol. How shall I describe these beautiful human butterflies in glaring hoops and gig-top bonnets, curls and perfumery? If the eyes of the traveler ache to behold in a solid mass the different strata of American society, let him visit the national Capitol when Ben Wade is going to make a speech. Nobody from the White House! These ladies have a good old-fashioned way of staying at home. (Wonder if they dry their clothes in the East Room as good queen Abigail used to do?) Carriages arrive at the east front of the Capitol—solemn carriages; heavy bays—made more for strength than beauty; driver with a narrow band around his hat, a little badge—just enough to show that he does not belong to "them independent Jehus that lurk around Willard's and the National." Driver and footman blended in one piece of ebony; driver descends, opens the carriage door, and madame, the proud wife of a Senator, descends, not with agility, for senatorial dignity brings years, rich, ripe, golden maturity, perfection of dress and manners, dark, rich silk, velvet mantle—none of your plebeian coats! The portals of the great Capitol open and Madame le Senator disappears.

Now come the wives of the wealthy members; not the leading ones, for great men seldom take time to get rich.

Showy carriage, driver and footman in gloves, an elegant carriage costume, an occasional flash of early autumnal beauty, oftener positively commonplace. And now comes Jehu, who has left his "stand" before Willard's or the National just long enough to turn an honest penny. Perhaps he is bringing a member's wife whose carriage costume outshines her neighbor, the owner of the footman in gloves. She wishes it understood that she is not a resident of Washington; here temporarily, just long enough to keep her husband from butting his brains out against reconstruction.

She disappears, and still the carriages are arriving and we see many heads of bureaus, the Army and the Navy represented, and a sprinkling of upper clerk's wives. More carriages, and the demi-mondes flutter out, faultless in costume, fair as ruby wine, and much more dangerous. The carriages bring the cream, and the street cars the skim milk. But there is another way of going to the Capitol, which is quite as exclusive as in carriage, and does away with that clumsy vehicle. I am speaking of those who detest the street cars, and yet remember that carriages more properly belong to gouty uncles and invalid aunts. It is to pick one's way daintily over the pavement. Sniffing the pure air and the fragrance of the dead leaves in the Capitol grounds—good anti-dyspeptic tonic. Try it and speak from experience as we do. The allotted pages filled, au revoir. OLIVIA.

# LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

## Memorial Address of Honorable George Bancroft.

Washington, *February 19, 1866.*

The 12th day of February has passed into history, wisely chronicled by one of the first historians of the age, and ere this the oration of the Honorable George Bancroft has been discussed in almost every hamlet in the land. It was an able effort, but nevertheless, one longed for a little less history and a little more Lincoln.

All the great and wise men of the nation were gathered together, and there was a man in the gallery busily employed in taking photographs. Hereafter the wise men of the country will bear witness that the Honorable George Bancroft is a better writer than speaker. And here let me record an historical fact. It is the memory of a delicious little nap indulged in by one of the Supreme Court Judges. Whether it was the peculiar tones of the orator, like a dull minister's voice of a Sunday afternoon, or the sound of the rain pattering on the roof, or the shadows of so many great men falling aslant the judge's mental horizon which caused this somnolence I am unable to say; but he did sleep for a brief time, bringing great joy to many hearts, for it proved that those awful judges in black gowns are mortal like the rest of us and that dignity is something that can be laid aside like any other covering.

But I proceeded to the foreign ministers, who nobly came forward, like martyrs, to mingle their sympathy with ours. And it was the heroic part of the ceremonies to see how manfully these aristocrats endured the castigation. What business had lords to accept cards of invitation unless they were willing to be told some unpleasant

truths? Did they suppose the great historian would dwell on the life and virtues of Abraham Lincoln and leave out the history of this mighty republic? The Marquis De Montholon, the representative of His Majesty Napoleon III, drew his expressive brow into a frown terrific in the extreme, and pulled his kid gloves in a manner which denoted great nervousness. But this may be owing entirely to the mercurial character of the French nation.

Another foreign minister drew the cape of his overcoat up over his head during certain portions of the oration. But it was not owing to any wish of stopping his ears—merely a preventive to cold-catching, as the doors were open and certain draft of air perambulated the hall, taking liberties with these great men just as if they had been nobodies. Her Majesty the Queen of England's servant, Sir Frederick Bruce, is one of the handsomest men of the age. I never look at such a man without feeling that nature's laws have been followed and perfected in such veritable lords of creation. Compare a lion to its mate, the songster of the forest with plain birds who prefer domestic duties to gadding about the woods, whistling all sorts of love-sick tunes, and who disputes where the palm of beauty is found? The most exquisite woman that was ever made is no more to be compared to the handsomest man than the humble pea-fowl to his majesty the peacock. Yet the peacock thinks his mate the most exquisite of all created things, and what woman would be so unwise as to upset his opinions? I return to Sir Frederick Bruce, but would as soon attempt to paint the moonbeams as to describe his personal appearance. He is a thoroughbred, just like Bonner's "Silver Heels" and "Fearless;" skin as translucent as wine; hands and feet as small as a woman's. Men are like grapes, they need a little frost to sweeten and perfect them; and a man is never handsome until he has been rounded and polished by the hand of Time. And this is confirmed by the addi-

tional instances of Chief Justice Chase and Honorable James Watson Webb, both of them on the threshold of the winter of life, yet never before so perfect in manly beauty.

The two men who occupied the most prominent positions before the oratory were His Excellency the President, and the Chief Justice of the United States. I am not going to record their lives; the pen of the historian will do that. I desire merely to say that they were representative Americans, who rose from the humblest position to the topmost round of the ladder of fame. And may it prove a solemn warning to those mothers who are accustomed to apply the slipper to unruly urchins. I beg them to desist, lest they may be breaking the spirit or souring the disposition of some future President or Chief Justice of the United States.

Among the celebrities in the gallery I noticed the widow of Daniel Webster. But as I have given my opinion about the beauty of women, I shall make no departure from it, unless the ends shall justify the means. The wife of the Lieutenant General, Julia Dent Grant, occupied a front seat in the gallery, just as she had a right to do. She wore a pink hat, a red plaided scarf, and black gloves, and a little upstart woman who sat near me had the impudence to say the general's lady "looked horrid." She no doubt would have been put out for the above expression but the gallery was so crowded that no officer could be found at the proper time to discharge his duty.

Just before the time arrived for opening this great historical meeting Washington contained two sets of people besides the saints and sinners, and these were the envious and the envied. The envied were the fortunate holders of tickets to the meeting, and the envious were the great outsiders. But when the third hour of that memorable speaking arrived the tables were turned. Members began to twist around as if they were schoolboys, the vic-

tims of pins which in some unaccountable way had been put in the cushions of their chairs, points upward. A celebrated New York politician treated himself to a newspaper; tobacco-boxes circulated freely and all sorts of expressions came over the human countenance which are possible when men get into positions where they are obliged to behave themselves and don't want to. I will add, everything must come to an end, and so did this great occasion.

As I have nearly filled the allotted space, I must only glance at the great ball at the Marquis De Montholon's and say it was equal, but not superior, to the same kind of parties given by our accomplished countrywoman, Mrs. Senator Sprague. In both cases no expense is spared in the entertainment of guests, and any amount of greenbacks, duty in the shape of costly silks and laces; but I learn that precious stones are more or less abandoned, since the shoddy and petroleum have learned to shine.

The shadows of Lent are upon us, and this fact crowded the President's last levee to suffocation. It was exceedingly painful to notice the violation of good taste in some of my countrywomen by their appearance before the Executive and the ladies of the mansion in bonnet and wrappings. Unless ladies can conform to the usages of good society they had better remain at home.

OLIVIA.

## ADVICE POLITICAL.

### President Johnson Gives Evidence of His Occupancy of the Chair of the Executive.

Washington, *March 1, 1866.*

It is so well known that it is almost needless for me to repeat that politics in Washington are shaken from center to circumference, and the country seems astounded at the bearing of a little innocent speech which emanated from His Excellency the President, from the balcony of the White House. Didn't Mr. Johnson take measures to prepare the minds of Congress and the people by his veto and still more significant message? Didn't he send his "Premier" to the great metropolis to assure the people that "the war would cease in ninety days"? If the people are astonished, who is to blame for it? Have they forgotten the fact that they have a Southern President? Andrew Johnson is a man. Andrew Johnson is human. This is proved by his wise and decorous behavior on inauguration day, by his kindness of heart to the downtrodden, and by his willingness to grant pardons to those who humble themselves so much as to ask it. Isn't his adopted State shivering out in the cold, and his own flesh and blood by marriage denied admittance to Congress—said flesh and blood holding credentials in his hands the genuineness of which cannot for a moment be doubted? But there is one way by which a great deal of trouble can be saved the country and end the war which is surely coming upon the land. It is not a war of cold steel, but the clash of mental weapons, and it is feared that the party which can rally the most humbug is sure to win, just as they used to do in the good old Democratic days when Andrew Johnson sat in the Senate and had political

sagacity to see in what direction power lay. Wasn't he a "Dimmicrat" then? And isn't he a Democrat to-day? Having no further use for the cloak called Unionism, he throws it aside. Shall we acknowledge that we have been humbugged—acknowledge that we have been dolts, idiots? No; rather let us uphold the President and the Constitution. Let us all turn Democrats—every man, woman and child in the land—and then there will be nothing to fight for. But lest some unscrupulous politicians may fail to profit by good advice, I hasten to call the attention of postmasters and custom-house officers who have lately been flying the star-spangled banner, and advise them to lower it immediately; also to make haste and don a new political garment, made by the first tailor in the land, else they will come to grief, for already the Democrats, those long-neglected sufferers, are on the wing for Washington, to be present at the distribution of the spoils, and those unfortunate Republicans who were so unwise as to vote for Andy Johnson deserve to be ousted, and the vacant places should be filled by those returned rebels, for shouldn't there be more rejoicing over the one that is found than the ninety and nine who never go astray?

And would all this trouble have come upon the land if the men had stayed at home managing business and the women had done the legislating? Was a woman ever known to take a frozen viper to her bosom? This great triumph was left for man to accomplish. After the sad experience of masculine politicians, I trust they will be content to remain quietly at home and let wiser and weaker heads take the affairs of the nation into their hands, and our word for it Charles Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens, the cause of this anguish, will have to hide their diminished heads. Sumner and Stevens are both unmarried men; they have been bachelors ever since they were born, and this headstrong course which they have taken, bringing anguish and woe into every city and hamlet in

the land, is owing to the want of the softening and refining influence of woman. The President didn't mention this fact from the balcony of the White House, but he no doubt would have done so if Messrs. Clampit and Aiken (counsel for the conspirators) had called his attention to it.

If some of my readers take exception to the political caste of the beginning of this letter, I will say that nothing else is thought of in Washington, much less talked about, and it is surprising to see the ladies conning newspapers that are devoted exclusively to politics. Never, since the opening guns upon Sumter, has so much feeling been expressed.

The solemnities of Lent are upon us, but, as the heads of the church wisely say that no fast need be indulged in if it endangers the health and life of the penitent—and fasting always does so—the fair Episcopalians of Washington, those of my acquaintance, take the season of Lent to repair their constitutions which have been so sadly used in the whirl of gayety and the frivolity of fashionable life. I am glad the gay season is over. How comfortable to pack away ermine, and banish moire antiques to trunks seldom or never used, there to repose until another season, in company with odors of "night blooming cereus" or some such delicate perfume. But the best use which can be made of dresses which have done duty for one winter is to send them off by express to country cousins. But one must be careful what kind of country cousins one has, for any little generous act of this kind might upset one's cream for a whole summer. It is a solemn fact that ladies have such sharp eyes that they can detect an old dress made new instantly, and any woman who has the audacity, for the sake of a little well-meant but foolish economy, to humbug her friends of the community in this way deserves the fate which is sure to be meted out to her—that of a little downward slide on the social scale. This applies to the extreme fashionables.

But there is another picture of Washington life. There are some women who come to Washington who bring with their presence the very atmosphere of the State which has the honor of sending their husbands here. They bring the old-fashioned country ways of living and thinking. They refuse to lower the necks of their dresses and are perfectly willing somebody should eclipse them. They even sit with old-fashioned knitting work in the evening, whilst their husbands are writing letters to their constituents, for all members do not keep a private secretary. And I have always noticed that men who wear stockings of their wives' knitting are the ones who stand firmest when the shock of battle comes.

Spring is upon us. The winter has departed so gently that we almost forgot that he has been our guest for the last three months. And young Spring, with his balmy breezes, is here, for he brings none of his boisterous, blowy gambols with which he regales our kinfolk in more northern latitudes. The season has come suggestive of new-laid eggs and frisky calves gamboling in the pastures, all unmindful of the cruel knife. Oh, for a quiet week in the neighborhood of the Quaker City.

"Man made the town, but God made the country."

OLIVIA.

## A PLEA FOR THE NEGRO.

### The Pitiable Condition of the Colored Race Deplored.

Washington, *March 9, 1866.*

National affairs are becoming a little more settled in Washington; at least it is hoped that the iron cloud has a silver lining. Mr. Johnson has assured a well-known politician that he shall make his fight entirely within the lines of the Union party; also that he has no office to bestow on "Copperheads." This is the last manifesto that has been issued from the White House to my personal knowledge. It is true that politicians declare that they will not believe any more of his assurances, because he is sure to contradict himself next day. But isn't it a historical fact that all great rulers have always been fond of changes? Didn't good Queen Bess have a new dress for every day in the year? One day Mr. Johnson assumes a political garb that brings great joy to the rebels, alias "Copperheads." The next day he dons a suit particularly soothing to the ruffled feelings of the Unionists. To-day he chooses to lay aside the Presidential garb, which, by the way, is as heavy and irksome as a coat of mail, and assumes the garb of a humble citizen, and indulges in a few personal insinuations; and shouldn't we be thankful that the citizen isn't lost sight of in the mighty ruler? Isn't this a proof of the soundness of American institutions? From the North, East, and West, from Tennessee, come scathing denunciations from the men who placed him in power, aided and assisted by one Booth; but he bears it with the dignity becoming his high position.

I have not heard of any dismissals from office on ac-

count of differing with him in opinion, but some have been dismissed for expressing them.

Among the number I notice Mrs. Jane Swisshelm, a woman not entirely unknown to fame. She has held an office in the War Department ever since the Indian atrocities in her late home in Minnesota; but her out-spoken sentiments in the paper which she is editing here sealed her fate, and the Secretary of War caused a letter-envelope to be laid upon her desk as potent in its designs as any other of the many warlike and immortal plans which have issued from time to time from his fertile brain, to his credit and honor, and the world's benefit. And how fortunate for the country that we have a Tycoon who has the undaunted courage to resist the blighting influence of the so-called gentler sex, and is not above reaching forth his hand, thereby making woman feel that he is not to be trifled with. Mrs. Swisshelm's paper, *The Reconstructionist,* still survives, upheld by its unflinching editress, and if it fails to throw light upon reconstruction, it is because the President is blind and will not see, for her dismissal from office proves that she has not hid her light under a bushel. But it is rumored in political circles that she has been relieved from office in order to go into the Cabinet, as there are Cabinet changes hinted at, more or less, every day.

The beautiful spring weather in Washington is totally marred by the clouds of dust that sweep the length and breadth of our grand avenues. I can compare it to nothing but those moving pillars of sand which bury travelers in the bosom of the great Sahara. 'Tis true one can escape with life, but new bonnets and dresses are nearly if not quite ruined, and the sacrifice is about the same thing; for in the latter case we realize the loss, whilst in the former our friends are the only sufferers.

But the clouds of dust do not prevent our sooty neighbors from spading the gardens, and just now they are engaged in turning up the soil with their blades in that

gentle, easy manner which none but a negro knows how to practice. Washington is a Southern city in every sense of the word. It may have been partially redeemed by Yankee thrift during the war, but it is now fast sinking back to its original condition as it was in the days of the "old regime." Slavery is dead, it is true, but the black man is not a citizen. He is the humblest laborer in the vineyard. But hard as their lot appears, it is far preferable to hopeless slavery; and though thousands of lives of the present generation may be sacrificed upon the altar of freedom, a new future awaits them; and if their Moses has changed his mind, or concluded that he has other work to do, they must bide their time, and raise up a leader of their own race and color, for the Lord has ordained that every people shall work out their own salvation. This is not a political view of the subject, only a feeble woman's, who can do nothing for the freedman but utter shriek after shriek for him, which has proved just as efficient as anything that has been done in various quarters. Congress has done all it could do; the President has promised to be their "Moses," and the negro persists in suffering. Who is to blame for it? Do they not bring their sufferings upon their own heads? What business have they to be born? Isn't it a crime of the darkest dye? I leave this painful subject for wiser heads to explain, but should anything new transpire in regard to it, I shall make haste to inform my readers at the earliest moment.

Since the grand speech from the White House one is astonished at the sudden development of a spirit which was supposed to have collapsed with the rebellion. Great flaunting pictures of General Lee appear at conspicuous places to attract the attention of passers-by. He has taken Washington at last. One prominent bookstore balances his picture by that of General Grant; but a certain other bookstore betrays its ideas very ridiculously by a set of pictures—General Washington being in the

center, Jeff Davis on one side and Jesus Christ on the other! Had the shopkeeper displayed the picture of our lamented Lincoln side by side with the assassin Booth my astonishment would have been no greater. Does the community think treason a crime when such things are allowed in our midst? We hear of no more balls, levees or receptions.

It seems as if the early days of the revolution were upon us again, as if we must prepare ourselves for events which possibly might become calamities in the end. New gypsy bonnets are displayed by milliners, but we have not seen a face peeping out from one, either handsome or ugly. And isn't this a symptom of the earnestness of the times, just as straws show which way the wind blows? I did not mean to write a political letter; but there are times when we are caught in a storm, our eyes blinded with lightning, our ears filled with thunder; rain pouring, and no umbrella; mud deep, and no overshoes. When the storm subsides may we greet our readers under pleasanter auspices. OLIVIA.

## AT DRY TORTUGAS.

### Seeking Pardon for Those Imprisoned on That Island.

Washington, *February 16, 1867.*

The reticence of General Grant covers the future with a haze of obscurity. Different Cabinet combinations appear before the public vision, like so many dissolving views of a midsummer night's dream. The President-elect appears at a dinner party and escorts one of the gentlemen home, and the latter fortunate individual is decided to be an embryo Cabinet minister, and the lobby cries, "Hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!"

It is very quiet in Washington, but it is the sultry calm which precedes the storm. All are waiting for the secret which is locked in General Grant's mind as securely as the genie was fastened in the copper box under the seal of the great Solomon. In the meantime President Johnson is busy providing for his friends, as well as other unfortunates, who are not clamoring at the door of the Executive chamber in vain. Day after day, for months, a few fearfully bereaved women have haunted the White House. Among the number might have been found the wife of Sanford Conover, alias Charles A. Dunham, who perjured himself on the trial of John Surratt, and since his sentence has been serving out his term in State's prison. Day after day this pale-faced, indefatigable woman has been haunting Mr. Johnson; haunting every man whom she supposed could have any influence in her behalf. At last her unwearying efforts have been crowned with success. Judge Advocate Holt and Honorable A. C. Riddle (one of the counsel on the trial) have said that Conover "without solicitation gave valuable information to the Government, which was used to assist the prosecution, and that he is entitled to the

clemency of the Executive on the principle that requires from the Government recognition of such service, and that he has already served two years of his term."

Another smitten woman's feet have pressed the costly Wiltons of the Executive Mansion as sorrowfully as Hagar's did the parched sward of the wilderness. It is the wife of Dr. Mudd, the man who was tried with the other conspirators, and is now serving out his life term at the desolate "Dry Tortugas." During the last dreadful yellow fever epidemic, our officers on the island testify to the almost superhuman efforts of Dr. Mudd in behalf of the prisoners and soldiers. He seemed to have a charmed life among the dead and dying. There was no duty so loathsome that he shrank from it, and when he could do no more for the sufferers in life he helped to cover their remains with the salted sands. Armed with this testimony of the officers, for months Mrs. Mudd has attended Andrew Johnson like a shadow.

One day last summer a personal friend of the President's was admitted to the Executive presence. As he took the lady's hand, he smilingly remarked: "I am sorry that I kept you waiting."

She replied, "There is another lady who has been waiting longer than I have."

"Do you know her?" asked the President.

"I never saw her before," said the lady.

The President called a messenger, saying, "See who is in the ante-room waiting."

A smile crept over the messenger's face as he answered, "It's only Mrs. Mudd."

"Only Mrs. Mudd," echoed the President, while a spasm of pain chased over his countenance. "That woman here again, after all I have said?" At the same time the President put both hands to his face.

"Why do you allow yourself to be so annoyed?" said the friend, using the license which belongs to a woman's friendship.

"The President of the United States ought not be an-

noyed at anything; besides, I have no right to put any one out of this house who comes to see me on business and behaves with propriety. Don't let us talk about that; let us think of something else."

Of all forsaken places on this planet, there is none that will compare in terror to the Dry Tortugas. By the side of it St. Helena is a kind of terrestrial paradise. Neither friendly rock, shrub, tree nor blade of grass is to be seen on its surface. It is a small, burning Sahara, planted in the bosom of the desolate sea, without a single oasis to relieve its savage face. The garrison and prisoners have to depend on cisterns for their supply of water, and out of the thirty-seven carpenters who, in the beginning of the rebellion, went there with the corps of engineers to look after repairs, only four returned alive, and two of these have been confirmed invalids ever since. When one of the carpenters was questioned to explain the great mortality, he said it was owing, at this particular time, to the miserable quarters prepared for the workmen, and to the bad water that was dealt out to them, of which, bad as it was, they could not get enough to supply their pressing wants. The island swarms with insects that bite and sting; and if the soldiers on duty there were not frequently relieved and sent to the mainland, mutiny and its attendant horrors would be sure to follow. When a criminal deserves to expiate ten thousand deaths in one, it is only necessary to send him to the Dry Tortugas.

For several months people have been at work here upon certain nominations which have been sent to the Senate. Mrs. Anna S. Stephens has not been only at work on the life of Andrew Johnson, which she has foretold will end with the one immortal triumph (his escape from his impeachment foes), but she also succeeded in getting her son nominated as consul to Manchester, England. While the venerable mother has labored at the White House, the would-be consul's wife, in charming silks and costly gems, has sought introductions to leading men who might have some influence with the stony Sen-

ate, if they only chose to exercise it. It has become well known in Washington that whenever a man feels ambition swelling in his bosom the best remedy is to send some interesting feminine diplomat to court, and if she does not succeed he will then know it was because the case was hopeless from the beginning. In the good old days of Queen Bess, diplomacy was almost altogether in the hands of the woman; then that was certainly one of the most remarkable eras in the world's history.

James Parton, the distinguished magazine writer, has been here for several days. He has been seen on the floor of the House, and also in close consultation with many leading members of Congress, as well as doorkeepers, messengers, pages, and all others who are supposed to be wise and serious when talked to in regard to a certain very delicate subject. It is said that Mr. Parton is preparing an article upon the Washington lobby. It is said he is going to hold up the monster in the broad light of day—this creeping, crawling thing, which, in more respects than one, bears a strong resemblance to Victor Hugo's devil fish; for while it is strong enough to strangle the most powerful man, if once fairly drawn under the surface in its awful embrace, yet if you attempt to pluck it to pieces, piecemeal, you are rewarded with only so much loathsome quivering jelly.

This nation will never realize the debt of gratitude it owes the men who are standing as sentinels at the doors of the Treasury. The Committee on Claims are besieged by an army more terrible in its invincibility than ever stormed the earthworks of fort or doomed city. It is true, the arms used by the enemy are of a kind as old as creation, whilst the flash of an eye answers to the old flintlock or modern percussion cap. As yet these noble men have defended every inch of ground, and many of these fair Southern braves have withdrawn their claims for the present, waiting for another set of sentinels who will replace those on duty now. But more of this anon.

OLIVIA.

## STATE ASSOCIATIONS.

### Iowans Assemble at the Residence of Senator Harlan.

Washington, *February 25, 1867.*

Looking at society in Washington from a certain point of view, is like gazing upon the shifting scenes of a brilliant panorama. But one of the most delightful and home-like pictures consists of the different persons temporarily sojourning here, and who have always retained the right of citizenship in their respective States, joining together under the name of an "association" for the interchange of friendly sentiments as well as for the cultivation of fraternal love. It is the business of the president of these meetings to keep a list of the names and residence of all who belong to the association, and strangers coming to Washington can by this means find without trouble their acquaintances and friends. These Western associations are particularly flourishing this winter. One week we are told that the Indiana Association has had a pleasant gathering, and the Honorable Schuyler Colfax and John Defrees, the Public Printer, the sun and moon of the little planetary system, have risen and set together, and the united social element clapped its hands with joy.

Again we read that Iowa, God bless her, with her solid Republican delegation, and her war record as unblemished as a maiden's first blush, has gathered her citizens together in Union League Hall, as a hen gathered her chickens under her wing. It is at these social meetings that the old home-fires are kindled anew in the hearts of the Iowa wanderers; and when the most profitless carpet-bagger arrives he is treated nearly as well as the prodigal son. Sometimes it happens that the more prominent

members "entertain" the association, or in other words, "Iowa" is the invited guest. Only last night Iowa, as represented by the Senate and House of Representatives, the Departments, as well as the strangers stopping here through the inaugural ceremonies, were invited to the elegant mansion of Senator Harlan, where all were welcomed alike by the Senator and his accomplished wife. Here in the spacious parlors met the different members of the outgoing with those of the incoming delegation of that State; and here let it be recorded that neither Congressmen whose term of office expires on the 4th of March, could get himself decapitated by his constituents, but was obliged at the last moment to commit political hari-kari.

Standing a little apart from each other were the two bright particular stars of the evening—Mrs. Harlan, the agreeable hostess, and Mrs. Grimes, the wife of the able Senator of historic fame, two representative women on the world's stage to-day, and both alike respected for their intrinsic worth, aside from the senatorial laurels which they share. One could hardly realize, when contemplating Mrs. Harlan, a brilliant, sparkling brunette, whose feet have just touched the autumn threshold of age, in her faultless evening costume of garnet silk, point lace and pearls—"Wandering," say you? Yes, yes; one could hardly realize that this was the same Mrs. Harlan who had remained all night in her ambulance on the bloody field of Shiloh, with the shrieks of the wounded and dying sounding in her ears; and yet, out of just such material are many more American women made.

Self-poised and dignified as a marble statue stood Mrs. Grimes, noticeable only for the simplicity of her dress. Yet it was easy to perceive that it was the hand of an artist that had swept back the golden brown hair from the perfect forehead and dainty ears. Quiet in her deportment, she seemed a modest violet in a gay parterre of flowers. A woman of intellectual attainments, she has

few equals and no superiors here. This present winter she has mingled much more in general society than usual, and her graceful presence helps to scatter "the late unpleasantness" as the sun drives away the malarial mists of the night.

Among the most prominent Iowans present might have been seen the Hon. William B. Allison, member of Congress from Dubuque, whom Lucien Gilbert Calhoun, of the New York *Tribune* "dubbed" the handsomest man in Congress. Who would dare to be so audacious as to oppose the light current of small talk that ebbs and flows with an occasional tidal wave through the columns of that solemn newspaper? If the *Tribune* says he is handsome, an Adonis he shall be; but as space will not allow of a full description, it is only necessary to say that he has large brown eyes, that usually look out in their pleased surprise like Maud Muller's; but the other day they opened wide with astonishment when they read in a popular newspaper that the same William B. had been accused of receiving more than $100,000 for favoring a certain railroad project. But the hoax was soon unearthed, and Mr. Allison found his reputation once more as clean as new kid gloves.

And now we come to a man in whom the nation may have a pride, Geo. G. M. Dodge, of war memory, one of General Sherman's efficient aids in his march across the Southern country to the sea; serving honorably in Congress to the satisfaction of his constituents. He has resigned the position that he may devote himself wholly to his profession, as chief engineer of the Pacific Railroad. Young, handsome, daring and aggressive, he is Young America personified. He is the man of the day, as Daniel Boone was the man of the era in which he lived; and his whole soul was embodied in words when he said, "I can't breathe in Washington."

We touch the honest, ungloved hand of the host of the evening, Senator Harlan, one of the superb pillars of

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the Republican party; one who has stood upon principles as firmly as though his feet were planted upon the rock of ages; but once he became Secretary of the Interior, and an angel from Heaven could not go into that sink of pollution and come out with clean, unstained wings. If Senator Harlan lives in a respectable mansion in Washington it is because the interest of the unpaid mortgage upon it is less than the rent would be if owned by a landlord; and let it be remembered that Senator Harlan is the only man in the Iowa delegation who has a whole roof to shelter his head; that his house is the only place where citizens of Iowa can gather together and feel at home. It was the noble idea of hospitality to the State that made the Senator pitch his tent outside the horrors of a Washington boarding-house or a crowded hotel, and not to "shine," as the envious and malicious would have it. A thrust at Senator Harlan is a stab at every man, woman and child who knows him best, and if it was for the good of this nation that the New York *Tribune* should be broiled like St. Lawrence on a gridiron, it would only be necessary to make it a Secretary of the Interior, with the Indian Bureau in full blast, as it is to-day, and in less than a single administration there would be nothing left of it but a crumpled hat, an old white coat, and a mass of blackened bones. As honest Western people, let us take care of our honest Western statesmen. Let us have a care for the reputation of the men whom we have trusted in war and in peace, and who have never yet proved recreant to the trust.

Dear Republican: Let us dedicate this letter to our sister State, Iowa, most honest, virtuous, best beloved niece of Uncle Sam. A greeting to the Hawkeyes. May their shadows never grow less, and may her thousands of domestic fires that now dot every hill, slope and valley be never extinguished until the sun and the stars shall pole together and creation be swallowed up in everlasting night.

OLIVIA.

## BINGHAM AND BUTLER.

### Characteristics of These Congressional Giants in Debate.

Washington, *March 27, 1867.*

Scarcely has the day dawned upon the Fortieth Congress before it is our unpleasant task to chronicle its decline. As we say about the month that gave it birth, "it came in like a lion and goes out like a lamb." At the beginning of the session mutterings of impeachment growled and thundered in the political horizon, but for some unaccountable but wise reason it has all subsided, and the passing away is peculiarly quiet and lamb-like. It almost reminds one of a young maiden dying because of the loss of a recreant lover. The Judiciary Committee are expected to sit all summer on the impeachment eggs; but no woman is so unwise as to count the chickens before they are hatched. It is said that Congress has tied the hands of the President so that he is perfectly incapable of doing any more mischief, and the members go home, and leave Washington desolate. Washington is a live city. It has two states of existence, sleeping and waking. When Congress is in session it is wide awake; when Congress adjourns it goes to sleep, and then woe to the unfortunate letter-writer, for her occupation is gone—everything is gone—the great men, the fashionable women; the great dining-room in the principal hotels are all closed, small eating houses disappear; even stores of respectable size draw in their principal show windows, which proves to the world that they were only "branches" thrown out from the original bodies, which can be found either in Philadelphia or New York, and that the branches never were expected to take root in Washington. Only

the clerks in office, the real honey bees in the great national hive, work, and work incessantly, and keep Washington from degenerating into an enchanted city, such as we read about in the Arabian tales.

At the moment of writing Congress is expected immediately to adjourn. The members are in their seats, with the exception of the Honorable Ben Butler, who at this instant has the floor. He is talking about "confiscated property," and an observer can see that he has taken the cubic measure of the subject. He is interrupted every few moments, but his equilibrium is not in the least disturbed. As his photographs are scattered broadcast over the land, a pen-and-ink portrait is unnecessary. But we will say that he is a disturbing element wherever he "turns up," or wherever he goes. It seems to be his fate to be all the time cruising about the "waters of hate." No man in this broad land is so fearfully hated as Benjamin F. Butler. We do not allude to the South, for that is a unit; but to other surroundings and associations. Some men are born to absorb the love of the whole human race, like the ill-fated Andre; others have the mystic power of touching the baser passions, and Honorable Benjamin F. Butler is master of this last terrible art. But it may be possible that he bears the same relation to the human family that a chestnut burr does to the vegetable world, and if we could only open the burr we might forget our bloody fingers and find ample reward for our pains.

These last days of a closing session have been marked by a war of words waged between the Honorable John A. Bingham and General Butler. Now these little hand-to-hand fights are the very spice of politics when they happen between the opposite ranks. But when Republican measures lance with Republican, when the war is of a fratricidal character, and brother gluts his hand in his brother's blood, then it becomes the nation to take these unruly members tenderly by the hand and to mourn after the most approved fashion. It cannot be said that Hon-

orable James A. Bingham has the manners of a Chesterfield, but we shall widely differ from letter-writers who call him "Mephistopheles." There is nothing satanic about him. He is only a very able man, terribly in earnest. When he puts his hand to the wheel he never looks back. Whatever he undertakes must be carried out to the bitter end. If he has seemed conservative, it was only that he might not make haste too fast. He has been the useful brakeman in Congress this winter; never in the way when the locomotive was all right and the track was clear. Those wicked side-thrusts from General Butler in regard to Mrs. Surratt have wounded him, and he chafes like a caged tiger; but he can comfort himself with the idea that there is one the less of the so-called gentler sex to perpetrate mischief, and that a few more might be dealt with in the same summary, gentle manner, if the wants of the community or the ends of justice seemed to demand it.

John Morrissey is in his seat, and, to all appearances, he is on the royal road to one kind of success. Everybody feels kindly towards him because he is so unpretending, and he has the magic touch which makes friends. Quiet, gentlemanly, and unassuming, his voice is never heard except when it is called for or when it is proper for his reputation that he should speak. If he would only slough off the old chrysalis life—yea, cut himself adrift from those gambling houses in New York, he might prove to the world that there is scarcely any error of a man's life can not be retrieved. We trust that John Morrissey will remember that Congress is a fiery furnace; that it separates the dross from the pure metal; and that, in this wonderful alembic, men's minds and manners are tested with all the nicety of chemical analysis. Also, that the cream comes to the top and the skim milk goes to the bottom and will continue to do so unless a majority of the members can prevail on old Mother Nature to add a new amendment to her "constitution." OLIVIA.

## A WEST END RECEPTION.

### The Modes and Methods of a Typical Society Function.

Washington, *January 15, 1868.*

A gradual change is coming over the face of events in Washington. The old monarchy's dying. Andrew Johnson is passing away. If it were summer, grass would be growing between the stones of the pavement that leads to the stately porch of the Executive Mansion, but the motion of the political and social wheel of life is not in the least retarded. In many respects it would seem as if time were taking us backward in its flight and that we were living over again the last luxurious days of Louis XV. If Madame Pompadour is not here in the flesh, she has bequeathed to this brilliant Republican court her unique taste in the shape of paint-pots, rouge, patches, pointed heels, and frilled petticoats; the dress made with an immense train at the back, but so short in front that it discloses a wealth of airy, fantastic, white muslin; the square-necked waist, so becoming to a queenly neck; the open sleeve so betwitching for a lovely arm. This is the "style" which the fair belles of the capital have adopted. Our letters are meant to embody both political and social themes; but, if the truth must be told, the business of the people of the United States is suffering for want of being transacted. Our great men are too busy with the tangled skein of the next administration. Although half the present session has slipped away, scarcely anything has been accomplished. The real hard work is represented by the lobby, which is as ceaselessly and noiselessly at work as the coral builders in the depths of the sea.

General Butler is trying to enlighten the nation upon the knotty subject of finance. He seems to have taken the dilemma by the horns. It is not decided which will get the best of it, but the people can rest assured that Gen-

eral Butler will make a good fight. Like Andrew Johnson, he has only to point to his past record. It will be remembered that the gallant General paid his respects to the step-father of his country on New Year's day. An eye witness of this historical event pronounced the "scene" extremely "touching" and one long to be remembered by the fortunate beholders. A sensational writer is engaged upon a new drama founded upon this theme. It will soon be brought out upon the boards at the National Theater under the high-sounding title of "Burying the Hatchet." The writer of the drama is at a loss whether to call this production comedy or tragedy. It would be extremely comic, only the closing scene ends with Andy's plumping the hatchet into the grave from sheer exhaustion, and the moment afterward he glides away into obscurity like a graceful Ophidian, or Hamlet's ghost. The wily warrior is left master of the situation; not at all shut up like a fly in a bottle, but still able to be of use not only to his constituents but to the masses of his admiring countrymen.

But why talk politics when the social strata is so much more interesting? It is the social star which is in the ascendent to-day. The new Cabinet is discussed in shy little nods and whispers, between sips of champagne and creamy ices, in magnificent drawing rooms at the fashionable West End. Aye, why not give our dear Chicago friends a description of the most brilliant party of the season, which took place at the handsome residence of a merchant prince and member of Congress, the Honorable D. McCarthy, of Syracuse, N. Y. As the guests were brought together by card invitations, it follows that only the cream of Washington society was represented. To be sure there was a crowd; but then, it is not so very uncomfortable to be pressed to death by the awful enginery of a foreign minister, a major-general and a Vice-President elect, or to find yourself buried alive by drifts of snowy muslin or costly silk or satin, and your own little feet inextricably lost by being entangled in somebody's

train, and yourself sustained in the trying position by being held true to the perpendicular by the close proximity of your next neighbor. This can be borne by the most sensitive, owing to the delicate nature of the martyrdom.

Between the hours of 9 and 10, and many hours afterwards, carriage after carriage rolled up to the stately mansion, lately occupied by our present minister to England. Two savage policemen guarded the gate, and the coming guests slipped through their fingers as easily as if they had been attaches of the whisky ring. Once out of the carriage you found yourself standing upon the dainty new matting, from which your feet never departed until they pressed the Persian carpet of the inner hall. All wrapped and hooded and veiled, you ascended the broad staircase to find at the first landing an American citizen, of bronze complexion and crispy hair, who led you to the ladies' dressing-room. Handmaidens of the African type instantly seized you and divested you of your outward shell or covering. A dainty French lady's maid stood ready to give the last finish to your toilet or to coax into place any stubborn, mulish curl, and to repair, if it was necessary, any little damage or flaw to your otherwise faultless complexion. When you were "all right," you found your attendant cavalier awaiting you at the door to conduct you, as well as himself, to the presence of the sun and moon of the evening, around whom all this growing planetary system revolved. A cryer at the door calls out the name of the cavalier and lady, in a stentorian voice. You shudder. This is the first plunge into fashionable life; but you come to the surface and find that you are face to face with the duke and duchess, in the republican sense of the word. Your hand is first taken by Mr. McCarthy, who is a tall and elegant person, whom you also know to be one of the "solid men" in Congress, as he certainly is without. You next touch the finger tips of "my lady," a noble matron in purple velvet, old point lace, and flashing diamonds. At her right hand stand her two pretty daughters, with real roses in their cheeks, and

real complexions, delicate enough to have been stolen from milky pearls. No jewels but their bright eyes. No color in their faultless white muslin dress, except little flecks of green that underlie the rich Valenciennes. You leave them, and smuggle yourself in the enclosures of a deep, old-fashioned window. The curtain half hides you while you gaze upon a shifting, glittering panorama, more gorgeous than a midsummer night's dream. The air is laden with the perfume of rare exotics and the fragrance of the countless handkerchiefs of cob-web lace. Just beyond you at the right stands the servant of Her Majesty, Victoria of England. There is nothing to denote his rank or position in his plain citizen's dress. A modest order, worn on his left breast, tells you that he is the successor of Sir Frederick Bruce; but in personal appearance Sir Edward Thornton bears no resemblance to his illustrious predecessor. He seems to be enjoying an animated conversation with a lady of rank belonging to his own legation. Monsieur the French Minister, exquisite, dandified, polished as a steel rapier, is talking to the host of the evening. Count Raasloff, the Danish minister, is exchanging compliments with Major-General Hunter. Though all the grand entertainments in Washington are graced by many of the diplomats resident here, they seem to get through the evening as if it were a part of their official duty. They cling together like any other colony surrounded by "outside barbarians." The marble face of a petite French countess never relaxed a line from its icy frigidity until she found herself stranded in the dressing room up stairs, safely in the hands of the foreign waiting-maid. Then such chattering—the artificial singing birds in the supper room were entirely eclipsed. But let us leave at once these cold, haughty dames, who have nothing to boast of but the so-called blue blood in their veins. The world would never know they existed, unless some pen-artist sketched their portraits. We have had no dazzling foreign star in society here since the departure of Lady Napier. Oh! spirit of a fairy godmother,

guide our pen while we touch our own American belles, the fairest sisterhood under the sun. "Who is the belle of the ball room to-night?" every one asks. You must not be told her name, reader, but you shall know everything else. Just imagine Madame Pompadour in the palmiest days of her regal beauty, stepping out of the old worm-eaten frame, imbued with life and clad in one of those white brocaded silks upon which has been flung the most exquisite flowers by the hand of the weaver. Hair puffed and frizzled and curled until the lady herself could not tell where the real leaves off and the false begins. The front breadth of dress is not more than half a yard in depth, but the long-pointed train at the back could not be measured by the eye; a yard-stick must be brought into requisition. There is a dainty little patch on her left cheek, and another still less charming on her temple. A necklace of rare old-fashioned mosaic is clasped around her throat, and a member of Congress from Iowa, who is said to be a judge, pronounces her to be the most beautiful woman in Washington. Oh! that newspaper letters did not have to come to an end. Room for one of Chicago's fair brides, the only beloved daughter of Senator Harlan, Mr. Robert Lincoln's accomplished wife. She looked every inch the lily in this sisterhood of flowers. She wore heavy, corded white silk, with any quantity of illusion and pearls.

So far hath the story been told without a word about the feast. The land, the sky and the ocean were rifled, and made to pay tribute to the occasion. Artificial singing birds twittered in the flowers that adorned the tables, while a rainbow of light encircled the same. This beautiful effect was accomplished by the gas-fitter's art, and this exquisite device came very near bringing Chicago to grief, for the Honorable N. B. Judd found himself at the end of the magic bow, but instead of finding the bag of gold he just escaped a good "scorching."

Again we touched the hand of the lady hostess, and then all was over. OLIVIA.

## IN THE ARENA OF THE SENATE.

### Messrs. Nye and Doolittle Cross Blades in Ideas and Arguments.

Washington, *January 26, 1868.*

Again the Senate chamber recalls the early days of the rebellion, or rather the last stormy winter before its culmination. The galleries are densely crowded; the voice of eloquence is heard ringing in clarion notes through the hall; but in place of the handsome, sneering face of Breckinridge as presiding officer, rare old Ben Wade rises, like a sun of promise, to light up the troubled waters, and to help warn the ship of the Republic off the rocky shore. Scarcely a drop in the river of time since haughty Wigfall arose, and, with right hand clenched defiantly in the face of the Republican side, his flaming eye resting upon Charles Sumner, declared that he owed no allegiance to the Government of the United States. It was the forked flames licking the marble column, for Senator Sumner sat calm and immovable as the figure of Fate. Gone, too, is Davis, the man of destiny; and Toombs, the swaggering braggart, with silver-voiced Benjamin, the only human being endowed with the same melodious, flute-like tongue that bewitched our dear first mother. And yet there is treason enough left to act as leaven in case Senator Doolittle and the President succeed in introducing it into the loaf of reconstruction.

To-day two of the most warlike as well as two of the most powerful men in the Senate have been engaged in real battle; but instead of muscle against muscle, the air has been filled with javelins of arguments and ideas. Let the pen be content with describing the two combatants—

Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, and Senator Nye, of Nevada.

The battle, like Massachusetts, speaks for itself. Senator Doolittle, the President's spirit of darkness, bears the same relation to the human race that a bull-dog does to the canine species. His arguments are tough and sharp as a row of glittering teeth, and would do the same horrible execution if the President and small party of barking Democracy at his heels were strong enough to tell him "to go in and win." Rather above the medium height, built for strength, like a Dutch clipper, with close cropped hair and broad, projecting lower jaw, it must have been an accident that made him let go of the Republican platform, or he must have been choked off by a power entirely beyond his control. But now that he is fast hold of a different faith; no resolution of a Wisconsin senate, no bitter protest of an indignant, injured constituency, can shake him one hair's breadth. And to this powerful makeup a pair of glistening steel-gray eyes, a presence easier felt than described, and you have plenty of material out of which to construct a triple-headed Cerebus strong enough to guard the gates of—even the Executive mansion.

His antagonist, Senator Nye, of Nevada, has the finest head in the American Senate. Mother Nature must have expended her strength and means in the handsome head and broad shoulders. It must have been originally meant that he should stand six feet and an inch or two in his stocking feet, yet by some of those accidents which never can be guarded against, he is scarcely of the average height. His face presents one of those rare spectacles, those strange combinations, in which intellect and beauty are striving for supremacy.

Eyes of that indescribable hazel that light up with passion or emotion, like an evening dress under the gaslight. Nose chiseled with the precision of the sculptor's skillful steel, and a mouth in which dwells character, passion, and

all the graces, neatly fringed by a decent beard, as every respectable man's should be. Hands small and bloodless, the usual accompaniment of the powerful brain of an active thinker. Last, but not least, there is enough electricity about him to send a first-class message around the world, with plenty left for all home purposes.

The Senate chamber is a painful place for the eye to rest this winter. Its furniture, carpets, and many other etceteras are suggestive of molten heat. There is a flaming red carpet on the floor, and every chair and sofa blushes like a carnation rose. Red and yellow stare the unfortunate Senator in the face whichever way he turns. Even what little sunlight manages to sneak into this celebrated chamber steals in clothed in those two prismatic, nightmare colors. When the galleries are packed, as they were to-day, there is scarcely more air than in an exhausted receiver, and it is astonishing that so many delicate women can remain so many hours subjected to such an atmosphere. And now that the galleries are sprinkled with dark fruit, thick as a briery hedge in blackberry time; this, taken into consideration, with many other wise reasons, may help to account for the large Democratic gain in the late election returns.

Never within memory, not even during the extravagance of the late war, have so many costly costumes adorned the persons of our American women as the present winter in Washington. And the Capitol, with its oriental luxuriance, seems a fitting place for the grand display. A handsome blonde, enveloped in royal purple velvet, without being relieved by so much as a shadow of any other color or material, brings the words of the Psalmist to all thoughtful minds: "They toil not, neither do they spin (or write), yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." OLIVIA.

## SPEAKER COLFAX.

### His Affection for His Mother—Other Characteristics.

Washington, *March 2, 1868.*

The season of Lent has folded its soft, brooding wings over the weary devotees of fashion in Washington. Luxuriant wrappers, weak tea, and soft-boiled eggs have succeeded the Eugenie trains, chicken salad, and all those delicious fluids that are supposed to brace the human form divine. The penitential season of Lent is just as fashionable, in its way, as the brilliant season which preceded it. There is nothing left for the "Jenkinses" but "to fold their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away."

But as hardy native flowers defy the chilly frost, so Speaker Colfax's hospitable doors swing upon their noiseless hinges once a week, and the famous house known as the "Sickles mansion" becomes a bee-hive, swarming, overflowing with honeyed humanity; and let it be recorded that no man in Washington is socially so popular, so much beloved, as Schuyler Colfax. General Grant, the man who dwells behind a mask, is worshiped by the multitudes, who rush to his mansion as Hindoos to a Buddhist temple; but Schuyler Colfax possesses the magic quality of knowing how to leave the Speaker's desk, and, gracefully descending to the floor, place himself amongst the masses of the American people, no longer above them, but with them, one of them—a king of hearts in his own right; a knave also, because he steals first and commands afterwards.

It is needless to say that all adjectives descriptive of fashionable life at the capital have long since been worn thread-bare. Why didn't Jenkins tell the truth and say,

instead of "warm cordiality, elegant courtesy," pump-handle indifference and metallic smile? Why did he not tell the dear, good people at home the truth, and nothing but the truth, and say that madame the duchess practices smiles or grimaces before the glass, and serves the same up to her dear friends at her evening receptions? Why should not a smile fit as well as her corsets or kid gloves? Too much smile without dimples to cover up the defect destroys the harmonious relation of the features. Not only that, but it invites every fashionable woman's horror. It paves the way to wrinkles, the death-blows of every belle.

"Look at my face," says Madame B——, of Baltimore, the widow of royalty, the handsomest woman of three-score years and ten in America, addressing one who shall be nameless. "You are not half my age, and yet you have more wrinkles than I; shall I tell you why?" "To be sure, Madame B——." "I never laugh; I never cry; I make repose my study." Now, let it be added that this aged belle of a long-since-departed generation on every night encases her taper fingers in metallic thimbles, and has done so for the last forty years; consequently her hand retains much of its original symmetry, and the decay of her charms is as sweet and as faultless as the falling leaves of a rose.

Speaker Colfax's receptions, in one sense of the word, are unlike all others. No prominent man in Washington receives his thousands of admirers and says to them, after an introduction, "This is my mother!" She stands by his side, with no one to separate them, bearing a strong personal resemblance to him, whilst she is only seventeen years the older. At what a tender age her love commenced for this boy Schuyler—nobody else's boy, though he were President! She has put on the chameleon silk, and the cap with blue ribbons, to receive the multitudes that flock in masses to do homage to her son. Pride half slumbers in her bosom, but love is vigilant and wide awake. There is no metallic impression on her counte-

nance; a genuine, heartfelt welcome is extended to all who pay their respects to her idol. So the people come and go, and wonder why Speaker Colfax's receptions are unlike others. Only a very few stars of the first magnitude in the fashionable world shone at the Speaker's mansion last night. The Associate Justice of the Supreme Court from Iowa was there, with his elegant, lavender-robed wife—a woman who skims over the treacherous waters of society in Washington as gracefully and safely as a swan upon its native element. David Dudley Field, of New York, was there—a tall, stalwart man, after the oak pattern; and the fine faced woman, with gold enough upon her person to suggest a return to specie payment, was said to be a new wife. Mark Twain, the delicate humorist, was present; quite a lion, as he deserves to be. Mark is a bachelor, faultless in taste, whose snowy vest is suggestive of endless quarrels with Washington washerwomen; but the heroism of Mark is settled for all time, for such purity and smoothness were never seen before. His lavender gloves might have been stolen from some Turkish harem, so delicate were they in size; but more likely—anything else were more likely than that. In form and feature he bears some resemblence to the immortal Nasby; but whilst Petroleum is brunette to the core, Twain is a golden, amber-hued, melting blonde.

Members of Congress were there. George Washington Julian was present; great, gifted, good, as he always is, proving to the world that even a great name cannot extinguish him. Nature was in one of her most generous moods when she formed him, for he towers above the people like a mountain surrounded by hills. He dwells in a higher atmosphere and sniffs a purer air than most Congressmen, and this may account for his always being found in the right place, never doubtful. People know just what George Washington Julian will do in any national crisis. So he is left alone to score the measures of his conscience, just as the earth is left to her orbit, or the magnetic needle to the pole. OLIVIA.

# THE HIGH COURT OF IMPEACHMENT.

## Characteristics of Leading Counsel and Their Arguments.

Washington, *March 14, 1868.*

With lightning leap the historical proceedings of the "High Court of Impeachment" have flashed all over the country. The bone and sinew of the matter have been given to the people, but the delicate life-currents and details which go to make the creation perfect, if not gathered by the pen, must be buried in the waste-basket of old Father Time. Decorum, dignity, solemnity, are the order of the day, and one might as well attempt a "glowing description" of a funeral as to weave in bright colors the opening scenes of the greatest trial on record.

Outside the Capitol, in the crowd, the incidents are beyond description. Men are there from all parts of the country, pleading, swearing for admittance—offering untold sums for a little insignificant bit of pasteboard. But the police, stony, frightful as the "head of Medusa," shut the doors in their faces, inexorable as the fiat of the tomb. A limited number of honest, tender-hearted Senators are trying to smuggle in a few beloved "outsiders;" but the police are instantly convened into a "court of impeachment," and the unfortunate Senator has to bow before the majesty of the law. A ticket is the only open sesame, and a bit of yellow pasteboard so dazzles the multitudes that even Andrew Johnson is forgotten for a time. But the fortunate ticket-holder, when once beyond the hurly-burly outside, finds that an entrance to a different atmosphere has been attained. It is like leaving the famished, parched plain at the mountain's foot and climbing up into the cool region, almost among the eternal snows. The

Senate chamber, always chilly in comparison with the warm, leaping blood of the House, is now wrapped in judicial robes of coldest gray. When it is remembered that Senators were allowed four tickets and members half that number, it will readily be understood that even the aristocracy had to be skimmed to fill the galleries, and with the exception of a few newspaper correspondents, the chosen ones belong to or are attaches of the proudest families in the land. And it is a most significant fact that women hold nearly all the tickets. They sail into the gentlemen's gallery like a real "man of war," shake out the silken, feathery crinoline, rub their little gloved hands in an ecstasy of delight, and while perching their heads significantly on one side, gaze sorrowfully at the few forlorn men stranded amongst their number, either through accident or to prove to the world that the genus man under the most trying circumstances is not extinct. As the Senate clock points to the hour of 1, Senator Wade leaves the chair, and Chief Justice Chase, robed in his judicial drapery, enters at a side door and takes the vacant seat. Very soon the managers of the impeachment file in, Bingham and Boutwell taking the lead. A table for their accommodation has been prepared, and as they take their seats the silence seems like the dead, unbroken calm inhabited only by time and space. The moment has arrived for the utterance of the most solemn words ever echoed in the Senate of the United States—the proclamation of the Sergeant-at-Arms calling a recreant President to stand forth and prove his innocence or else meet the just punishment of his crime. A momentary silence follows, and the counsel for the accused advance and take their seats. That which was uncertainty is now a positive fact.

Andrew Johnson will not meet the august tribunal face to face. There is to be a state dinner in the evening at the White House, and if feasting can be thought of at

such an hour, it may be possible that he is engaged on the bill of fare. Louis XV was engaged with his powders and paint box, Dubarry, Pompadour, and venison, when the storm was brewing that destroyed his family and swept the innocent with the guilty off the face of the earth. The counsel, three in number, face the tribunal. Mr. Stanbery is the first of the number to speak. Keen and hair-splitting, he seems to think he is going to carry the day by storm. He rather demands forty days for preparation instead of requesting it. He is followed by Mr. Bingham, who confines himself entirely to the law, without the least flourish of rhetoric or word painting. Very soon the Senate retires for consultation. Then an hour and a half are devoted to gossip in the gallery, and one has time to sweep the rows of seats with an opera glass and glean all the handsome faces; and if the whole truth and nothing but the truth must be told, old Mother Nature (the more shame on her) has been just as niggardly and mean in dealing out "magnificent eyes" and "voluptuous forms" to the creme de la creme as if she were only managing the family affairs of some poor nobody who has not a ghost of a chance for Congressional or any other honor in our beloved country. A limited number of large solitaire diamonds were visible; but good taste excludes nearly all diamonds except in full dress. As this was the highest court in the land amongst men, it might as justly be said that it was the highest court of culture, refinement, fashion, and good taste amongst the women. If all the elements which make men great, just, and wise were found on the floor, it can as truthfully be said that the galleries were never filled by so much purity, so much that goes to make woman the connecting link between men and the angels. Who is that noble woman with the silver hair? The mother-in-law of Edwin M. Stanton. The other whose face time has mellowed to autumnal sweetness and perfection? The mother of Senator Trumbull. No, no; that picture

of delicacy and grace, arrayed in silk tinted with the shade of a dead forest leaf, with dead gold ornaments to match? Why, that is the queen of fashion—the wife of a Senator, the daughter of Chief Justice Chase.

No more time to notice those chosen amongst the women. The Senate has assembled, and General Butler has the floor. He takes the largest, most comprehensive view of the case. He is going to make his mark upon the age, if he has not already. He seems the very incarnation of force and will. He is followed by Judge Nelson of Tennessee, one of the President's counsel. Originally a preacher, I am told, he brings the same kind of persuasion to bear upon the Senate that he would upon rebellious sinners. As the Senate do not look upon themselves in that light, it follows that something more substantial will have to be used; but, as the President has chosen each of his counsel for certain personal qualifications, it is very probable that he expects nothing but flowery sentiment from him—the ornamental, instead of the useful. Judge Curtis, the ablest of the President's counsel, said but very little, seeming well content with Judge Nelson's waste of words. Wilson, of Iowa, one of the ablest judicial minds in the country, made a few remarks, of which law was the cubic measure; and, after some amendments and voting, the day and the people vanished; and thus ended one of the great historical days of the age.

OLIVIA.

## MRS. SENATOR WADE.

### The Maker of and Sharer in Her Husband's Triumphs.

Washington, *March 17, 1868.*

A calm steals over the restless political waters, and whilst we are waiting for the next act in the great drama let us draw near those who, by the sudden turn of the wheel of fate, are lifted high above the multitude. Never, even in the days of the French Revolution, have the women performed more conspicuous parts in the national play of politics than at the present time in Washington. It can truthfully be said that there is nothing so malignant and heart-rending in its effects upon a good man as the burning desire to be President. God help the man when this iron has entered his soul, for this fiery ambition drinks up every other sweet virtue, just as the July sun licks up the purling brook and precious dew drop. It is not man alone who is consumed by ambition; it is woman also, who, in this as well as in everything else, often takes the lion's share. It was Eve who first ate of the fruit, and gave it unto Adam, and he did partake of it also. It is a woman who apparently has everything that the visible or invisible world has to bestow, and yet, like the princess in the fairy tale, deems her place incomplete unless a roc's egg is hung in the centre of the jewcled chamber. There is only one position at the "republican court" that this most elegant woman has not attained. She has never "reigned" at the White House. Every other triumph has palled upon her taste, and if the nation would like the finest and amongst the largest of diamonds in the country to glisten in the Executive Mansion, and the most graceful and queenly woman of the

day to eat bread and honey in the national pantry, they will hasten to withdraw their support from any military chieftain, and bestow the awful burden upon a man who at this very moment is staggering under as much as any faithful public servant can very well carry.

Come, reader; let us leave the dusty highway of frivolity and fashion. Come into the cool, refreshing shade. You are in the presence of the woman who, in all human probability, will be the one above all others of her sex to whom the argus eyes of this great nation will soon be directed. She is in the full meridian of middle life, tall and distinguished-looking, as one would imagine a Roman matron might be in the days of Italian glory, and it would seem that she is precisely such a mate as her bluff and out-spoken husband would select for a life-long journey in double harness. It is evident that he must have chosen for qualities that would wear under the most trying circumstances; and the material must have met his expectations, else why should they bear such a strong personal resemblance to each other—the very same expression of countenance—unless they have suffered and rejoiced together, and hand in hand tasted the bitter with the sweet?

It is well known in Washington that Mrs. Wade has not the least ambition to shine in the fashionable world; that she has been heard to express her exceding distaste for the formal reception; it has even been whispered by those who ought to know that she has the old-fashioned love for the click of the knitting needles; and the nation may yet find out that the reason why Senator Wade has always stood so firm for the right was because his feet have been clad in stockings of domestic manufacture, for this is no more astonishing than had Archimedes the slightest point on which to place his fulcrum he might have moved the whole world.

For many years Mrs. Wade's name has been prominently identified with the public charitable institutions at

Washington as well as elsewhere. Says the secretary of the "News-Boys' Home:" "It is her private benevolence that will longest be remembered, for it is yet to be known when a worthy object was sent from her presence unrelieved."

When we remember her scholarly culture, her extensive reading, and her acquaintance with the best minds of the age, would it not almost seem that this second tragedy, this suicide instead of assassination at the White House, was the providential means taken to purify the halls of legislation at the very fountain head? For if Senator Wade drifts into the Executive chair, through no fault or effort of his own, bound by no promise to friend or foe, what hinders him from seizing the helm of the ship of state, and, with the aid of Congress, guiding her out of the breakers into the calm, still waters of Republican prosperity and peace? As only a Hercules can perform this labor, this may account for the succession, as well as for Senator Wade's clear head, broad shoulders, and stout heart; and when it happens that there will accompany him to the Executive Mansion the same social atmosphere that characterized the days of Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Madison, will it not seem like a return of the honest simplicity of our forefathers, or like the long-delayed perfecting of the Republic's youthful days?

OLIVIA.

## AT THE PRESIDENT'S LEVEE.

### Disgusting Manners of a Member of the French Legation—Handsome General Hancock.

Washington, *March 24, 1868.*

It is well known that in every country the foreign diplomats are among the last to desert the reigning dynasty. There was a new illustration of the fact in the presence of so many ambassadors from abroad at the Executive Mansion last night. Conspicuous among the number was a representative of the French legation, Parisian to the core, Johny Crapaud in all his glory. Instead of a nosegay, Louis Napoleon's decorations dangled from a stray button-hole; and when we say that his white kids were immaculate, that his necktie eclipsed the proudest triumph of Beau Brummel, and that he was as plain in form and feature as only a Frenchman dare to be, we have a complete picture of foreign diplomacy, one item excepted. This was a little jeweled opera-glass, carried in his left hand, and when our country women with bare, dazzling shoulders came within a certain distance of this august person, instantly the glass was leveled to an exact angle with the parts exposed, and with no more fear or hesitation than the doctor who brings the microscope to bear upon a bit of porcine delicacy when the cry of trichinæ is heard throughout the land. This may be the perfection of French taste and good manners, but it is simply revolting to the American. There is a difference between private life and the public stage; between a Canterbury danseuse and the daughter of a Senator. It is because we have treated foreigners so kindly, so forbearingly, that they have learned to despise us.

Between the hours of 8 and 11 the Executive Mansion

was thronged by a crowd, in many senses of the word truly dramatic. There were those who went to see the "show" and those who were there on exhibition. There is no surer sign of deterioration in entertainments than the absence of women, and last night the men outnumbered the gentler sex ten to one. No doubt these masculines were drawn there to show their sympathy or gratify their curiosity; but President Johnson seemed indifferent to all surroundings. His unreadable face was lighted up by smiles, and when Jenkins tells the world that he "received his friends with cordiality, and elegant hospitality," he will probably be telling as near the truth as Jenkins, by his profession, is allowed to come. The President was flanked by his illustrious Cabinet, with one exception. The head was represented by the so-called Secretary of State, and Secretary Thomas (ad interim) brought this ingenious combination to an ignoble end. As the real Secretary of State was killed at or about the same time as our lamented Lincoln, it would seem that the present incumbent is allowed to tarry in order to prove to the world what a fearful thing it is to outlive a once useful, honorable and perfectly rounded life. Let this great, warm-hearted nation forgive him, and inscribe on his living headstone: "Here lies the man who brought on his death by wanting to be President."

Secretary McCulloch, sleek, oily, blonde-haired, helped to relieve the background of the Presidental picture; and to look at him one would hardly realize that he is the rock upon which so many officeseekers' hopes have been split; and yet there is a certain snap about his mouth that would remind one of a tobacco-box shut up and put away for future use. A fine-faced, matronly woman clung to his arm, clad in shimmering sea of green moire antique, with almost any number of milky pearls on her person, and strangers called her Mrs. McCulloch. Father Gideon occupied the same position and appeared in the same attitude that he does in the great historical

picture painted by Carpenter. Ever since he has come into possession of the goose that lays the golden egg he has helped every President to a seat on his shoulders, just as Sinbad was aided by the "Old Man of the Sea;" and if our next President becomes saddled, it is only the seal of the great Solomon or more than mortal heroism that can cope with this naval magician, for to all appearance he is to be a national fixture for all time to come. Secretary Browning is a medium sized, sunny-faced man, attractive as a streaked apple. He had a youthful, pretty woman on his arm, and it was apparent to everybody that if any one resigned his Department in order to attend to the President, or other important business, affairs would be looked after as faithfully as the Attorney-General's, or with the same diligent routine that stamps him an efficient Secretary of the Interior.

General Hancock was there, the handsomest man a woman's eyes ever rested upon in the military service. No matter about his record in New Orleans; no matter about the dubious reasons that brought him to Washington. Queen Bess, one of the greatest women that ever lived, would have made him prime minister at once, and if Andrew Johnson wishes to emulate this illustrious woman, and add glory to his declining reign, none but a Senate lost to the most exquisite emotions will interfere. Towering a whole head and shoulders above foreign ministers and all others in the room, one's eyes must be raised to view the stars on his shoulders, just as they are lifted to the flaming star that rests upon the strap of Perseus, proving him to be one of the greatest generals in the heavens.

Heretofore a President's levee has been a fair sample of different layers of society; this last one has been the exception. There were the President's few confidential advisers, and those allied to him through interest who remained in the room with him, dividing and sharing the honor which they must feel is slipping away. Secretary

Seward received by the side of Mrs. Patterson. General Hancock held his reception a short distance from the President; whilst the policeman on duty and Marshal Gooding, who has to perform the task of introduction, looked as if they wished the farce was over. The East Room seemed an immense bee-hive, swarming with black-coated honeybees, and if the truth must certainly be told, the queens were as scarce as in any other well-behaved, respectable hive. At precisely 11 o'clock the Marine Band tied up their shining horns and scattered in the darkness, the guests vanished, and the Executive Mansion was left to its uneasy dreams. OLIVIA.

## MARY CLEMMER AMES.

### Tribute to the Talented Correspondent of the New York Independent.

Washington, *March 31, 1868.*

The fourth day of the trial of the great impeachment case is made memorable by the speech of Benjamin F. Butler. Whilst he was completing his tower of brilliancy and logic, the lightning was playing with the beginning of it, and when he had finished the great cities of the Union were as wise as we who sat within the sound of his voice. The struggle to obtain tickets equalled, if it did not exceed, the opening day of the trial, and the same elegant, aristocratic crowd filled the galleries, the women, as usual, outnumbering the men. The only really odious thing connected with the trial is the ticket system. Suppose a crowd does gather in the Capitol, the most perfect order prevails, and there are so many police on duty that it is very easy to protect the Senate and push back the waves of humanity. The grocer's wife, the humblest citizen, has just as much right to hear the impeachment trial as the wife or the friend of a Congressman; and when the galleries are properly filled, what hinders the police from meeting the late comers and turning their unwilling footsteps away? Anything that smacks of aristocracy or exclusiveness should instantly be put under the feet of every American citizen. It is the masses who are the real aristocracy, because they are the source of all power; and the moment our public servants dare to draw lines that in any way interfere with this great, good-natured maelstrom, the least of this mass can put a stone in a sling which will do as good execution as the pebble of the immortal David.

Senator Wade has left the chair and Chief Justice Chase immediately succeeds him. For an instant let us survey this cold, haughty, handsome face. Not for a moment could one imagine fire coursing along his veins. His lips move, but only inarticulate sound reaches the gallery. The New York *Independent* must be mistaken when it says "he has become the friend of Andrew Johnson, the idol of the young Democracy." Ambition may consume him with its unquenchable fire, but with the corpse of William H. Seward before his eyes he will never commit suicide. The Senate chamber is as quiet as a vaulted tomb. The orator of the day arises, and thousands of eyes are brought to a sudden focus. Benjamin F. Butler has the floor. History has associated the name of Burke with Warren Hastings; and inseparably linked must be the names of Butler and Andrew Johnson. Mr. Butler is not an orator. He did not attempt to impress a jury. He simply read a great speech to the whole country, expecting the people to read it after him, and weigh its arguments discriminately; to note the strong points, and feel that Benjamin F. Butler had proved himself equal to the task imposed upon him as a trusted servant of the American people. In making up the gifts for this rare son, it must be said that Old Mother Nature denied him beauty; but he had managed to outwit the fickle old dame and come out even with her at last, for amongst the few beautiful women in the gallery Blanche Butler, the petite daughter, was fairest amongst the fair. "What a strong resemblancce between the two!" you say. The crooked eyes are straightened, a little added to their size, and the same fire is flung into them both. In one case you have a pair of Oriental almonds, seen nowhere outside of Correggio's Madonnas. In the other, you have eyes belonging to Benjamin Butler. The description ends. There is nothing on earth out of which to manufacture comparison.

In the exclusive crowd which filled the galleries, it may

be said there were two grand divisions—the aristocracy and the press. The first named were elevated to their seats by their social relations; the latter by the divine right of being anointed sovereigns in the world of mind, born to their inheritance, like the Bourbons and Hapsburgs. Conspicuous amongst the limited but strictly exclusive set might be seen the delicate, *spiritual* face of Mary Clemmer Ames, of the New York *Independent*. She writes poetry; the newspapers tell us all that. She also writes stately, solemn prose. Sometimes it is bitter and pungent, as many of our public men know. How easy and smooth the machinery of her mind must work! There are no sudden jars in the cogwheels of her brain, for her face is almost as smooth as a dimpled babe's. She is pure womanly, from the low, handsome brow to the taper fingers, and when the time comes that woman shall stand upon the true platform of equalty and justice Mary Clemmer Ames, with all the rest of the same sisterhood, will be remembered as the noble pioneers whose united efforts alone achieved the great work.

Speaking of women in the world of mind, Anna E. Dickinson addressed a fashionable audience here last night, and as we have taken a solemn oath to say nothing but honest words we must say that we don't like to hear her talk. That she is brilliant and gifted, that Philadelphia has reason to be proud of this talented child, it were useless to deny. But God help the woman when honey no longer drops from her lips, when nothing but gall issues from the coral crevice! She gives the Republican party no credit for what it has done, but only heaps abuse and scurrility upon it because it has not done more. She hurls arguments at the heads with sledge-hammer blows, but she forgets to use woman's strongest, surest, most fatal weapon—that jeweled, nameless, enchanted dagger, that, if found in the hand of the weakest among us, never fails of reaching the heart. OLIVIA.

## AT THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.

### "Ad Interim" Thomas Flayed by General Butler—Kindness of the Wife of Senator Wilson.

Washington, *April 14, 1868.*

The interest surrounding the impeachment trial deepens. The blows of the aggressive Butler are met and sometimes parried by the sharp rapier of Evarts or the stout claymore of Stanbery. The President has wisely chosen some of the subtlest minds in the country to defend him, and it is almost worth the fruit of a lifetime to sit in the presence of such a court, the jury composed of the choicest men of each sister State, the lawyers upon both sides the picked men of the country, whilst some of the witnesses have a world-wide reputation, and the spectators, with but few exceptions, are rare exotics, gathered from the best hothouses in the land.

The sparring on both sides during Friday and Saturday was a perfect feast to those who like to see mind meet mind—who enjoy the din and crash of ideas; but what is the use of stirring up the cesspool into which Andrew Johnson has plunged, and for whom there is no earthly resurrection? Is not the country sick unto death of these poisonous exhalations? Andrew Johnson has broken the laws of the land. In the name of the humblest citizen, what can be offered in his defence?

The Sage of the *Tribune* says, "Stick to the point, gentlemen; stick to the point," and a placard to this effect should be paraded before their eyes in every loyal paper of the country. The President's conversations with General Sherman and other officers are of no more importance to the people of the United States than his delicate semi-official talk with Mrs. Cobb. If we are to have one,

why not the other? Why not let the land shake its rocky sides, and one broad grin stretch its awful mouth from Plymouth Rock to the silver sands of the Pacific slope? "Stick to the point, gentlemen; stick to the point."

For all future time General Lorenzo Thomas will be known only as "Ad Interim" Thomas. Even the newsboys cry, "Here's your evening paper. Testimony of 'Ad Interim.'" If the poet had only lived long enough to have seen this man he would never have written, "Frailty, thy name is woman!" unless he had put in a clause intimating that sometimes Dame Nature in her haste makes mistakes; for Nature intended Lorenzo Thomas to be feminine. She gave him a slender waist and sloping shoulders, arched instep and taper fingers, and in place of a beard planted a few seed on his chin; and long years of cultivation have only proved that some productions of nature will not flourish on a foreign soil. If any more proof were necessary it is his testimony before the Senate on Friday, when he says: "Mr. Stanton put his arm around my neck, as he used to do, in a familiar manner, and says—" No matter about that. As the heroic and honorable Secretary of War thus far has made no mistake, is it not to be inferred that he knew what was so deftly hidden from mortal view? The spiritual intercourse between the two must have been complete.

If anything more was wanting to touch a sympathetic chord in every woman's soul in the vast galleries, to bring her nearer in sympathy with Lorenzo Thomas, it was the cruel, merciless way in which General Butler laid bare the heart of this interesting witness. He brought his little amiable foibles and weaknesses to light of day, just as the surgeon brings out the queer things with the dissecting knife. The galleries breathed easy when the tortures were over.

It was refreshing, at last, to see the soldierly form of General Sherman advancing to the witness stand. There are some handsomer men in the Senate chamber at this

moment, but none of finer or more exquisite workmanship. The high forehead and eagle eyes; the thin, quivering nostril, and square manly shoulders; the muscles of wire-drawn steel. Like an exquisite stringed instrument, he must be kept up to concert pitch, and then follows such ravishing melody; but out of tune, or with a string broken, horrible discord would be sure to follow. He may be the best of husbands and fathers, but it is very plain that Nature was intent upon fashioning a good soldier, a leader amongst men, and in this particular instance she had made no mistake.

Reader, let your mind's eye wander to the galleries. At the right of the diplomatic seats sits a woman reminding us of an English duchess. She is not delicate or sylph-like; on the contrary, nothing shall be said about avoirdupois. She is elegant and distinguished looking. Her black, flowing drapery is moire antique; a costly camel's-hair shawl is thrown carelessly back from her shoulders, and lilac plumes dance and flutter with every turn of her head; amethysts and diamonds hang suspended from her ears, and her left hand sparkles with the weight of a moderate fortune. Would you know her title? It is the same whose name flew all over the country in connection with the Prince of Wales at the time the Gothamites feasted the Prince and provided him with a partner also. It will be remembered that on that most important evening the floor fell into the cellar, and there are people of to-day who are no wiser than to say, "No wonder! No wonder!" In the sky of wealth and fashion in Washington, this queenly woman is a flaming star of the first magnitude; or, more properly speaking, she is the Pleiades, Hyades, and possibly the "big dipper" also.

And now, reader, you are to know about the wife of a Senator who is not in her coveted seat to-day, for the reason that she has given to one of her husband's constituents her ticket, and, therefore, like the humblest amongst us, has to remain at home. Would you know this pure

type of womanhood, who says with her own lips, "We owe more to our constituents than to ourselves"? Would you know the woman whose sincere pity goes unchallenged amidst all this frivolity and wickedness, and whose unostentatious charity would be as refreshing and as broadcast as the evening dew if the source of supply was as unfailing as her own generous heart? Scarcely a public institution of charity exists in Washington without her name on the roll call and she alone gathered the first thousand dollars that made the "Newsboys' Home" a success.

There are holy places in the mosque of the Moslems where only the "faithful" can tread with unsandaled feet, and there are some human lives so purified and exalted that only the pen of the Recording Angel is worthy to transfix their fleeting lights and shadows, their struggles in their upward flight. Ah! reader, would you know why Senator Wilson lies so close to the heart of cold, haughty Massachusetts; why he has the least of this world's goods of any man in Congress; why he fights so manfully for the poor and down-trodden; why he is one of the most popular and best-beloved men in the land? It is because he is strengthened and solaced and the armor for life's battle is girded on at home. OLIVIA.

## HON. BENJAMIN F. WADE.

### Considered the Proper Size for Presidential Timber.

Washington, *April 21, 1868.*

The dying throes of the rebellion end with the impeachment trial. Whilst Grant crushed the head of the reptile in Virginia, and Sherman's swarming legions cut the monster in twain, it is left for a loyal Congress to deal with that part of the serpent which it is said "never dies till the sun goes down." The death-dealing rattle of the Ku Klux Klan is borne to us on the breath of the soft south wind; the lonely cane-brake still echoes the hunted fugitive's cry; the hand of palsy grasps our Southern sister States; and the nation is heart-sick, well nigh unto death. But the warm glow of another sunrise is upon us. A new day already dawns in the East, and the coming man stands before the people, whom destiny has called to be the leader, and to guide the ship of state into a peaceful sea. All hail! Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio.

Massachusetts spared him room to be born, but the great West nourished him upon her broad bosom, and there his mind drank in the grand landscape of dimpled lake and sunny, dew-kissed prairie, and there he learned, irrespective of color or sex, devotion to his race.

A self-made man like our own lamented Lincoln, looking out upon the world with the same kind, brown eyes; but there the comparison ends. Mr. Wade is not tall, ungainly, or awkward. Rather above the medium height, broad shouldered, he was apparently built for use instead of ornament, like a printing-press or a steam engine. Handsome, for the reason that not a weak place in form or feature shows itself; comely, because every point is purely

masculine, with no trace of the other sex, unless his mother's soul looks out of his brown eyes—for it is well known that Mr. Wade is one of the kindest men in Congress, also woman's best and truest friend. It is for this alone that we stand in his presence with uncovered head. It was Senator Wade who brought the bill before Congress giving to woman in the District of Columbia the right to hold her own property and earnings in direct opposition to the rights of a dissolute husband. It was his personal efforts in the beginning that changed the laws of Ohio in woman's favor; and, to use his own language: "I did not do it because they are women but because it is right. The strong have no business to oppress the weak."

Sitting in his presence the other day, we ventured to remark, "How did it happen, Mr. Wade, that you signed the petition of Mrs. Frances Lord Bond, recommending her for a consulate? Would you really advise the country to give a woman such a position?"

The spirit of mirth danced over his face as he replied, "I would sign any petition that reads as that did. It said, 'if she could perform the services better than any one else?' I had a doubt in my mind about that; but if she could do the work better than any one else I would not prevent her because she is a woman."

There has been a time within the memory of us all when a shuddering chill has crept up to the vitals of the nation. Then a plain, straightforward honest man was lifted above all others, far up to the highest pinnacle of power. As God gave him light to see the right, he led us through the smoke of battle, over the burning desert of war, and when the green oasis of peace was in view, he fell by the bullet of the assassin. Is it Fate, is it God, who reaches forth his hand and again lifts another straight-forward, unpretending man to the highest place in the gift of the American people? As a Senator, who had a purer record? In every crisis, on every national question, who for a moment doubted where Ben Wade

would be found? Who ever caught him balancing on the top of the fence, if the seeds of life or death were to be sown broadcast over the land? Admitting that he has none of the polish of Chesterfield; that he sometimes nails his sentences with words noted for strength rather than for elegance and beauty (or that might be left out altogether); that he may not possess all the classical culture that some of his brother Senators may boast; yet, as a people sore and heavy laden, let us thank our Maker for Benjamin F. Wade—kind, noble, honest citizen, great, not in himself, for men themselves are paltry, but great, just like a mathematical figure which stands to represent the distance of the sun. He may be rubbed out, like the digit on the big blackboard, but the principles embodied in him are as enduring as the mountains of granite of his own native State. OLIVIA.

## TWO NOTABLE WOMEN.

### Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague and Mrs. Oakes Ames.

Washington, *April 23, 1868.*

Like a rolling avalanche, impeachment gathers in size and velocity as it rushes on to its final resting place. The testimony has all been taken; the arguments have already commenced. Manager Boutwell occupied many hours yesterday in reading his arguments. This able effort will soon find its way into every household in the land, there to be weighed and judged discriminately; but Manager Boutwell is no wizard or brownie, and therefore cannot go himself where his words will fly. How does he look, and what could he see if he should take his eyes off the printed page and glance hither and yon, to the right, to the left, or, with both at once, make a grand Balaklava charge? Is it possible for a man to get to that point in his life when the mind's fruit hangs in clustered perfection, like the juicy purple grape of mid-autumn?

Manager Boutwell is in the zenith of life, rather under the medium size and compact, and when tested gives the true ring of the genuine coin, or a perfect piece of porcelain, handsome enough for all the practical uses of life, but nothing startling or electrical about him, like Benjamin Butler; and it would seem as if wily Massachusetts was wide awake, as she has furnished two managers. But in case General Butler should exhaust himself like fiery Vesuvius, behold there is Boutwell, cool, solemn, eternal as the glacier-crowned Alps.

Mr. Boutwell is a good speaker, but his reading seems wearisome, and yet the galleries listen with attention; at least it is very quiet in there—not a breath of air to spare.

There is a faint odor of exquisite perfume exhaling

from hundreds of snowy, cob-web handkerchiefs; dainty women scattered here and there, everywhere. Paris has Eugenie; Washington has Mrs. Senator Sprague, the acknowledged queen of fashion and good taste. She occupies a seat at the left of the reader. Her costume is just as perfect as the lily or the rose. She is a lilac blossom to-day. Not a particle of jewelry is visible upon her person. She has copied her bonnet from the pansy or wood violet. A single flower, of lilac tinge, large enough for the "new style," rests upon her head, and is fastened to its place by lilac tulle so filmy that it must have been stolen from the purple mists of the morning. An exquisite walking dress of pale lilac silk has trimmings a shade darker, whilst lilac gloves conceal a hand that might belong to the queen of fairies. Is she a woman or a flower, to be nipped by the frost; to be pressed between the leaves of adversity; or, alas! to grow old and wither? Impossible! She is a flower of immortality; not perfect, it is true, as other letter-writers say, but she happens to be placed in a sphere where perfection is expected, and she is mortal like the rest of us. She shrinks from the hard and lowly task of visiting the wretched hut, the sick, and the afflicted. So do Victoria and Eugenie, whose fame is wafted to us across the great water.

To the left of the queen sits another woman distinguished in Washington society. It is the wife of a millionaire—Mrs. Oakes Ames of Massachusetts. She is a handsome matron, in the early autumn of life. She has no desire to shine in the fashionable world, and her smiling face would only come out the brighter after an eclipse of that kind. Her elegant parlors are headquarters for old-fashioned hospitality, and to those who possess the "open sesame" she is always at home. But it is in Massachusetts that she finds her true sphere. There she is the wife of the baronet, the "Lady Bountiful of the neighborhood," surrounded by her husband's tenantry or working people. It is the "squire's wife" who visits the lowly cot-

tage, bringing sunshine and temporal relief. It is the "squire" who pays the clergyman his salary, that his people may be saved through no loss of spiritual grace, and instead of going to London for the winter they come to Washington. What! Gossips, you say; but it is an admitted fact.

OLIVIA.

## JUDGE NELSON.

### The President's Counsel During the Impeachment Trial.

Washington, *April 27, 1868.*

Another effort of the immortal mind has been inscribed upon the scroll of fame. Judge Nelson, of Tennessee, has spoken in behalf of the President, and only the pen of genius can do justice to this dewy, refreshing speech as it fell upon the American Senate.

When it is known that Judge Nelson dropped the cowl of the monk for the lawyer's pointed lance, it is not astonishing that he mistook the Senate for a set of Tennessee sinners, and appealed to its feeling instead of its judgment. This most interesting speech was interspersed with poetry, borrowed for the occasion, to be sure, but of equal use and effectiveness—nevertheless, like mourning garments, borrowed from friendly neighbors; and yet the speech was destitute of all solemnity. A rich vein of humor coursed through it, and the Senate seemed to enjoy the repose so much needed after the strong arguments of Mr. Boutwell.

It is said Andrew Johnson chose Nelson for these very qualities; but, gratifying as it may have been to the President, it did not find favor in the minds of those who are friendly to the lost cause. A genuine sneer curled itself up and nestled in all the hide-and-seek places in the delicate face of William M. Evarts, while stately Mr. Groesbeck seemed severely offended. Members of Congress folded their unseen tents and silently stole away; the Chief Justice uncoiled his dignity just enough to catch a breath of the fluttering breeze; and the high court of impeachment was relieved as if by an unexpected holiday.

Judge Nelson was a semi-rebel—a sort of Tennessee neutral—during the rebellion, and it has not been ascertained whether it was for this reason that Andrew Johnson chose him for the defence; but it is now known beyond a doubt that minister and lawyer are so ingeniously mixed in the judge's composition that a third compound is the result, bearing no more resemblance to the first ingredients than soap bears to oil and alkali.

Mr. Groesbeck had the floor next—apparently a good, strong man, bearing the same relation to the human family that a fair, rosy-cheeked apple does to the remainder of the fruit in the orchard. Like Mr. Stanbery, he pleads illness. His voice seemed in the last stages of collapse. It is very difficult to catch the hoarse sentences in the galleries. There is nothing flashing, brilliant, or electrical in his speech, and if there were, it would be entirely lost, unless it rose, cloud-like, into the galleries. Hard, cold, flinty argument must be hurled upon the impassive Senate. Mr. Groesbeck seems to be aware of this fact, as he contends against the odds.

The gallery wears its usual high-toned, fashionable elegance. A real hothouse of rare human exotics is gathered together, partaking of the same weaknesses and desires that animate creation in the humbler spheres of life. Some of these exquisite butterflies have a way of spreading their voluminous crinoline to the exclusion of some unfortunate in want of a seat; but as soon as an acquaintance makes an appearance, in the twinkling of an eye space is evolved from a minus quantity and immediately occupied, and the real honest possessor has no redress except in repeating an ave, or declaiming mentally the touching poem of "sour grapes."

Allowing it to be exceedingly gratifying, it is not good taste to be eating in public. History tells us that a great monarch used to take his emetics and vomit gracefully in the presence of the court, but even royalty could not add dignity to, nor throw a rosy glamor over, one of Nature's

disgraceful freaks. And in the high court of impeachment no pink-lipped, amber-haired beauty can afford to distort her features and wantonly assail the ears of her neighbors by cracking nuts with her pearly teeth. If a woman has neither youth nor beauty, and commits the same fatal error, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

OLIVIA.

# A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

## A Comprehensive Review of the Life Work of Hon. Thaddeus Stevens.

Washington, *April 28, 1868.*

After the storm and cloud of an eventful life, Thaddeus Stevens lingers on the disc of the Western horizon, surrounded by the glory of departing day. As he stands the central figure in the House of Representatives, he likewise occupies the same place at the manager's table in the high court of impeachment. Like Lord Brougham, his intellectual powers seem to lose little by age, and his argument in behalf of the House has none superior, if any equal to it. Short, compact, conclusive, it was made up of the cream of the whole matter in the dispute. On the day of its delivery, as the Chief Justice ceased speaking, the galleries were hushed into more than attentive silence. Slowly the venerable speaker advanced to a chair on the platform so as to be able to face the Senate, his position being at the same time such that he could be plainly seen by the crowd in the vast galleries, who were listening, intent on catching the faintest word. He seemed to be impressed with the solemnity of the surroundings, also to realize that the present effort was to be the last great crowning work of his life. Slowly he rose, trembling, yet brilliant as the flame that sometimes shoots upward when the taper burns low in the socket before it expires. His reading, at first low and tremulous, grew stronger and stronger until it reached every nook of the vast Senate chamber. As he sat in his easy chair, the beholder could not help but feel that Thaddeus Stevens lives to prove to the world the immortality of the soul. He shows that the body is not necessary to human

existence. He shows that passion can live notwithstanding the fire of life is nearly out; and though every window of his mansion of clay is broken, and through each rent and crevice the storm of the outer world pours in, yet, like a couchant lion in his den, his mind is ready to spring upon an adversary; and in any work that devolves upon the servants of the country, Thaddeus Stevens is ready to accept the royal share.

As every season of the year has its beauties, so has every season of life. Though it be winter, it is only the poor who sigh for the summer heats. He who is rich in intellect, though he stands upon the snows of age, partakes of the holiest and most elevated joys. Far up the mountain the traveler has ascended. Human life, with its contentions and struggles, is spread out before him in the valley below. He can look down upon his fellowman kindly, lovingly, for he sees the thorn and the bramble, the hidden ditch and the concealed stone, over which his brother may stumble and sometimes falls. But as he climbs higher and still higher, the valley, with its smiling river and fairy dells, fades imperceptibly, the twilight of the upper world surrounds him, and he sees, both above and below, in letters of living fire, the single word JUSTICE; and happy is he who, like Thaddeus Stevens, has made this solemn word his song by day, his pillar of fire by night, for eternal justice is the living God.

A great many years ago, a Green Mountain boy was fairly embarked on the ocean of life. No gaily-painted merchantman was at his command; only a little lifeboat, whose paddles were a pair of strong hands; no supplies, only those so deftly hidden away in the cunning recesses of his brain. In the beginning he said it is not good to be alone; so he fashioned himself a banner, inscribed with the golden letters of Universal Justice, Liberty, and Education. With this flag upon his bosom, singlehanded and alone, he fought the ignorant prejudices of the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. This

childless bachelor said the State should be taxed to educate the children. Was it light from the Infinite shining upon Mr. Stevens that enabled him to see deeper into the welfare of these children than their own parents or guardians? He met the most powerful opposition, but proved himself as invulnerable as Achilles without a heel. He conquered. The commonschool system of Pennsylvania owes its being to Thaddeus Stevens, and unborn myriads may owe their success in life to this great benefactor.

There was weeping and wailing heard through the centuries. The stifled sob of slave mothers smote the air because their babes were sold into bondage, and though they might be living on the earth yet were dead to them forever. The slave-pen lifted its atrocious head and flaunted its pestilential shadows within the call of the nation's capital. The auctioneer's voice rang shrill and clear, going! going! gone! whilst the American Shylock advanced and paid for his pound of human flesh. The torturing chain and lash were held in the hand of the overseer, and with no hope, no refuge, for the fugitive but the deadly morass or more desolate canebrake, there to be followed by the keen-scented bloodhound or his still more relentless foe. The people of Israel lay prostrate with faces buried in the dust, forgotten by the nations of the earth, apparently forgotten by their God. But the clouds of wrath gathered, and at last overspread the whole land. The youthful Republic saw, for the first time, a serious civil war. Although tried on many a battlefield before, it was in the great war for the downfall of oppression that Thaddeus Stevens sprang into existence as the "leader of the House." It was in the vast arena of Congress, that awful place, where even more than average men are lost in its immensity, that Thaddeus Stevens shone with a steady unfaltering light—a sun with a solar system around him. It was not alone the untiring efforts of great generals, or the spilling of

blood or the wasting of treasure, that saved the life of the nation. He who helps to keep the fountain of legislation pure, who keeps the mantle of trust reposed in him by the people clean and free from the speck or blemish at all times, whether it be war or peace, is a nation's benefactor. Let the nation's head be uncovered in the presence of Thaddeus Stevens.

It is the work of a biographer to follow a great man through a long and well spent life; and it is extremely unfortunate that Mr. Stevens has never been known to make the acquaintance of a Boswell, for how much that is crisp and readable must now be lost. It may be pleasant to know that he has sold his lots in the two cemeteries of which he was an owner because colored people were refused burial in them; though it may be possible that he feels that he shall have future use for them. It is so natural to forget to say that a noble character has any faults. But who remembers the spots on the sun? It is enough to know that we owe life to its benign influence.

Long, long, will Mr. Stevens remain photographed upon the minds of those who now have the honor to behold him, as he sits in his easy chair day after day. Nature did not make him handsome, but she fashioned him with a bold, rugged outline, suggesting power and sublimity, like the solemn mountain or the surf-beaten cliff.

OLIVIA.

## JOHN A. BINGHAM.

### Acquits Himself With Honors in Forensic Conflict.

Washington, *May 7, 1868.*

Never, even during the late days of storm and darkness, has the sun set upon such scenes as were enacted on the last day of argument before the High Court of Impeachment. No more can it be said that the age of oratory has fled, for John A. Bingham has shown that there is a man amongst us who possesses the rare power of electrifying the multitude; of making one vast sea of humanity throb with overwhelming emotion. I might as well attempt to "paint the sunbeams" as to give a description of his glowing words. From history he drew the parallel between James the Second and our recreant President. Mirabeau's immortal answer to the king's usher, "Go tell your master that bayonets have no power over the will of the people," seemed as if uttered anew by the spirit of the great Frenchman. Never in the history of the world has any man been called to plead before such a bar, and for such a cause. No court has existed like it in the world's annals, and no such criminal has been called to answer. Only the attributes of conceded genius sustained Mr. Bingham, and made him strong for the work assigned to him. He seemed to feel that this trial was not simply a means for the punishment of one daring offender, but that it was to prove the strength and stability of republican institutions for all time—to prove that the strongest are as imbecile before the majesty of the law as the beggar of the highway.

Upon the floor of the American Senate the majestic scenes of history are again repeated. One man stands out

from the multitude, pleading the cause of myriads against the aggressive encroachment of a wicked ruler. Every inch of available space in the vast chamber contains a human being, and the silence of the grave prevails. Little by little, blow after blow, as the sculptor chisels the marble, the orator is building a monument—one which is to stand through the centuries, long, long after lithe, supple John A. Bingham is only a handful of dust. No link is missing in the chain; no dead sentiment clings to his ideas; his perfect sentences are steeped at once in logic and poetry. It is the handwriting on the wall in letters of living fire. The orator closes. A momentary silence like that which precedes the hurricane's crash, and there arises from floor to ceiling such confusion which even the vigorous blows of the Chief Justice's gavel are inadequate to suppress. It was like the voice of the gallant sea captain commanding the elements to be still. Then Senator Grimes comes to the rescue, and moves that the galleries be cleared. Senator Cameron hopes that the galleries will not be cleared, and that allowance will be made for the extraordinary occasion. Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Reverdy Johnson call Mr. Cameron to order, whilst Mr. Trumbull moves that not only the galleries be cleared, but that all disorderly persons be arrested. At the same time the British minister and others in the diplomatic inclosure are seen apparently contesting their rights with the doorkeepers, whilst a flutter appears in the reporter's gallery similar to that noticed in a flock of blackbirds when a handful of shot has been remorselessly distributed amongst them. From his throne, which was only a plain, cane-seated chair, Manager Bingham surveys the tumult. He who has sown the whirlwind smilingly surveys the storm. He is weary and exhausted, and his cheek has the pallor of the grave, but he feels that the applause was for him. The uproar continues. At last the inexorable fiat is understood. The galleries must be cleared upon the instant.

So a surging tide of humanity pours out of every open door. Little knots of people are scattered here and there the whole length of the long corridors, all talking about the one absorbing theme. Grand tableaux of excited men are grouped in the rotunda, even the stairs have caught stray whisps of surplus, standing humanity, all madly intoxicated with the enthusiasm of the hour. The world never seems weary of Boswell's talk about Dr. Johnson; and with the same desire to please, let it be told that Mr. Bingham was asked how he felt after the proudest triumph of his life. Using his own words: "I don't know how I feel; I only know I have spoken enough to make thirty columns in the Congressional Globe. God knows I have tried to do my duty; it is in the hands of the Senate now. The great work of my life is done."

Day after day we see our neighbor, John A. Bingham, an unpretending man of simple tastes, and whose mind is a storehouse of classic culture. About the average height of his fellow-men, he is far more slender and graceful, and though not handsome according to the prescribed rules of beauty, yet like the High Court of Impeachment, which is a law unto itself, he looks like John A. Bingham, and there is nothing better by which he can be compared, estimated, or measured. OLIVIA.

## ANSON BURLINGAME.

### His Triumphant Capture of the Inhabitants of the Flowery Kingdom.

Washington, *June 20, 1868.*

A new and startling drama is performing on the world's stage. The Occident and the Orient are at last united. The oldest nation on the face of the earth is shaking hands with the youngest. Gray-bearded China, after being hermetically sealed during the long ages, opens her arms to embrace Young America, and in the height of her good humor includes the rest of the world. Another laurel is added to the fame of America. A countryman of ours has shown what genius and courage can accomplish in the great field of diplomacy. Anson Burlingame has smitten the strongholds of China as Moses smote the rock in the wilderness, and the sweet waters flow forth in Washington in the shape of dozens of pig-tailed, almond-eyed, silken-clad Orientals, who charm by their picturesqueness, and who leave the gates of wonder standing ajar every day. To the eye of an ordinary "barbarian" one Chinaman looks as much like another as two pins from the same paper; but a very close inspection shows that the two mandarins are made of a little finer clay than the "suite." There is just about the same difference as between their own exquisite porcelain and the modern French china.

Owing to the fashionable shoes of their mother, the mandarins have inherited feet made expressly for Cinderella's slipper, whilst their delicate taper fingers vie with any high-born damsel's in the land. They are exceedingly attractive, but the sentiment they inspire is as strange as themselves. It isn't the usual homage that

woman gives the opposite sex, and their fluttering silken skirts and fans help to keep up all sorts of illusions. They have brought a miniature China with them, in the shape of all that goes to sustain life—their own servants, cooking utensils, favorite beverages, etc.

The Metropolitan Hotel had been turned into a Chinese pagoda, and Minister Burlingame and his elegant wife are the presiding seers, whilst the multitude flock to offer incense at their shrines. Not an hour can they call their own; and though they are very weary this exhausting weather, Mr. Burlingame says, "I am so glad to meet with so much kindness from my countrymen." It is this warmth—these genuine, electric flashes of the soul—that melts all opposition. Since the birth of our young Republic how many wise and good men have been sent to China; but we must acknowledge that we never sent the right man before. All honor to the young pioneer who reflects so much credit upon American diplomacy. It is a plain citizen of our Republic who introduces the oldest monarchy to the whole civilized world.

In answer to the question, "How did you bring it about?" "Bring it about?" said he. "I studied Chinese character. I made them feel that we meant them no harm. It has been the habit in times past, if any demand or request was made by foreign powers to the Chinese Government and the request was not favorably received, to dispatch a gunboat to make a warm impression. This never was my course of action. I never resorted to force. I labored to make them feel that my propositions were for our mutual good; and," he continued, "I must not forget to say how much influence women have in China; for if the two most influential women in the Empire had not favored the expedition we should not have been seen in this part of the world. Of these august ladies one was the Empress' mother; the other the wife of the Emperor."

Mr. Burlingame did not say whether he met these

ladies face to face; but, if he did, the birth of the Chinese embassy is no longer a wonder, for even Queen Elizabeth, one of the greatest sovereigns that ever lived, was never proof against those subtle, insinuating influences far easier felt than described.

Mr. Burlingame was cast in one of nature's finest moulds. Towering just enough above the medium height to be called commanding, with proportions as symmetrical as a perfect tree in the forest, a face is added that is strikingly classic, which attracts the eye for a moment only, giving way to the spiritual impression.

Whilst this Chinese panorama was unfolding, a graceful woman for a moment was pictured on the canvas—Mrs. Burlingame, the only woman who accompanies the party. There was a gleam of a pair of dark, lustrous eyes; a shadow cast by the heavy coils of black, wavy hair; something blue and filmy as Oriental gauze enveloped her fine figure; a side door opened, and the vision was gone.

Striking points of similarity exist between the old monarchy and the young Republic. China is divided into provinces as our country is divided into States. Education is within reach of all. From the humblest beginning merit can rise and divide the honors with the imperial blood. An inexorable fiat envelops China as with a network of bristling steel. It is the supreme law of the land. There is no appeal from its decree. It holds the highest and the lowest in its vise-like grasp. Like death, it respects no private claim. The Emperor is as impotent before it as the Chinaman who has not the wherewith to provide a dinner. This is the one great principle, the all-powerful cohesive force which has kept this vast Empire together from time immemorial. Let America try to forget the past, and in this respect walk in the footsteps of the imperial China.

OLIVIA.

## A TALENTED QUARTETTE.

### Madame Le Vert, Gail Hamilton, Vinnie Ream, and Mrs. Lander.

Washington, *January, 1869.*

A reception at the governor's mansion occupies that middle ground which may be supposed to be between a President's levee and the private party given by a well-to-do Congressman. The governor must invite everybody because he is everybody's servant, like the President, only he has no White House and paid retinue of lackeys, no fuel and gas found, and no fifty thousand per year. On the contrary "he must find himself," and this he will be obliged to do whenever the enormous bills are paid. If one could have seen the crowds that for four mortal hours filled the governor's large dining-hall they would have prayed for a repetition of the same miracle that took place some eighteen hundred years ago, when the bread and fish could not give out, and water was spoiled by being turned into wine.

But the worst comes. We have got a governor—none of your milk-and-water kind—and who looks every inch a governor, as much as the great Napoleon looked like an emperor. We have so many "figure-heads," which are the result of the appointing power, that when the real article turns up let us thank President Grant for his act, for it makes no difference to us whether he does the right thing by design or mistake. But the governor's ball. Everybody was there. The governor stood at the entrance of the broad door that led to the right of the hall, arrayed with the usual ministerial black-looking robe, and acting only as a governor should. By his side stood my lady, tall, elegantly dressed in charming simplicity. She

is still very youthful to be called to occupy so prominent a place. Her dress was simple white muslin with an overdress of black velvet, white ruche at the throat with tiniest of rosebuds in the pleatings; no jewels, no gewgaws. She must have taken Madame Thiers, the wife of the early President of the French Republic, for her model, or, later still, Madame MacMahon, not only the first lady but one of the most sensible women in France.

The governor's mansion is admirably arranged for entertaining large companies. The rooms seemed to be fastened to the arc of a circle. The guests entered the broad folding doors, followed on from room to room, and came out near the point where they started; a turning wheel of glaring colors, a huge human kaleidoscope —what better comparison? We will suppose you are behind the governor, as Mephistopheles is said to have stood behind Faust. But then you are only a harmless correspondent, and the image is in the very worst taste; and yet, even in newspaper comparisons, it is well to keep all the best things for one's self. You are behind the shadow of the governor—invisible, you see nothing, but you feel a great deal. A turn of the wonderful kaleidoscope and there comes to view the great warrior Tecumseh, sometimes called General Sherman, the Beau Brummel of fashionable life in Washington. Straight as one of those guns he carried so successfully to the sea, and just about as useful at the present day, yet very dear to us, because he is the best paid for the least work of any man in the Union. And yet he was seen at the Burns Festival, as well as many other places, with Vinnie Ream on his arm, and who knows what the veteran warrior may have suffered? Vinnie is not large, neither is a Minie ball, and yet if either one should hit the mark the most direful consequences might follow. When we compare Vinnie Ream to the great men who work in stone she grows beautifully less, but when we compare her with women she rises almost beyond feminine proportions. She is a very small man, but a very great

woman. Go ahead, Vinnie! Bust Tecumseh, or somebody else will! Our great men must be busted by some one, and women ought to have a hand in that kind of work. We intend to write a book about the famous women of Washington, and you, dear, persecuted, self-sacrificing little sprite, shall have almost the best place.

Another turn of the wheel. Who comes there? It is our tall, lordly speaker of the House—our handsome would-be next President—polished as steel, and Colfaxian to the last degree, except the smile. But he is our Speaker of the House, and, as Don Quixote said about his own Dulcinea, we challenge the world in his defence, and if an enemy chooses to break a lance they can do so at their own risk.

Here comes Mrs. Blaine, frozen as a New England landscape in midwinter. The salt mist of the gray sea! Ugh! ugh! Turn the kaleidoscope quick. The air is so cold the artificial flowers are nipped by the frost.

And here is the sunny, laughing Gail Hamilton. Her warm face and yellowish hair would melt an iceberg. Even her dress is the color of sunbeams. Why is she not sent to open the Northwest passage? It is true Franklin, Kane, and Hall have failed, but that is because they did not take along enough fire. And yet we could not spare Gail, for what single woman would be left to teach married ones how to manage their husbands? Who would teach us how to bring up our children in a bazaar-like way? It is true Gail Hamilton is not a mother, but this may be her misfortune, besides she may not be old enough to assume such enormous responsibilities in a small way.

A galaxy of stars blaze in the neighborhood of Gail Hamilton. The woman in black with such elegant lace is Mrs. Lander, of histrionic fame. Queen Elizabeth on the stage! Queen Elizabeth in private life! This is her court—dukes, lords, princes of republican blood. A wave of the jeweled hand and they are gone.

A ship full-rigged, with a fair wind, in the offing. It is

great and good Mrs. Ann S. Stevens, Philadelphia's fair jewel; long may she blaze. What a faultless costume! Quaker color, and such glorious lace. By her side stands her slender, amber-haired daughter, clad in white satin and tarleton, with pearls at her snowy throat and thin ears; "blooded," you may be sure of that.

Who next? Octavia Le Vert, only child of Madame Le Vert—scarlet satin gown, great, black Oriental eyes, exotic of the South. She makes you think of a magnolia blossom, even the perfume in imagination stifles you. This is Madame Le Vert, sweet, loving, trustful woman—hurt her? Not much, if you only knew how to avoid it. She steals your heart out of your bosom, you cannot tell how; you only feel that you have missed something, you search for it and it is gone. Oh! these Southern women, so savage in war, so loving, so winning in peace. Our John used to say "you can't trust 'em." But who wants to trust 'em. We never expect to marry a woman if life and death were staked on the result.

Another turn of the human kaleidoscope, lo! here is Congressman Harmer, of Philadelphia, with his handsome wife. What a superbly matched pair. Quicker than electric flash the mind goes back to Eden, to the first Adam and the first Eve, and you are comforted with the proof that creation goes on in pretty much the same faultless way, making pairs, each half for the other. It is true there is often a missing link, but that makes the union all the more beautiful by comparison of the broken parts tossed helplessly on a sea of trouble. But Mrs. Harmer, her dress must have been faultless, for alas, nothing is remembered but her fine figure and handsome face.

General and Mrs. Albright were there. Pennsylvania at large had to be represented, and who could do this so well as this kind-hearted, able, and accomplished woman, with her husband to do all the heavy work. She reminds one of a piece of sterling gold. In the course of years

she will lose no appreciable weight. How about increasing in value? She will increase just like this precious metal, for suppose we drain the country for exports, and water the currency, and the bottom of the mines fall out? This is a fruitful subject, but no time to do it justice.

But there was a woman there whose gorgeous outfit reminded one of the tales in the Arabian Nights. Her jewels were of the rarest and most costly kind. With the exception of a necklace worn by a Peruvian beauty, and the Russian gems which used to adorn Madame Bodisco, nothing has been seen lately at the capital so dazzling. A pendant pearl, which hung from the centre of the enchanted string around her neck, was as large as the egg of a humming-bird. Oh, the diamonds, the emeralds, and all the other precious stones! There was a mass of silk, feathers, and lace, and no doubt a woman swaddled somewhere, but she could not be seen for the imprisoned glory of those shining stones. She went away before 12 o'clock, else no doubt her godmother would have turned her fine horses into mice. Who was she? Listen, now; hold your breath! if we must tell—the wife of the correspondent of the New York *Herald!*

"Who is that man, did you say?" This is he whom the cruel Don Piatt has dubbed the "Mighty Mullet," and yet the facetious Don may be telling more truth than he intends, for, like the noiseless coral, he is at work rearing his strongholds all over the land. Think how many glorious tombstones he will have, pyramids that will last hundreds of years. He is our Ptolemy. Who dares dispute it? When asked his opinion of a celebrated beauty he replied: "If she only had a southern exposure and that attic story was removed and a French roof put in its place, she would be all right." Architecturally speaking, I mean. A man never should have but one idea, if it is the right one, and a great architect should have nothing but a house in his head.

But the saddest part was when this great performance

was drawing to a close. The writer, in company with Colonel Magruder, went down to the subterranean regions below. Such a sight met the eye of the spectator. Colonel Magruder said that nothing had ever been done in comparison to it by the board of public works. "It is a matter of money. I can tell you that," said he, "and no appropriation." The tables still groaned under the fragments of the enormous feast. But the caterers and waiters were in a fainting condition. For hours they had gallantly stood at the plates, and still the coming of morn would insure safety to the enemy advanced, and it was feared that only besieged. The first three hours exhausted the vast stores of both Wormley and Welcker. Willard sent word that no provisions could be spared on account of the hop the same evening. Cake acknowledged that he was probably safe, because the crowd had been at Belknap's and the governor's first, but as good luck would have it, there was abundance for all, but, not satisfied with the feast, some of the vandals in the shape of men destroyed the beautiful ornaments of pyramids and other elegant et ceteras made for the eye alone, in order to carry off some good-for-nothing trophy. One would think such manners must be found in some hungry contractor. But, no; let us beg the workingman's pardon. It is the same set of cormorants who manage to get into good society. The same men who disgraced themselves at Admiral Porter's and at the costly entertainments given by the Japanese to the distinguished Americans at our capital. No one should be allowed to enter the governor's mansion or a Cabinet Minister's without his card of invitation. This is the only way to exclude these well-dressed harpies. And yet all this spoliation goes on for the women. "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" This must be borne, however, because "women are the connecting link between men and the angels." The governor's ball—the story is not half told.

OLIVIA.

# THE DRAGONS OF THE LOBBY.

## Messrs. Gould, Huntingdon, and Dillon and their Cohorts.

Washington, *February, 1869.*

Winding in and out through the long, devious basement passage, crawling through the corridors, trailing its slimy length from gallery to committee room, at last it lies stretched at full length on the floor of Congress—this dazzling reptile, this huge, scaly serpent of the lobby. It is true, Senator Thurman is on hand fully equipped with his judicial arrows; but what is Thurman—dear old Thurman—in the face of such a statesman. Philadelphia's charming daughter—fair, fat and forty—embraces him with eyes whose seductive powers have only been intensified by the years. A luscious, mellow banana; a juicy, melting peach; a golden pippin, ripened to the very core. From India's coral strand comes the two thousand dollar cashmere wrap that snuggles close to her fair shoulders. Diamonds, brilliant as the stars in Orion's jewelled belt, adorn her dainty ears, whilst silk, satin, velvet, feathers, and laces prove what a railroad can do when its funds are applied in the proper direction.

To-day a remarkable set of men are engaged in digging, burrowing, and blowing up senatorial rock—men whose faces seem carved out of the very granite that kissed of the Mayflower many years ago. Is it possible that all the iron endurance and savage aggressiveness so necessary to make indomitable character has been entirely absorbed by the railroad kings?

In the Senate wing, in a room so perfect in its appointments that it might be taken for a jewel casket, may be seen Jay Gould, the Napoleon of the hour. A small pic-

ture, but a great deal of time spent on the work. How elaborately and how exquisitely finished. About the height of the Little Corporal, but more delicate and slender. A rare head, well rounded, with ears such as all blooded animals possess. Pallid in complexion, like every other mortal whose blood is pumped up into the brain to keep the huge mental fires blazing. Eyes radiant and piercing and hair tinted like the locks of the Prince of Darkness. If Samson's strength lay in his curls, Jay Gould's must be found in his nose, for it is a feature that betrays the whole character of the man. As there is but one Jay Gould on the face of the earth, there is but this solitary nose, which is neither Grecian, Roman, aquiline nor pug, but a nose abundantly able to poke into every earthly matter and manage to come out victorious in the end. His mouth is another extremely attractive feature —the kind, however, that is not given to talk. It is more useful as a dainty receptacle for terrapin and champagne, though it may be considered a chasm of another dangerous kind, from which women are warned for all time to keep modestly away.

For many months Jay Gould has kept one of the most beautiful women in Washington busily employed on the Congressmen, and, astonishing to relate, the Senators seem rather to enjoy it than otherwise. Before Senator Ben Hill made his late exhaustive railroad speech—in fact, just before he arose on the Senate floor—a woman, the most notorious of the lobby, had his ear. A Northern Senator may listen to the "queen," but it takes the courage of the sunny South, the rare chivalry for which that clime is noted, to permit the contact in the broad, open light of the day, with the eye of the press of the whole country upon him.

Floating in Congressional waters, but unlike his awful prototype which is securely fastened to the bottom of the sea, at all hours of the legislative day may be seen the burly form of Huntington, the great, huge devil-fish of

the railroad combination, bearing not the slightest resemblance to his elegant associates, so far as grace of manner or personal appearance is concerned. Cast in the same colossal mould as William M. Tweed, with all the grossness exaggerated and all the majesty left out, he ploughs the Congressional main, a shark in voracity for plunder, a devil-fish in tenacity of grip; for once caught in the toils of the monster for the helpless victim there is no escape. At the beginning of every session this representative of the great Central Pacific comes to Washington as certain as a member of either branch of Congress; secures his parlors at Willard's, which soon swarm with his recruits, both male and female, until scattered in the proper direction by order of the commander-in-chief. What a motley collection of camp followers. To the naked eye are visible ex-senators and ex-members, discharged Capitol employees who are thoroughly informed as to the "ropes," whose business it is to warn those who have the privilege of the floor the auspicious moment for a successful raid. Every weakness of a Congressman is noted, whilst the wily Huntington decides whether the attack shall be made with weapon of the male or female kind. Tall and broad, both round and square, a quivering mass of concentrated sensuality, bold enough to appear in public with the scarlet woman on his arm, a heroism which daunts the courage of the vilest of his own sex, not content with his already princely gains he now seeks, like the late Jim Fisk, to lay a whole continent under his avaricious tribute. Said a member of Congress: "He can draw his check for hundreds of thousands of dollars; everything which is in the market he can buy." During his life the time is too short for the people to learn how to checkmate him. He is to this age what Alexander, Hannibal, and the great Napoleon were to the past. He governs, but not with cold iron or steel; he uses keener and more subtle weapons. Instead of the bullet which cleared the way in a former age, man's honor is the point which

receives the poisoned poniard. What will be the fate of the Republic when all national legislation is permitted to become defiled? Within the memory of middle-aged men foreign ministers were not allowed the privilege of the floor. These sacred aisles have now become headquarters for the kings of lobby, who are as much at home there as the Senators of the widest fame.

This is Sidney Dillon, president of the Union Pacific, and one of the most superb creations to be found within the marble walls of Congress. What a princely presence and distinguished bearing, towering far above the average of his sex in height, with features as classic and clear cut as a cameo gem. In action, the embodiment of an Achilles, and in repose as graceful as the statue of the Greek slave. Can it be possible there is warm, red fluid in his veins, or a fountain of human kindness in his breast? As he stands mentally playing with a Senator, he might easily be mistaken for something more than human, yet neither horns nor tail are visible. What power has he which the Congressmen appear to have not? Step a little closer. No sound is heard issuing from his finely chiseled lips. He is speaking, but there is no expression at play with the classic features. Solemn, icy, apparently immutable, he only needs the Hebrew cast of countenance to become the living personification of the Wandering Jew. Unlike Jay Gould and Huntington, his work is seldom trusted to women. Though one should approach him as fascinating as the serpent of the Nile, as lovely as Venus, or as perfect as Hebe, the Union Pacific would lean back on its everlasting snow-sheds and defy the powers of darkness and Mother Eve combined. Taken separately, or all together, no such trio of men have ever appeared on the Congressional floor at the capital and no such corporation has ever been known to exist in the whole civilized world.

OLIVIA.

## PRESIDENT GRANT'S INAUGURAL.

### Entering Upon the Duties of the Executive.

Washington, *March 5, 1869.*

On the 4th of March the goddess of day arose with bedraggled garments and watery eyes; but as the sun advanced to her meridian the clouds trembled and dissolved in mid air, and the atmosphere grew balmy as an infant's breath, and at high noon all nature seemed decked in holiday mood to crown the eighteenth President of the United States.

A magic card was the "open sesame" to the Capitol, and once inside, the beholder was dazzled with a picture as gorgeous as anything ever beheld in the far-famed halls of the Montezumas. Here were seen the great, strong arms of the Government, as represented by both branches of Congress, the Army and the Navy, and the Supreme Court. The foreign ministers in their gay court dresses, bespangled with decorations and shimmering with gold lace, gave the last finishing touch of brilliancy to the scene upon the floor. The diplomatic gallery was filled with ladies through whose veins coursed the bluest blood of Europe, though in personal attractions they were equalled and in some cases totally eclipsed by the grace and beauty of the American queens around them. Never has the Senate been filled with a more aristocratic assembly, and yet an occasional pretty Treasury girl's face peeped out, proving some great man's exquisite taste, as well as that exclusiveness was not carried so far as to add the last feather to the camel's back.

One of the front seats had been reserved for the use of Mrs. Grant and the friends who might be with her, but she did not take possession of it, and it remained unoccupied

during the entire ceremonies. The seat retained for Mrs. Colfax and her friends was filled by that lady and her relatives, while every available square inch of the room in the vast gallery reflected some root, branch, or favorite of the men in power to-day who represent the leading Departments of the Government.

At precisely the hour of noon the buzz of whispered conversation was hushed, and in came the "coming man," the cynosure of all eyes, Ulysses S. Grant, who was about to receive a new honor—the highest, the holiest, within the gift of a sovereign people. He was plainly attired in citizen's dress, nothing noticeable but his yellow gloves. Many of the audience would have said: "He seems as modest, diffident, and shy as ever." Others would have seen a man of power, reticent, self-possessed, and as far removed from his near surroundings as the first Napoleon upon the eve of battle. He took his seat in front of the Vice-President's desk, where he sat as immovable as though encased in armor, while the President pro tempore administered the oath of office to Schuyler Colfax, and pronounced a requiem by simply saying, "the Fortieth Congress is no more." In clear, distinct tones Mr. Colfax took the oath of office, and immediately entered upon his duties as Vice-President of the United States.

At the east front of the Capitol a different scene was enacting. At a proper distance from the platform stood the rank and file of the people, white, black, and intervening all shades, promiscuously mixed, a fair representation of the genuine glory of the Republic. For long, long hours the multitude had stood upon the cold, wet earth, waiting for a passing glimpse of the last closing scene; but their weary eyes were not to be feasted with dainty gold-laced foreign ministers and the great dignitaries of the land. It is true the Senate chamber could not hold the masses, but the national square contains room enough for all, and is it not time these old relics

of another age were packed in the dust, like so many small clothes outgrown by the country? It is the royal people who are the sovereigns, and who has the right at any time to push them from their own marble temples with glittering bayonets? Soldiers are machinery to be used in time of war, and not engines of power in days of peace to thrust the cold steel into the breasts of loyal citizens.

No accident marred the festivities of the day. The long procession in its picturesqueness more than surpassed the public expectation. The soldiers were there, clean and trusty as their own polished weapons, and among them might have been seen the "black boys in blue." The gallant firemen were out in gala dress, their engines gaudily decked in holiday attire, and all the different organizations in and out of the city seemed to vie with each other which should lend the most glory to the passing hour.

Just as the choicest viands are served for dessert, it was meant that the inaugural reception should eclipse all its predecessors as well as shine by itself after the manner of the mighty Kohinoor in the crown jewels of England. The place selected for this festival seemed most appropriate.

In the structure known as the Treasury building were gathered thousands of both sexes and the brilliant scene carried the spectator back to the middle ages. It was like some haughty chief in his feudal castle, summoning together the proud nobility of the land. Nowhere could be seen the simplicity of a republic. Only the crowns were wanting; everything else was there.

Mrs. Grant stood by the side of the new President in faultless dress of white satin and point lace, with pearl and diamond ornaments, and just beyond her stood the Vice-President and Mrs. Colfax, unassuming as a violet,

in pink satin and illusion. Her ornaments were also pearls.

The various committees had endeavored to make preparations for every emergency except the most important one; they had made no calculation for numbers. When it was too late to remedy the error, the members of the committee discovered they had sold too many tickets; but this must have leaked out beforehand, for very few leading men were accompanied by their wives. In many cases they were seen with daughters or other young people clinging to their arms, whose youth would seem a shield against the fearful annoyance of the crowd. Toward midnight the jam culminated. The interesting spectacle might have been seen of two thousand people trying to get through a single door at the same instant into the supper room. It was the camel attempting once more to go through the needle's eye. A short time after this, there was a grand division of the guests, composed of two parties—those who had fared sumptuously and those who had been used like Mother Hubbard's darling:

> "And when she got there the cupboard was bare,
> And so the poor dog got none."

Three to one could sing the old faithful nursery song. A supper had been set aside in another part of the building for the President, Vice-President and their friends, and rumor said that it was a most superb affair; but this only aggravated the famished ones who had paid their money for the substance and when about to grasp it had caught only an empty bubble with "Inaugural Ball' stamped on the rainbow-tinted, soapy, globular nothing.

The breaking up of the inaugural reception baffles description. The tearing up of the icebergs in the Arctic seas of a spring morning might seem more solemn, but alas! alas! not half so enthusiastic and interesting. The hats and coats of the gentlemen had been numbered, and

then all thrown pell-mell together. As a matter of course when a check was presented, the hunt commenced. For hours men waited, and then were obliged to go home without hats or coats. In the meantime, the ladies, weary of waiting, sunk down in graceful attitudes on the carpeted floor, or else called their carriages and took their departure alone, leaving their escorts to follow as soon as the hat-and-coat trouble found solution.

When the sun arose on the 5th of March, his rays gilded eight hundred frantic men, who still stood doggedly at their posts, calling in vain for their hats and coats; but as this letter has nothing to do with anything but the 4th of March, the kaleidoscope is finished with the dawn of a new day. OLIVIA.

# PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S FAMILY.

## Traits of the Female and Younger Members Thereof.

Washington, *March 9, 1869.*

The family of Mr. Andrew Johnson was the least ostentatious of any that has yet inhabited the White House, and its members preserved at the capital the simple manners of their former State. The retirement and quiet of their life was so great that many are curious to know of them, and a few words of description may be interesting to your readers.

During her occupancy of the Executive Mansion Mrs. Johnson has lived almost as secluded as a nun. This has been in part owing to a bronchial difficulty and a consumptive tendency, with which she was first afflicted at the beginning of the rebellion. This physical trouble was subsequently aggravated by the loss of her eldest and favorite son, who was thrown from his horse and instantly killed, at the beginning of the war, whilst on his round of duty as surgeon of the First Regiment Tennessee Infantry. Very few American women have suffered more than Mrs. Johnson in behalf of the Union. She has known what it was to fill with her own hands the basket of bread and meat that was to be stealthily conveyed to a hiding place in the mountains, to keep from starvation her daughter's husband. It was a chastened spirit she brought to the White House, and though her presence was seldom denied to personal friends, with the glitter and pomp of state she had nothing to do.

Mrs. Andrew Johnson, whose maiden name was Eliza McCardel, was born in 1811, and will be fifty-eight years of age her next birthday. She is two years younger than

her husband, and not older, as the newspapers are in the habit of telling the story. She was married in Greeneville, Tenn., when she was in the 18th year of her age. Her young husband at the time was not 20. The honeymoon was spent in teaching the future President the rudiments of education. Mrs. Johnson says she "taught him the letters, but he was an apt scholar, and acquired all the rest himself." With the exception of a few months in the early part of Mrs. Johnson's married life, her home has always been in Greeneville, Tenn. It was here her five children were born, three sons and two daughters, of whom Mrs. Patterson is the eldest. This daughter's name is Martha, and she was married to Judge Patterson in December, 1855. Soon after their marriage, Mr. Patterson—who was practicing law at the time—was appointed judge of the first judicial district of East Tennessee. During most of the time of President Johnson's administration he has occupied a seat in the Senate.

Mrs. Johnson's second daughter (Mary) married Mr. Stover, in April, 1852. Colonel Stover was one of the most gallant of those officers who laid down their lives in the defence of the Union. Though he had not the soldier's honor to perish on the battlefield, his slow, painful death was in his country's cause. Colonel Stover was one of the leaders who headed the Union men of East Tennessee. He was one of the first to enroll himself among the number who as an organization were known as the "Bridge-burners." His patriotic course attracted the attention of the rebels at once, and without a moment's preparation he was driven to the mountains of East Tennessee. During the inclement months of November and December, 1861, and January, 1862, he was a hunted fugitive, hiding in the holes and caverns of the rocks. It was during this awful winter that Mrs. Johnson filled the basket with meat and bread, when her daughter, the sorrowful wife, was so smitten with anguish that she had not the strength to perform the task. Every man

who tapped at the door of the lonely farmhouse was supposed to be coming to bring the news that the son and husband was hanging to a forest tree. Some of their neighbors had been afflicted in this way, and this dread was the penalty paid for Unionism in East Tennessee. During this fearful period, in which Colonel Stover suffered from cold and starvation, the seeds of consumption were planted in his constitution. At last, through the efforts of some old personal friends who were strong rebels, he was allowed to go home; but he brought with him a sharp, rasping cough. Soon after he was allowed to pass through the rebel lines, in company with his family and Mrs. Johnson. He proceeded at once to Kentucky, where he raised a regiment which was afterwards known as the Fourth Tennessee Infantry. No braver regiment served during the war, and but very few did the country more effective service; but before this gallant band had time to distinguish itself in any great battle its brave, energetic colonel had passed away at the early age of 35.

At the beginning of the rebellion Colonel Stover was living the independent life of a farmer in affluent circumstances. His large farm was well stocked with cattle, and his barns were filled. His house soon became known as a kind of resting and breathing place for the fleeing Union fugitives. After the departure of the family the buildings were destroyed. At his death his widow was left with three small children and a scanty subsistence. Mrs. Stover has never asked Congress to indemnify her for any losses.

Visitors at the White House during the past two or three years may retain the memory of a dignified, statuesque blonde, with a few very fine points which a fashionable butterfly once said would make any woman a belle if she only knew how to make the most of them. Mrs. Stover never became a star in fashionable circles, and now that she has left the gay capital, perhaps for a

lifetime, she is remembered by those who knew her best as the charming companion of the domestic fireside, a true daughter and a judicious mother.

The eldest son of Mrs. Johnson was killed. Not long after his receiving his diploma as physician, he was appointed a surgeon in the First Tennessee Infantry. One bright spring morning, starting on his rounds of professional duty in the exuberance of youth, health, and spirits, he sprang upon the horse of a brother officer. He had gone but a short distance when the high-mettled creature reared upon its hind feet suddenly; the young man was thrown backward suddenly, and falling upon the frozen earth, was instantly killed. The concussion fractured his skull. Mrs. Johnson has grieved for this son as did Jacob for his beloved Joseph, and not only the mother but the whole family have mourned with unusual poignancy his untimely death.

Robert Johnson, the eldest living son, entered the army as a volunteer while still a young boy; and was given a position among the older men, on account of his father. It was at this time that he formed the fearful habit of intemperance. As soon as Mrs. Johnson was settled at the White House, she sent for this son, hoping that his responsible position as private secretary to the President and the personal influence of his sisters and herself could reclaim him; but alas! she found his new position, in its surroundings, a still heavier death weight to her hopes. Clever, genial "Bob," the young man who had the ear of the President at any time, was everybody's friend. A crowd followed him wherever he went. The choicest viands of Willard's and Welcker's were set before him, and miniature rivers were made to float with wine. Robert Johnson is now in an asylum, hoping and trying to overcome this vice. During the few months of his sojourn in Washington he provoked no enmity and left many true personal friends.

Andrew Johnson, jr., the youngest child, who makes

the fourth and last of Mrs. Johnson's children, is a boy of 15, attending the college for young boys in Georgetown, D. C. He is a slender, finely formed youth, characterized by the same modest deportment usual to the family. His face bears a striking resemblance to Mrs. Patterson's, but at present he is only noticeable on account of his family relations, and because he is the last child of his mother.

Mrs. Johnson is unusually feeble at this time; but, weather permitting, she will soon leave with Mrs. Patterson for her distant home in Tennessee. OLIVIA.

## SENATORIAL PEN PICTURES.

### Ferry as a Heart-breaker—Conkling as a Novel Reader—Eaton and Anthony in Repartee.

Washington, *March 20, 1869.*

Like the great flaming carbuncle on the mountain's brow, the dome of the Capitol dispels the darkness in Washington. It is night. The moon peeps out between scudding clouds, the elements howl like a spirited child, but the Senate is in open session. The original resolution endorsing the President's course has been torn in shreds by the politicians, and such bitter partisans as Cameron of Pennsylvania, and Dawes of Massachusetts, have paired off and ran home, rather than remain on the battlefield to bury the dead or carry off the mortally wounded. Within the Senate chamber the faithful are gathered; Morton, Anthony, and Conkling to lead the rank and file. The Democracy are in martial line, defending the independent sovereignty of the States, with Andy Johnson at the head, ready to die for the Constitution. The magnificent decorations which make the Senate chamber a marvel of beauty in the day seemed touched with the fairy hand of enchantment at night. The incomparable rays of the sun are rivalled by the mellow beams of artificial light, which sift through the stained glass above. It falls on the golden stars of the tufted carpet. It makes an areola around the head of Senator Ferry, the young President pro tempore of the Senate, who sits in one of those graceful attitudes so becoming to the bachelor of the period. Major Ben: Perley Poore says he was born in Mackinaw, Mich., June 1, 1827, consequently he will soon reach his forty-eighth birthday, and not long after will score off a half a cen-

tury. The newspapers call him "young," and it can be seen that time has dealt very gently with him. His beard is as yellow as the golden fleece and his chestnut locks have defied the frost. Content with himself, content with the world, is written all over his manly person. Has he a heart? This is a question which none are able to answer, but nevertheless he has been proved to be the most adept "lady-killer" of his day, and a bill is soon to be introduced by Senator Spencer, a rival bachelor, to arrest, if possible, this wholesale destruction. Senator Ferry never fails to gather a harvest of hearts during their proper season. When each generation of girls attains that point on life's journey when the affections are like the mellow flush of a juicy peach he walks in the garden, when lo! presto! change! something is gone! The young statesman is not harmed. His eye has a brighter light, his cheek a warmer flush, and the renovation lasts until the season approaches for another seed time and harvest. One-half the mischief lies in the fact of his being a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the other to the exquisite bouquets which are furnished free to Congressmen from the National greenhouse. When the bouquets arrive regardless of time and number, it is a sign of a funeral where the corpse is invisible and the mourners dare not show their heads. This kind of man is always in love, deep love with himself, and, though a woman were as wise as a Juno and lovely as Hebe, she could never upset his vanity.

The doorkeepers are curled up asleep on the cushions in the corners of the galleries. Many of the Republicans have left their seats, and are to be found chatting and smoking in the adjoining cloak-rooms. The fragrance of dying Havanas ascend to the galleries, reminding one of the days of the Randolphs and Jays, when men sat in their seats in the Senate with their hats on, and smoking their clay pipes in full view. The habit is not cured, but it is concealed, and this must be one of the facts which

marks the progress of civilization. A tall man arises to address the Senate. It is Kernan, the new Senator from New York. He has reached the mid-autumn of human life. It is his first speech, and a bouquet of Senators cluster around him. The back of his head has a heavy covering of dark iron-gray hair, but his fine, scholarly face is rimmed with a fringe of pure white, which at once stamps his individuality on the memory. His Creator never designed him for an orator, but he gives us good, sound sense, dressed neatly in pure English. He does not speak to convince his opponents. He seems to realize that what he says will be heard by the millions of people in the State of New York. His colleague, Conkling, sniffs him from afar, as one mastiff does another, if it be a stranger of the same tribe. Roscoe has been reading a pamphlet with a yellow cover, which he holds daintily between his finger and thumb. If it were any other but our Roscoe, the "yellow cover" would be a serious suspicion of "Braddon" or "Ouida," but the fact is self-evident that the book was obtained because the binding is a complete match for his hair. Senator Conkling is the Apollo of the Senate. His beauty is the aqua-marine type. It resembles a very fine diamond considerably off color, unless one is fond of flame; then the delusion is perfect. If Senator Conkling was a planet, he would be called Mars, not because of his rapid revolution around the great central power, but owing to that precious high-colored ingredient which was used so lavishly in his physical construction, and which serves to keep his pride burning like the lamp of the vestal virgins, that neither time nor circumstances can put out.

Come back to the Senators that cluster around the Speaker! All new men except Allison, of Iowa, one of the most polite and genial men to be found. Out of courtesy, alone, if nothing else, he listens to the maiden speech of his peer irrespective of the fact of his politics. The first man that heads the list is Wallace, of Pennsyl-

vania, whom the gods have blessed with a fine face but a finer form, and yet it is evident that the Creator took no special pains with his construction; for he has thickly sprinkled just such men in every town of the State, cities of course excepted. Senator Wallace has reached the Senate chamber in the noon of life. The sun is stationary over his head. His face is not the kind that tells its own story. The tempest of passion has swept over it, but left no signs of the tornado in its track. If he has had deep thoughts they have ploughed no furrows. In his battle with time so far he has won. As he has never tried his wings, it is too soon to pronounce him a senatorial eagle, but as he hails from Pennsylvania he may turn out an honest bird of prey.

To the right of Senator Wallace may be seen B. K. Bruce, of Mississippi, a handsome man, whom the Creator cast in bronze. Darker by far than Douglass or Pinchback, but superior to either so far as beauty is concerned. Below the colossal, but above the average size, with a pure type of the Anglo-Saxon features, thin quivering nostrils, and a mouth such as the colored women are known to admire. His mahogany person is every day swathed in the finest linen and broadcloth, ornaments, diamond shirt-studs. The day he was elected the members of the legislature of Mississippi owned great quantities of scrip, worth less than sixty cents on the dollar. But on that auspicious day some speculator bought the scrip and paid for it at par; but Senator Bruce had nothing to do with it, because he is a very rich man, and only white men have been known to bribe legislatures. Senator Bruce says he intends to stand by the civil rights bill, and proves it by employing white men to wait on him, and furthermore declares that he has no objection to Mrs. Bruce associating with the wives of white Senators so long as their moral characters are above reproach, and they have committed no more serious crimes than Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

And now we come to General Burnside, whose fine person bears the brand of the military aristocracy, just as the blue-blooded Englishman is sometimes stamped duke; just the right size for a general, and with plenty of intellect to represent so small a State as Rhode Island. His graceful whiskers are festooned on his dainty cheeks and curl like the tendrils of the grape on the wall. As a man among men he is the same as a banana among fruits. The frost of time has sweetened and brought him to the highest state of perfection.

Among the most remarkable of the new men is the one who is just rising from his seat. When sitting he does not attract particular attention; but when he attempts the perpendicular one mentally asks: "When is he going to stop?" Hail! Cameron of the illustrious family of that name—the successor of the festive and woman-loving Carpenter, of Wisconsin. "Ye banks and braes of bonnie doon" is written all over this grizzly Scotsman, who is composed entirely of bone and muscle, and destitute of meat as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. What a superb specimen of the Highlander! If he could only be induced to wear his Tartan, bring his bag-pipe and show the Senate what is meant by bringing together the two wings of the Cameron clan. Oh, Carpenter! Carpenter! will the time ever come when Wisconsin will weep tears of blood because she so bitterly scourged thee?

The man who occupies a seat this side of Cameron is Jones, of Florida. Another red man, but not of the Saxon type of Conkling. The clay from which he is made must have been formed of iron pyrites. A smooth face, thickly strewn underneath with arteries and veins, in which the scarlet fluid comes and goes at the slightest behest of the passionate will. Tall and broad above the average of men, and, so far as physical appearance is concerned, a fitting representative of the lovely State of magnolia and orange groves, the Mecca of the invalids, and the luscious retreat of the happy alligator.

And this is dainty, delicious Pinckney Whyte, of Maryland, whose pedigree is as clean and well defined as Victoria of England, and who, by the way, in some remote manner, claims kinship to him. How good it must feel to have such blood in one's veins, and yet Pinckney has made no complaint to the Senate. If he has scrofula like old George the Third, there is no visible sign of it, and the only evidence of insanity he has shown was when he consented to come to the American Senate. In violation of the maxim that precious things are never done up in large parcels, he is fully up to the average size, with a handsome face, and features as finely cut as those of an exquisite cameo. What thin ears and slender fingers! It is true he has not tried his strength in the senatorial race, and it is not known whether he will succeed in writing his name high on the scroll of fame, but he has a mission, a noble mission, in which he must succeed, for his presence helps neutralize the effect of the carpetbaggers; and even this small bit of the purest respectability, like the yeast in dough, in time may come to leaven the whole lump.

Senator Eaton, of Connecticut, is speaking. He plays the sovereignty of the States like Ole Bull's whole opera, on one string; but Senator Anthony has tripped him by asking: "How can a State be 'sovereign' when she can neither make treaties, coin money, or go out to stay all night without asking her father, who is all the time her Uncle Sam?" Senator Eaton replies that he would answer that question to the satisfaction of the Senator from the little State of Rhode Island, but he is sick and cannot be interrupted in his patriotic argument, and he again declares the sovereignty of the State, because little Rhody, Connecticut, and pretty Delaware are the peers and equals of Pennsylvania, New York, and Ohio. Why? Because they are independent sovereigns, and command the same respect.

It is now almost midnight. Behold the conquering

hero comes. It is Andy Johnson, the veteran warrior of Tennessee. For the first time he arises to address the highest legislative body on the face of the globe. There is an ominous silence. He is asked by a brother Senator if Monday, the next day of the Senatorial calendar, will not do. An affirmative answer is received, and the session of the night adjourns. OLIVIA.

## SENATOR SPRAGUE.

### A New Champion of a Panacea for Ills Financial.

Washington, *April 14, 1869.*

A new music reaches the ear of Washington. It is the voice of the workingmen, with brass instruments in their hands, saluting their new leader. All hail! Senator Sprague of Rhode Island. The man who touches the pulse of the invalid with an earnest desire to do the patient good is called a kind physician. The man who feels the feverish pulse of a suffering nation, sees the people rise in their awful majesty, and immensity, echoes, "Here! Here!"

Senator Sprague has been studying the rise and decline of nations. He reminds us that there is a vicious something which underlies the basis of modern as well as ancient society, a nameless horror which picks the bones of a nation just as Victor Hugo's devil-fish finishes the last delicate morsel of what was once a man. It is the same to the nation that the destructive worm is to the ship. It is the accumulation of tubercular deposits in the national tissues. The fatal seed of dissolution is already planted, and the harvest, when garnered, will be safely packed away in the frightful storehouse of death. With blanched face, in the distance, we shrink from the leprous patient, but upon closer examination we find the "sick man" is old Uncle Sam, and his old war wounds are still unhealed, though in a healthy condition, and none give him any trouble to-day except the sabre cut of Finance. In the early part of the last winter General Butler laid his hand on this tremendous wound. The nation quivered with hope and expectation, but Uncle Sam said, "Hands off, my brave general; don't you see just so

much of my substance has been shot away? If a lobster loses one of its claws, will any patent medicine make it grow again? Leave the lobster to the care of the kindly elements, and a new member, precisely like the old one, makes its appearance, beautifully, by degrees. The humblest reptile can teach the wisest man important wisdom." When just so much substance has been destroyed by fire and sword, is it not the folly of madness to try to replace it by "financial policy"? Is there no other way to make a dollar except to dig the metal out of the bowels of the earth, take it to the mint, and give it a legitimate birth? The smallest child can understand the great "financial problem" as it exists to-day. Did General Butler enlighten us on the subject? We owe just so many gold dollars. As a lawyer he pointed out the way in which we could avoid a partial payment of our honest debts. The people said to General Butler, "We like your sagacity as lawyer, but we still believe that time is the best cure for all." General Butler then subsided on the finance question. A new champion has arisen to point out a greener path over which to journey, as we march heavy ladened. It is the youthful millionaire, Senator Sprague. His bill before the Senate can be summed up in exactly three words: "Make more greenbacks." This is the way to make money plenty? Why not? If Senator Sprague wants ten thousand yards of calico, he manufactures it. If the workingman wants more money, he is advised to manufacture the same. It is a great deal easier to print a paper dollar than to earn the gold the paper is expected to represent. But Senator Sprague was born into the manufacturing business, and, as it has been of such vast importance to him, is it a wonder that he advises the same employment to others when he has reaped riches and honor, whilst he is yet a growing man? Senator Sprague would also make the Government a kind of "Grand Lama"—a huge autocrat doing business for

himself, just like Astor, Vanderbilt and Stewart. He would have him loan money; also, make him liable to sue and be sued. To be sure, this would extinguish all millionaire upstarts. So far so good; but would it not also add fresh fuel to the fires of corruption? What is the whisky ring but a set of dishonest officials, acting in the name of the Government, covering their plunder with the garments of Uncle Sam? Instead of diminishing the power to rob the people, Senator Sprague advocates an additional supply of the grand army officials. The flock of to-day may be compared to a cloud of locusts. "No!" say our legislators. Only a lunatic attempts to extinguish a fire by throwing on more fuel. A good government should be like the azure vault of heaven, resting on all alike, protecting the poor man in his cabin, the rich man in his palace, if he has honestly acquired his wealth. It should fall upon the honorable citizen like a web woven by fairy fingers; upon the criminal, whether powerful or weak, like the lariat flung by the unerring hand of the Indian hunter of the pampas. Senator Sprague and the workingmen who endorse him propose to take from the Government this most holy inheritance bequeathed us by our Revolutionary ancestors, baptized anew by the precious blood of three hundred thousand lives, and set it up in all the great cities of the Union, as the golden calf was set up in the wilderness, and the people, instead of being told to bow the knee, are advised to borrow. How will this help the poor man who has no security to give; or is the great national broker expected to lend without any security at all? No one disputes the fact that a great harassing debt annoys the people. It might have been much less. With sorrow we remember the millions that were flung into the sea by the incompetency of the late Navy Department; but with this folly our creditors have nothing to do. It is for us to say that we will pay to the last farthing. Shall we allow speculators in the name of Uncle Sam to use the people's money and take the risk

of being benefited in the end? Never! No, never! It is proven beyond a doubt that if the tax on whisky and tobacco could be honestly collected and turned over to the Treasury Department it would liquidate every penny of the interest of the public debt; other taxes would then gradually consume the principal. But if we are in haste, as we ought to be, to pay our debts, let the noble women of this country say, "No more of our gold shall drift seaward to bring us back jewels, silks, and knick-knacks." Let the graceful, elegant wife of Senator Sprague be content with a wardrobe which vies in costliness with that of an European princess. Thirty silk walking dresses, all made to fit the same exquisite image, were within hearing of the workingmen's serenade.

If, then, sharp Benjamin Butler has knocked a hole in his keel by cruising amongst the financial breakers, Senator Sprague, so much younger, with much less experience, need not be ashamed to strike his colors before he goes down. No man in the Senate has a better record than this intrepid young Senator. We may question his good taste about bringing his Rhode Island battle upon the floor of the American Senate, but this harms no one but himself. In the strife for honor and fame at a nation's hands he has had two difficulties to overcome. The talent of his early life has been obscured by his immense wealth; in later years he has dwelt in the blighting shadows of greatness.

Our first recollection of the rebellion cluster around his head. When the great coal mines of Pennsylvania tossed out their grimy workers, and they rushed to the defence of Washington, without stopping to change their clothes or bid their wives farewell, William Sprague was at the scene of action, giving his time, money, all that a man has to give, that these citizen-soldiers might have wherewith to preserve life. With the boom of the first cannon this citizen of Rhode Island flung his soul into the struggle for the life of the Republic. Away up in the rocky

ledges of the American continent is a magic spring of smallest proportions. If at a certain period of the world's life a foreign substance, no larger than a man's boot, had been thrust into it, the course of the mighty Mississippi would have been changed. Who can estimate the incalculable blessing to this nation produced by a single man coming forward at exactly the right moment with the real bone and sinew of war in his hands. He bought the blankets, and tincups, and loaves of bread for the new recruits, whilst General Jim Lane was guarding Abraham Lincoln. It is superfluous to recall his meritorious conduct as an officer in every fearful trial which has rocked our ship of state, for it is fresh within the memory of us all. It may be said that many speeches for polish and elegance of diction surpass those of the Senator from Rhode Island, but the inquiry naturally arises, is a man dear to our hearts for his words or his deeds? For both, we answer. But if the two are not always found wedded like husband and wife, give us the substance, and whilst the Creator is filling anew his generous order for more men, let us humbly petition that he send a good round number no better, no worse, than Senator Sprague.

OLIVIA.

## SEALED SISTERS OF MORMONISM.

### Inteview with One of the Ribs of Brigham Young.

Washington, *April 23, 1869.*

The dreamy twilight which envelops the city during every recess of Congress has settled upon Washington. During the small hours of the morning the tardy Senators have folded their tents and to-day they are stealing away. Spring, clean and fresh as a mermaid, trips daintily along our broad highways. The flowers are opening their pretty eyes; the zephyrs greet us sweet as the breath of love, and all nature conspires to lead the mind into the luxurious revels of an Oriental extravaganza. The modern Caliph, Brigham Young, of Utah, has sent his beloved Zobedie to Washington, and to-day at 11 a. m. her shadow falls across the door of the White House, but whether she gains the ear of President Grant your correspondent knoweth not. Several weeks ago the newspapers told us that a number of women, all so-called wives of Brigham Young, were en route for the States. A party composed of the elite of the Salt Lake harems are in Washington. No single man has two wives in the expedition. Brigham Young has contributed his favorite, whilst both of his two sons, who help compose the party, have confined themselves to one apiece. Two single women are added to this rare bouquet, but whether "sealed" or otherwise is known only to the "Prophet" or the saints. The party is stopping near the corner of I and Fourteenth streets, under the protecting care of Mr. Hooper, the Delegate from Utah Territory. It has been said by those who thought they were acquainted with Mr. Hooper that he does not profess the Mormon faith, but for the information of those who may be curious about

this interesting subject it is safe to believe that Brigham Young has no more faithful follower than this accomplished Delegate.

Just at this magic hour when the light and the darkness were quarreling for supremacy we might have been found in the presence of one of our own countrywomen, a woman born in the great State of New York, educated, beautiful, elegantly attired, and yet there seemed to be no common platform upon which we could meet and converse, for our ideas ran in grooves as far apart as thought can separate. Had it been Victoria, we could have recalled the memory of the Blameless Prince, or alluded to the Alabama claims; had it been Eugenie, we could have seized Pio Nono; or Mrs. President Grant, we could have applied for the "Nasby" postoffice. But, oh, tortured soul, it was Lady Zobedie, the seventieth double of Brigham Young. What did it matter? Though she is a rib nearest his heart to-day, a woman with a ruddier cheek may crowd her aside to-morrow. Woman, is she living, breathing, poised on the edge of a frightful precipice? Yes! But a woman with the fire of life smoldering in the ashes; no rollicking flame. A woman who would leave a room colder for having passed through it.

Conversation darted hither and thither like Noah's dove, who could find no rest for the sole of her foot. The watery waste of speech was all around us, but the Gentile was afraid and the Saint coldy indifferent. The Gentile ventured to ask if the queen was not pleased with the prosperity of our country, and was it not astonishing, after such a prolonged civil war?

She "hadn't been accustomed to think much about such things."

"How does Utah compare with this part of the world?" was the next inquiry.

"Not much difference; the world is just about the same all over."

"I am told it is very expensive living after you leave Omaha."

"I never think about such things."

"Have you met Madame Daubigney, the great French traveler? I am told she has a reputation in Europe next to the late Madame Pneiffer. She is in Washington, and expects to leave soon for Salt Lake."

"Yes, she has been to see me two or three times, but I try to discourage her. I don't believe in women lecturers and women artists. I am told she dabbles in both."

A fearful pause.

"Have you called upon Mrs. Grant?"

"No, I never call upon ladies, but I intend to pay my respects to the President. I wouldn't like to tell them at home that I hadn't seen him."

The Gentile kindly alluded to the fact that Joseph Smith was an old acquaintance of her family, and although her father differed with him in belief, yet, as a neighbor, he was trusted with many of his first revelations. No response; the electric current of the mind would not work.

Our meeting was like the greeting of two planets whose paths happened to intersect. We neared each other for a moment, only to separate, each flying from the other, and one, if not both of us, feeling the awful effects of human fanaticism when it comes between two citizens of the same Republic.

The lengthening shadows of night crept into the room. A street lamp before the open window had been lighted, and its rays fell upon the marble features of this pale, amber-haired blonde, and the classic cast of her countenance might have answered for a model of beauty for either the sculptor or the painter. But other shapes almost as tangible were there also. They were the demons of the dark ages come back to mock us. This seventieth wife with her fair face had touched the sepulchre of the past, and grinning specters of the past were among

us. The very air seemed to say for this silent woman: "If we were strong and you were weak, woman should again take her place at the foot of a ladder. Is the woman of to-day wiser or better than was Rachel or Sarah?"

Brigham Young has sent this woman abroad to be on exhibition like any other work of art. She is expected to make new converts. She is allowed to indulge her taste in silks, jewels and point lace. The other wives are young, giddy, and commonplace. Their manners are just what must be expected from youth and inexperience, and their conversation, so far as two of them are concerned, was only noticeable on account of its warmth of grammatical accuracy. All the Mormons who come to Washington make us feel that they are by the side of us yet not annealed with the great body of the people. They have a bitter hatred of the Gentiles, cloaked, though it may be, by a frigid politeness. Mr. Hooper says: "Things seem strange to you, out our way, but it is quite as strange to us in this part of the country; but we don't feel like meddling with your institutions." He also remarked that it was very strange that so many people seemed desirous to settle out in that part of the world. He said it was the poorest, most unattractive portion of the American continent. It was for this reason that the "chosen people" exiled themselves, planted their homes where nature has set a bitter, sterile face. The late cry of "We only ask to be let alone" is borne to us from the saline hills of Utah. We answer it with the scream of the locomotive. The Pacific Railroad is the guillotine which will cleave the head of Mormonism asunder, and polygamy, the last sad relic of barbarism, the one single blemish which clings to our beloved Republic, is doomed.

OLIVIA.

## AWAITING AUDIENCE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

### General Dent and Robert Douglas as Buffers.

Washington, *April 27, 1869.*

Just as the monarch of a Persian story gives audience to the high and low, so does President Grant receive the people, precisely after the fashion of an Oriental tale. It is not quite certain whether the President roams about the capital in the disguise of a dervish, as did the good Caliph Haroun Alraschid in his beloved Bagdad, but of a Sunday, if the weather be fine, he dashes up Fourteenth street, drawn by steeds as fleet as the far-famed Arabian coursers, and a cloud of dust envelops his costly barouche as potent and insinuating as the flying sand in the desert.

A day in the ante-rooms of the White House will prove to the most skeptical that the "Arabian Nights" are as authentic as Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales." The Eastern Hemisphere had her rise and decline before the sun of civilization kissed our rugged New England hills. The Orient is asleep. The Occident fills the eyes of the world to-day.

President Grant has a grand vizier. It is General Dent, late of the Union Army. It is the business of General Dent to receive all who seek the presence of the President. When Andrew Johnson was Chief Executive, all those waiting for an audience with power were left by themselves to pass the long hours in waiting. It is somewhat different now. The large reception room over the front of the East Room is fitted up with tables, as well as sofas and chairs, and all, from the humblest to the highest, are admitted to General Dent's presence. In the coziest corner of the reception room, beneath the window

which commands the uninterrupted view of the delightful park which fronts the mansion, may be found the broad, long table at which General Dent sits, with his accomplished assistants by his side. General Dent is in the meridian of life, rather below the medium size, though the rich, dark-blue military garb in which he is encased diverts the mind from size altogether. Now add a face, neither handsome nor plain, but a benign, good countenance, through which the soul shines like flame through an astral shade, and you have the picture of the man through whose hands you are to pass before you are consigned to the august presence of majesty. At the same table, directly opposite General Dent, may be seen the assistant private secretary, Mr. Robert M. Douglas, eldest son of the late Hon. Stephen A. Douglas. Those who can recall the form and features of the departed Senator will see them reproduced, but, like the second edition of the same book, a little revised and somewhat corrected. Mr. Douglas inherits the broad shoulders, crowned by the same massive head, so well remembered by the nation. His North Carolina speech has made him famous as a youth, and it seems certain at present that he was created to prove the exception to the rule that a great man never bequeaths his talent to posterity. The social manners of Mr. Douglas are such as would endear him to a sovereign as haughty as Queen Elizabeth, and just as soon as he culminates as private secretary it will be for the honor of the foreign service to send him abroad. But at the present he can not be spared from a certain ante-room in the White House.

At the left of General Dent may be seen Mr. Crook, one of the few men left who were bequeathed as servants to the people by our beloved Lincoln. He has seen the inauguration of four Presidents and the installation of three different families in the White House. His mind is a storehouse of legend and story. He is still a young man, more than comely in personal appearance, and dis-

tinguished by social manners which admirably befit court life.

And now we come to that part of the story which bears such a strong resemblance to an Eastern tale. High and low, rich and poor, all shades, all colors, from the blanched cheek of the haughty Circassian belle to the Ethiopian polished ebony, may be found waiting in the ante-rooms of the White House. Yellow women are there, with skins like dead gold, their large, soft, lustrous eyes reminding one of a Moorish picture. A dash of a carriage is heard on the stone pavement below. Two elegant women alight, in faultless traveling costume. They are shown by a messenger to the ante-room, and General Dent arises to receive them. One of them is exceedingly beautiful. "We have called," says the beauty, "to pay our respects to the President." "Any business?" inquires General Dent. The dainty upper lip curls perceptibly. "None whatever; we are traveling; we wish to see the President." "Impossible, Madame," the General replies. "All these people you see are waiting to see the President on business. General Grant would be pleased to see you, but he has no time he can call his own." The great, haughty eyes of the traveler wander about the room. As the two are about to depart General Dent asks them if they would be "shown about the building"? A dignified consent being given, the two stately swans sail away, piloted by the same messenger who showed them up the stairs.

The doors of the inner temple tremble on their hinges, and the form of a ponderous Senator emerges from the presence of the sun of day. It is Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts. He strides to a centre table and shakes hands with a distinguished group of men, composed of Cole of California, Carpenter of Wisconsin, irrepressible General Butler, and General Markland, the personal friend of General Grant, who was nominated for Third Assistant Postmaster-General. Very soon Mr. Gobright of the As-

sociated Press joins hands with them; but the attention of all eyes is drawn in another direction. Two strangers are announced, and again General Dent arises to receive them. Two strange beings,—the man wears the national costume of Burmah, the picturesque turban, and the high-colored shawl gracefully draped about his person; the woman has spoiled her identity by adopting certain portions of European dress. They are native Burmese, and have been studying in this country, but soon take their departure for Burmah, where they expect to act as missionaries. They have called to bid President Grant farewell, and are at once shown into his presence.

Every hour brings new arrivals. A colored delegation from Alexandria has arrived. It was promised they should see the President at 1 o'clock. It is now past the hour, but still they wait patiently. It seems to be the colored man's fate to wait. There is a silent grandeur about this resignation. It is like the march of the centuries. Art has portrayed it in the face of the Egyptian sphynx.

A few Senators have seen the President. General Butler has dashed in there where none of the rest are allowed to go. No one saw a messenger depart with his card. He went in, disappeared for a moment only, and now flings himself again amongst the throng. He takes a cigar from a side pocket and a barbarous arrangement of some kind from another. With the last thing he is going to kindle a fire. He strikes the flint against the serpent, and something clicks like the lock of a gun. One! two! three! Civilization and Barbarism once more embrace and General Butler has lighted his cigar by the flame, and at the same time, like the blaze of a comet, he has disappeared.

The weary, weary waiters! The sun begins to blink askance, and to creep into western windows. A man says: "This is the tenth day I have waited to see the President." Some of the people who were always to be

found haunting Andrew Johnson have transferred themselves to President Grant. These are the barnacles, or fungi, which every administration inherits from its predecessor. A pale woman in weeds seems to shrink away behind the friendly covering of an open door. Her face is tear-stained. A feeble little child sits calmly by her side. There is much to attract sympathy to the woman. The joyousness of infancy seems to be trampled out of the innocent child. Little sickly bud, growing in the shadow of grief, God help thee!

In the space of one hour audience day will be over, and the disappointed will go, to return again on the morrow.

OLIVIA.

## JOHN M. BARCLAY.

### A Fund of Reminiscences at the Command of the Journal Clerk of the House.

Washington, *November 6, 1869.*

For more than a score of years strangers visiting the House of Representatives may have noticed, at the right hand yet a little below the speaker, a dignified, majestic man, who says the least, yet, perhaps, we may say, does the most, for the country of any man within hearing of the Speaker's voice. The name of this man is John M. Barclay, and without his presence, or another equally potent in his place, the House of Representatives might be likened to a locomotive deprived of its beloved steam. The business of the House can proceed with an indifferent Speaker, weakness and effeminacy in other officers can be borne; but the man whose business it is to keep a faithful record of all that is done in the House has to get his commission from his Creator, and then have it approved by the man who happens to be elected Clerk of the House. It is Mr. Barclay's duty to hand down the archives of the nation to other generations. For the last twenty years his mind has been a river through which the work of the House of Representatives has found its way into history. In this noisy, turbulent House it is his place to catch that which is proper and legitimate and fix it in permanent form for the benefit of the whole country. The Clerk of the House is the responsible figure-head for this most important position, but Mr. Barclay is the power behind the throne. In the clamor for office, petitions few or none are sent up for the one Mr. Barclay occupies. A man to take his place must have a perfect understanding of parliamentary law. When the House is

in session, not for a moment must his attention wander from the points of discussion. The reporters in the gallery can enjoy their little siestas, give and take from each other; but Mr. Barclay must depend upon himself. So long has he occupied this position, so admirably has he performed his difficult duties, that he may now be compared to an exquisite piece of machinery. He never gives offence. In early years he was a Whig, in later a Republican; but so just is he that partisan sentiments are entirely overlooked, and both parties in the House reverence him alike.

The usages and precedents of the British Parliament constitute the basis of all parliamentary law amongst people who speak the English language. Many years ago Thomas Jefferson wrote a book, which is called "Jefferson's Manual of Parliamentary Practice." It is formed of the precepts of the United States Constitution, and the regulations early adopted in the United States Senate, collated with a digest of English Parliamentary practice. This book is a well-known authority in this country. Mr. Barclay furnishes the House with a manual containing a digest of its own rules, so much of Jefferson's Manual as governs the proceedings of the House, together with the precedents of order, usages of the House, etc., which is really a complete and independent code by which the House is guided. The rules and laws of the House of Representatives of the United States are universally adopted for the government of all State and local conventions, and form the basis of the rules and practice of nearly all State legislatures. The influence of Mr. Barclay's knowledge and judgment, therefore, in the parliamentary affairs of the country, will be seen to be very great. A correspondent of much repute, in a letter some time ago, which has been widely copied, made the clerk to the late Speaker, an estimable young man, entirely innocent of the profundities and bewildering intricacies of

parliamentary law, the actual monitor of Mr. Colfax—a mistake hardly necessary to correct.

Mr. Barclay has seen the rise and decline of the reign of eight different Speakers, Mr. Blaine being the ninth on the list. Of the Speakers whose sceptres have withered, whose gavels have sounded for the last time, Mr. Barclay gives Mr. Colfax the credit of being the best parliamentarian, as well as the hardest and most persevering student of the law. Mr. Barclay has seen the proud honor of Speaker bestowed upon Robert C. Winthrop, Howell Cobb, Linn Boyd, N. P. Banks, James L. Orr, William Pennington, Galusha A. Grow, Schuyler Colfax, and James G. Blaine.

During the long years of treason and rebellion he was a silent witness of the moral battles in the House. This warfare steadily preceded the smoke of the cannon and the surgeon's glittering knife. It is true Mr. Barclay stores up only the actual substance of the House; and yet how much he might reveal in regard to this august body which is left out of the official record, as well as out of "Gobright's Recollections of a Third Century," and also the awful columns of the Congressional Globe.

Should Mr. Barclay have kept notes of his long experience at the helm of the House, what a book he could make. His calm, judicial mind would be sure to do justice to all parties. No reporter in the gallery of "the gods" over his head—no statesman on the floor below—could give so many fascinating pages. He could describe the men who sat in the House when Cobb was Speaker,—most of them now gathered to their fathers. He could tell us of the finished orator, James McDowell, of Virginia, and of that great speech of his, in 1850, which electrified the country; of George C. Drumgoole, of the same State, calm and clear even in his potations; of the knight of later strifes, the spotless patriot and pure rhetorician, Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland; of Hotspur Keitt, and handsome, hectoring Brooks, of South

Carolina; of dandy Dawson, of Louisiana; of gifted but self-destroying McConnell, of Alabama; of quick George W. Young, of Tennessee; of young Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, when he first came into the House, wearing a Byron collar; of haughty Toombs; logical Stephens; jolly T. H. Bayly; quiet Mr. Aiken; nervous Clingman; dominating David Wilmot; brilliant D. K. Carter, and eloquent Henry M. Fuller. He could narrate many a side-scene in the great drama, when the actors got behind the curtain and sported in their own green-room. He could show how the great struggle grew from words to blows, from blows to battles, and from battles to defeat. With Cobb and Orr, and Banks and Pennington, and Grow and Colfax, Barclay was on terms of equality and intimacy. He could describe the discomfiture of Barksdale when he lost his yellow wig; of Potter, when he answered Pryor and offered to fight him; of the quarrel between Cutting and Breckinridge; of Douglas in his prime, and of Adams in his decay; and of the whole procession of life, fun, frolic, sorrow, failure, disgrace, and death; of the pages who grew to be generals, of the generals who became Congressmen, and of the Congressmen who longed to be President. Write us a book, Colonel Barclay. You are still in your prime. Take a reporter to your room, and let him interview you, if you won't jot it off in your own clerkly hand; and if Congress don't vote you a pension, or retire you on a solid annuity, you and your posterity can live on the proceeds, and be honored in the inevitable credit it will confer on your name.

OLIVIA.

## WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

### Grace Greenwood, Phœbe Couzins, and Other Advocates of the Cause.

Washington, *January 18, 1870.*

The National Woman Suffrage Convention was inaugurated last evening in Washington by a lecture on domestic life by Grace Greenwood. A respectable-sized audience, with young people largely in the preponderance, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, welcomed the authorities to the platform, and listened with grace, respect, and occasional spice of applause, to the essay christened "Indoors." With a handsome, gallant preamble, Mrs. Lippincott (better known to the world as Grace Greenwood), was introduced, and her lecture went far to prove that women "indoors" could accomplish far more for the benefit of the human race than on the platform. There was intellect enough in the talented woman to fill Lincoln Hall, but unfortunately physical power was wanting. Not over one-third of those present were within hearing of the speaker's voice.

Nature has set her face against women as public speakers unless they have been trained for the stage, like Olive Logan. No woman's voice can bear the tension of an hour and a quarter without becoming husky and even painful to the last degree, and the speaker of the evening was no exception to the rule. Grace Greenwood appeared upon the platform in heavy black silk, with scarlet trimmings, which well became her dark autumnal beauty. She has a face of character, like Fanny Kemble, which glows and pales according to the combustion within. She commenced her lecture by saying that "Horace Greeley has said that old-fashioned domestic life has taken its

departure." She said she hoped the time would come when the women would be developed mentally, morally, physically, but about that time the millennium would appear. She said woman, though denied the privilege of an equal chance to earn her own living, yet had the same chance on the scaffold, and the same swing at death. From English literature she abstracted what purported to be a description of the ideal woman. This creature was to be blessed with patience, a desire to stay at home, little learning. By no means was she to know how to spell correctly; as an accomplishment she was to know how to lisp. Then she drew a picture of Fanny Kemble as Lady Macbeth, a woman whose trained robe would sweep the men who concocted such pictures off the stage. At one time she intended to write a course of lectures to young men, but she did not say what deterred her from doing so. She gave us a glowing description of home, but regretted that the homes of the aristocracy were invaded by the "Jenkinses" and all the sacredness therein laid bare. Among those she denominated as Jenkins were the distinguished writers, George Alfred Townsend and Don Piatt. In painting the home she gave the "old maid" the most exalted position, and she decided that single life is not entirely bereft of comfort. The marriage relation, its joys, its sorrows, its struggles, were delineated with poetic fervor, and those who were fortunate enough to hear her pronounced the evening's entertainment a success.

Ten o'clock, January 18, the hour and day appointed for the Woman Suffrage Convention, found Lincoln Hall decorated. Soon after a few women came in; slowly the number increased until a small and appreciative audience had gathered. Very few men were sprinkled around, but quite enough to receive the anathemas that were to be showered upon the whole sex. At just a quarter to 11 a side door from the platform opened and some of the shining lights of the "cause" came into view. Elizabeth

Cady Stanton, majestic and beautiful as a snowy landscape, came forward with that grace as indescribable as it is incomparable. An elegant black silk and a camel's hair scarf made up her perfect costume. At her right sat Mrs. Pauline Davis, of Providence, R. I., another exquisite picture of the snow. She was most daintily attired in blue satin and black velvet, and in the contemplation of this serene and noble picture the mind is reconciled to old age. Susan B. Anthony was there in black silk, with soft white lace around her throat, but even lace, frothy as sea-foam, failed to relieve that practical face. Just what a gnarled oak is amongst trees Susan B. Anthony is to her sex,—hard, obdurate, uncompromising. Josephine Griffin, best among women, was there at her post, one of the most earnest in the cause. Mrs. Wright, the sister of Mrs. Mott, brought a kind greeting from that venerable woman, who was kept at home by age and other infirmities. But the ornament of the platform was Phœbe Couzins, of St. Louis, a young law student of that distinguished city. Her elegant outfit was made of a light, neutral-tinted silk adorned with tiny flounces. A double-breasted jacket of blue velvet, with jaunty Lombardy hat to match, upon which a bird of paradise seemed to nestle from choice. Don't we pity the judge when Phœbe shall plead before him! One flash from those eyes surmounted by the arched brows—but, stop, the illusion is not complete, the rosy lips are wanting. Henry Clay had a large mouth, and it did not prevent his becoming a great lawyer.

A description of Professor J. K. H. Wilcox, so prominently identified with the "cause," is necessary, in order to show why, in some respects, the movement is retarded. This man is afflicted with a mild form of lunacy, after the form of George Francis Train, and, like every other decoction of weakness, becomes sickening from its insipidity. He is called professor, but the most minute inquiry fails to discover by what means he has earned this ap-

pellation. Like Train, whom he takes for his model, his object is notoriety, and it is safe to assume he will achieve a success. Professor Wilcox was entrusted with a message to his countrymen from Clara Barton, who is now residing abroad. A few simple words were sent to the late soldiers by this good woman, but why the paper should be read at a woman's meeting only Professor Wilcox can disclose.

But if the solemn women who represent the "cause" have a desire to see the world move they had only to look at the reporter's desk and see the large yellow envelopes marked "New York *Tribune.*" Behind the papers might be seen Miss Nellie Hutchinson, who has earned the title of the "spicy little reporter of the *Tribune.*" Miss Nellie allows her hair to wander in "maiden meditation, fancy free." Her jaunty military suit, trimmed with gilt cord and buttons, shows at once her determination to win a battle. She is said to be a strong advocate for the "cause," and writes it up just as much as the *Tribune* will permit. As all valuable papers were handed to her by Miss Anthony from the platform, whilst your correspondent was left in the cold, she gives this fact as a slight proof of the kindness bestowed upon a lady who is engaged upon the *Tribune.* As the perusal of these papers was not shared by the correspondent of *The Press,* any omissions are requested to be overlooked.

In a few handsome words, Mrs. Stanton introduced Miss Phœbe Couzins, who began her brief address by quoting, "Westward the Star of Empire takes its way." Then she told us that the East must look to her laurels, else she would wake up and find them stranded on the shores of the Western rivers. Had Phœbe read the Scotch Parson in an old number of the *Atlantic Monthly* on the subject of "veal," she never would have gone so far sky-rockety on the subject of the Territory of Wyoming. Mrs. Stanton says the subject is settled out there once and forever.

Mrs. Paulina Davis read a letter from John Stuart Mill, in which he said he regretted not being able to respond to their kind invitation, but that he thought Americans abundantly able to take care of the cause. He then eulogized his wife, and said she had been the means of converting him.

Senator Pomeroy, the only man from Congress in the hall, followed with a few appropriate remarks. But considering that Mrs. Pomeroy was at home, and did not countenance the meeting with her presence, it looked something like those electioneering dodges which the best of politicians sometimes indulge in. Senator Pomeroy said he was no new convert to the "theme." The Scotch parson advises young people never to talk about "themes," but as Senator Pomeroy is no longer young, the advice of the parson cannot be meant for him. The Senator said he would not compel a woman to vote; he would simply remove the impediments in the way. He talked about "the mountains near where God dwells." He said he had been waiting two months for petitions to be sent in. Mrs. Stanton interrupted him and said she had brought them. He said he was for carrying woman suffrage into the fundamental laws of the land. He would let a Chinese vote, only a Chinese could not be naturalized, and therefore could not vote. If a woman was convicted of crime, she must die. A woman had once been hung in Washington. This is the new year for the rallying question. He only hoped this convention would be a triumphant success.

Susan B. Anthony then came forward and attempted to read a letter from a Jersey "Honorable," but the writing was so poor that she could not. Then she explained what the man meant, but by what process is known only to Susan herself.

Mrs. Cady Stanton came forward and said if the Republican party did not come forth and champion the cause, the Democrats would, and therefore infuse a new

life into their decaying body. She also instanced a case where a Democrat had paid the fare of all the ladies in the omnibus that morning coming from the depot to the hotel.

The beautiful prayer delivered at the opening of the session by the Rev. Mr. May, from Syracuse, was worthy of a better cause. The few remarks which followed by the same man were more creditable to his heart than head; but he was sincere and honest, and one could not help but wish that more men like him could be found in the world.

The audience was made up mostly of women, but not the curled, dainty fashionables of the capital. Sad-faced, sorrowful women were there. A poor woman touched your correspondent on the arm, and asked if they "got places for women to work here." Queenly Mrs. Davis was reading, regal in diamonds and point lace. The woman added, pointing to the speaker, "Do you think she can help me?"

OLIVIA.

## ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

### How She Engineers the Suffrage Movement.

WASHINGTON, *January 19, 1870.*

The hour having arrived for the opening of the last evening's session, and the great lights not appearing on the stage, it was moved by Professor Wilcox and seconded that Mrs. Joseph Griffing be chosen temporarily to occupy the chair. The Hon. James M. Scovel, of New Jersey, was asked to speak, and immediately began. He said it was the coming question whether women shall have the ballot. He believed the thing is right. His mother had said when she went to a village and saw men coming out of a house she knew that to be a tavern; when she saw women going in she knew that to be a church. It is not flattery that women want; it is their rights. The time had been in Jersey when women had no more rights than lunatics and idiots, and it was not much better to-day. He didn't come there to make a speech; he came there a convert. We shall have no peace until women can go side by side with men to the ballot-box. At this point Mr. Scovel retired, having proved to the rather slim audience that "stump speaking" was an accomplishment that sometimes made its escape from Jersey.

Again the irrepressible Wilcox appeared and read a letter which he had received from the wife of O'Donovan Rossa, in answer to his polite invitation to be present at the meeting. Madame Rossa regretted that unavoidable departure from the country prevented her attendance. She also added some nice things about liberty and her good wishes for the speedy advancement of the cause.

Just as the letter was concluded, Mrs. Stanton swept upon the stage, followed by the planets in her train. She

came forward and introduced Mrs. Wilbour, of New York. Mrs. Wilbour, stately in black velvet, point applique, and diamonds, came forward and read a rather prosy, dry essay. Mrs. Wilbour has a voice for public speaking superior to most of her sex. She varied the old question by asking for human rights instead of woman's rights. She said it is urged that woman has less force than man, and therefore, should not exercise this inalienable right. She asked what should rule—force power or beauty power? Brain not brawn rules this world. A small white hand can move an engine, or wield a pen, an instrument stronger than the sword. All that gives harmony to the world is the beautiful. Religion beautifies the soul. A preponderance of beauty is on the feminine side, but force is found on the masculine. Mrs. Wilbour talked about the ballot as a little slip of paper. She might as well have spent her strength on the paper wadding instead of the deadly bullet that follows it. After a time the sleepy essay came to an end.

Mrs. Stanton then came forward, introducing the Hon. A. G. Riddle, one of the most distinguished lawyers of the District. She prefaced the introduction by calling him a lawyer but an honest man. He gave us the argument; the audience were the jury, but no judge was present to decide the case. Mr. Riddle said the question of the final relation of the sexes had come for final adjudication. These masculines must look the question in the face. It is so broad you can't go around it. As Mr. Riddle has said the best things so far, it is to be regretted that so much of it has been lost.

The next speaker was Miss Couzins, of St. Louis. She said she felt great trepidation in coming forward when she found the great men at the national capital turning a cold shoulder for reasons of policy, and the women given up to frivolity and fashion. She felt like drinking inspiration from the West, where the leading people were with her. She felt she was fighting a forlorn hope, but

Washington fought a forlorn hope at Valley Forge, and won a victory. She graphically delineated the saying of women being classified with lunatics, idiots, slaves, etc. Women have a right to demand that the laws shall be changed in order to insure their happiness. Women had been subjected from the time of William the Conqueror. Bible authority is quoted to oppose the ballot; but there was no law found there for a man and a separate law for woman. Men say when a majority of women desire the ballot they shall have it. She said if the majority had rights the minority had also. Deeds of heroism were related. She said a monument was about to be erected in Washington, dedicated to the martyrs who fell in the late war. The women of St. Louis sent word to know if women were represented. They received the answer: "No, but if the women of St. Louis would raise the money for it, they should have a shaft placed near the monument, with the Goddess of Liberty on the top of it." She alluded to the freed women of the South, forgetting however, to say that they, being an integral part, were uplifted with the race. At a very late hour, with the termination of Miss Couzin's speech, the evening session closed.

The second day's session was opened with a prayer by the Rev. Mr. May, of Syracuse, who thus far has assumed the spiritual direction of the movement. Mrs. Griffing came forward and said the great object of the meeting was to secure legislation by Congress. The press follows every reform with its scandal. Christ has arisen from the dead, and the women all over the country are making application. Will Congress adhere to the Constitution? She had hope and faith that Congress will hear us. No ray of divine life quickens Congress. Women, raise your voices in prayer. A eulogy to Stanton was pronounced, whom she styled the last of the trinity of martyrs—John Brown, Abraham Lincoln, and Edwin

M. Stanton. She said that this discriminating word "male" shall be expunged from every law of the District.

At this point of the speech Professor Wilcox came forward and said that no effort had been put forth by the President to close the Departments so that the clerks would be enabled to attend the woman-suffrage convention. Mrs. Stanton said she had seen the President, and he had said he was too busy to attend the convention, so the cream of the movement was skimmed to confer with the ruler of the Republic. This committee which is to beard the lion in his den is composed of Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Wilbour, Mrs. Davis, Rev. Olympia Brown, Phœbe Couzins, Mrs. Beecher Hooker and several others. After this business matter was finished Miss Anthony came forward to excuse the absence of Miss Lillie M. Peckham, of Milwaukee, by saying she was detained at home by the sickness of her brother. This incident went to prove that strong-minded women have sympathies and feelings like other people. A few letters from obscurity were brought forth, but did not add any brilliancy to the proceedings.

At this point of the meeting Senator Pomeroy, who was on his way to Congress, called in to give a word of encouragement. He said it was a long time before the movement could even get the ear of the public. Men were for making fighting the basis of suffrage. Who are those who are called to bear arms? Would you disfranchise a man because he is over forty-five? The military power is subservient to the civil. This is a government of law, not of force. Who feeds, clothes, and supports the soldiers in the field, and thus secures our victories? Services were rendered by women in those hours who cannot vote. Women have borne arms. In Northampton, Mass., near where the Senator was born, was a tombstone on which was cut in the marble, "Her warfare is accomplished." This stands there in time-honored memory to prove the military qualities of the sex. There was

an inequality in the basis of representation, and if the mothers, wives, and sisters were not so much better than we are, they would not have borne the deprivations of their rights. Remove the obstacle to education; open every hall to black and white, male and female. Remove the obstacles; repeal the law; I am for the sixteenth amendment; a woman is a citizen, and should have the power to legislate in the District of Columbia. There are places of employment not open to women. There are offices under the government which women should have. We must "fight it out on this line,"—but the quotation was left unfinished, and the distinguished Senator sat down. But wishing to see the effect of his glowing words, he moved that those women in the audience who wished to vote should raise their hands. Not a score of hands were to be seen.

At this unfortunate moment Mrs. Stanton came forward to the rescue of the bewildered Senator. "Allow me," said this lieutenant-general, "to correct the Senator. Those who wish to vote are requested to sit still."

The command was instantly obeyed. Not a woman was seen to move. The Senator wiped the perspiration from his forehead and looked his thanks to the gallant chief of the staff, whose strategy had saved the day. Afterwards those who did not wish to vote were requested to show their colors. A few women were noticed making themselves conspicuous, but the great mass were not to be deluded into giving an expression either one way or another.

Mrs. Stanton then introduced Madame Anneke, a German woman who could not talk English, but could talk the language of the heart—an immense woman, whose weight would reach the hundreds. The stage shook under her powerful trampings. She made up for language in pantomime. She drew her hands through her short hair as only a poet can describe. She said she had waded fields of blood, but this had not been her greatest trials.

She had come from Wisconsin with a heavy load—the petition of many hundreds who wanted to vote. She had come with credentials from "t'ousands and t'ousands." She appealed in the name of Germany—in the name of all Europe. The enfranchisement of women would be the enfranchisement of the whole human race.

Madame Anneke then retired, giving place to a woman as lean as she was fat—a Quaker woman from Philadelphia. This dear, good old Quakeress looked spiritual enough to be translated. She gave us some good Quaker doctrine, such as Philadelphia knows all about, and her remarks, for this reason, are omitted. She was called Mrs. Rachel Moore Townsend.

After Mrs. Townsend the Rev. Olympia Brown came forward, the brightest, freshest, strongest woman we have ever heard devoted to the "cause." She is a small woman, and looks exactly as one might imagine Charlotte Bronte—a picture of exquisite nicety, from the dainty point lace collar to the perfect fitting shoe.

She commenced her address to those who did not wish to vote: "You may say you are in comfortable homes, with kind husbands and kind fathers, and you may wonder what these strong-minded women want. The temperance question alone shows the want of the ballot for the drunkard's wife. Women have been patient too long, and therefore responsible in a degree for the sin of drunkenness. I wish women would stand up and say they would not encourage men who use intoxicating drinks and tobacco. We are seeking a nobler womanhood. It is the duty of every mother to feel that she is responsible for that society into which she sends her son. Our young lady should have something to look forward to. A young lady, upon leaving school, told her companion that she was sorry that school had ended, because she would have nothing to do. 'Can't you stay at home and make pretty things to wear?' was the reply. This assertion and answer covered the whole ground of young ladyhood."

When she first entered the world as a young woman, she consulted her minister as to what she should do. He told her to sit down at home and amuse herself reading, and occasionally engage in a strictly private benevolence. The time will come when women will go forth to make a name and a fortune just as men do to-day. Women are told that Christ died for them; she would tell them that Christ lived for them. He taught women a life of earnestness, and she bade them go forth and follow his example. She compared the workingmen of Europe to our own mechanics—the bone and sinew of the land. "What makes the difference between them? It is the ballot. When tanners can aspire to be President you can see what the ballot can do. If it does so much for the men, it will do equally as much for the women. We want every incentive to make women brave, wise, and good. Let us learn not to fight with guns, but with our tongues. The warfare is not ended until the ballot is in our hands. Vermont will give women the ballot before the year is out, and Connecticut will soon follow, for I have moved down there to accomplish it. Only a perfected womanhood will satisfy the age."

Mr. Stillman, the only man in the Rhode Island legislature who dared to stand up for woman suffrage, came forward, but want of time prevents an account of his speech.

Phœbe Couzins followed him after the same style of her first speech.

After she had finished Professor Wilcox came forward as the last crowning glory of the day and moved that Harriett Beecher Stowe, in her dire extremity, have the sympathy of the convention. Mrs. Stanton said it was out of order, and the Professor exhaled. OLIVIA.

## ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER.

### Fitting Representative of a Distinguished Family.

Washington, *January 20, 1870.*

Wednesday's evening session opened with the usual brilliant array of distinguished women on the stage. Among the number might have been seen Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, of Connecticut, another candidate for immortality in this family so widely known to fame. Mrs. Hooker is the beauty of the Beecher constellation. She has a dreamy, poetic face, like the picture of Mrs. Browning, and the early snow has been sprinkled among her curls. Mrs. Hooker is orthodox, and draws inspiration from the old Calvinistic doctrines undefiled. She appears timid almost to awkwardness. She says she intends to be a "speaker," and an assertion from a member of this family, like some kinds of paper, is worth more than its face.

In the obscurest place on the platform sits the genius of the convention, Jennie Collins, the factory girl of New England, with her sad, hungry face. You can only remember the eyes, which look as if there was something fierce and awful behind them ready to spring out and bite.

The meeting is called to order by Mrs. Stanton, and is followed by a few of her well-chosen words. She had hoped to have a company of distinguished Senators and members, but unfortunately the Congressmen were all hoarse. Two Senators had sent their regrets. Senator Ross pleaded prior engagements, but sent his sympathy. Senator Carpenter regretted that official duties prevented his coming, accompanied with the usual condolence.

Mrs. Stanton proceeded to enlighten the audience on

the sixteenth amendment, which is simply striking the obnoxious word "male" out of every statute of the land. She said the future great memorable day would occur in March, because it was in this month that Mr. Julian had offered this amendment to the Constitution. In changing the fifteenth amendment the voice of every person should be heard in the land. If women are not people, what are they? We are building a model Republic and it needs a crowning glory. That glory is a perfected womanhood.

Miss Anthony arose and proposed a vote. Those who demand that Congress shall adopt the sixteenth amendment say "aye." The ayes had it. Miss Susan said she had been interviewing members, but did not stop to tell the result. She said there was a factory girl on the platform, Miss Jennie Collins, of Boston. The movement was not to benefit those who had fathers and husbands, but those who had to earn their own living.

Miss Collins was then introduced. She said she had not come to make a speech, but to lay her offering at the feet of the imperial Susan. We have a class of women who have not brains enough to comprehend a comic almanac; but if you would have an opinion, go to the working woman. She who has toiled knows her opinion. Why do girls not go into the kitchen? Because no man will marry a woman from the kitchen; but if she goes behind the counter a man will give her his arm. She said the Republican party had accomplished its mission, and was now dead. A new party was coming up from the people. The trades unions will be heard from. These unions were formed around camp-fires to protect each other, and they now girdle the land. She did not look to the politicians for aid; it must come from the working people. What helped the workingman? It was the ballot. Then why would it not help the working women as well? If the Southerner had whipped the slave woman, the New England stockholder would not stop the loom

long enough to do the whipping. She painted the hideous lives of the 48,000 factory girls of Massachusetts. Her presence breathed the print of the nails. She made you hear the whir of the machinery, and you could feel the flakes of cotton falling like snow. Miss Collins abused General Grant, abused the Republican party, but the audience was under her spell and did not raise a dissenting voice. A young girl in the audience spoke loud enough to be heard by those around her, "Isn't she a frightful woman?" It was the savage looking out of the New England factory prison, and the picture is the strongest that has been presented in the convention.

Miss Anthony then announced that the Senate District Committee had agreed to meet the leading women of the movement on Saturday at 10 o'clock a. m.

The meeting now adjourned, and the distinguished women proceeded to the Arlington Hotel, where they had previously announced their intention of holding a reception between the hours of 10 and 12 p. m. This midnight reception was held to accommodate members and Senators who were supposed to be disengaged during these hours. But, alas! Senators one appeared, Pomeroy, of Kansas, whilst the gallant General Logan was the sole representative of the House.

Mrs. Stanton was queenly, as usual, in black velvet; Mrs. Hooker in gray moire antique; whilst Mrs. Wilbour eclipsed all the lesser lights in black silk, embroidered with golden grain. Diamonds glittered, wit and satire flashed, illuminating all the beholders; but the grand dames, the philosophers, the politicians of the capital were not there. If the strong-minded can talk better than the fashionables, they must yet learn to "receive." Mrs. Hooker held up her moire train as if she were keeping it from the mire. But this must have been owing to the neat training in the "land of steady habits." Mrs. Stanton "is at home" in the masculine way of doing

business. To be sure she had talked sense, but she made one long for a little nonsense; for something upon which the mind could rest after the severe tension of the day.

General Logan was dressed in black pants, not very much the worse for wear, while a claret overcoat, bound in black silk braid, was thrown open before. What his boots lacked in polish was made up by a mental lustre which such insignificant things as bootblacks can neither add to nor take away. He moved about hither and thither with as much apparent ease as he intends to move the capital. Senator Pomeroy wore his ordinary apparel with the exception of his hair. Nellie Hutchinson of the *Tribune* said the reception was a failure, and the readers of *The Press* can take her word for it.

Meeting called to order with very few on the stage. The usual prayer was omitted. Mrs. Stanton opened the battle. Daughters should be prepared for every emergency. Cultivate will power, and everything else yields. She said she had visited fashionable women in their luxurious homes and when she talked to them of these great questions, they said they had been so happy they had never thought of these things. She would say to these women, Do you live in Chinese walls? Have you never read Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables"? What sort of a soul must people have if they can only feel what sacrifices their own flesh? She then told the drunkard's story, but she always finishes a convention with the same tale. When Mrs. Stanton tells this personal experience she rises to the dignity of a great actress. The pauses, the gestures, one learns by heart. Do the great and good men of the world repeat themselves in the same way?

Miss Anthony having somewhat recovered, read a letter from Hon. Jacob H. Ela, of New Hampshire, and he assured the convention that he was with it hand and glove. During the evening a few members and Senator Sherman were espied in the audience. Miss Anthony was interrupted in her speaking, and Senator Sherman

was called on by name to come forward and answer how he stood on the sixteenth amendment. As he did not seem inclined to give an opinion, Miss Anthony bade him, unless he was for it, to say nothing at all.

Judge Woodward (Democrat) was also seen, and his name was called out, but he arose from his seat and went quietly out. With the encroachment upon good taste (for certainly Congressmen have some rights which the public should respect) the convention has lived its brief life, and left its mark upon the age. OLIVIA.

## GATHERING OF THE STRONG-MINDED.

### The Woman Suffragists Tell of Their Trials.

Washington, *January 21, 1870.*

The last evening's session of the woman's suffrage convention opened under the most dazzling auspices. No movement of the kind at the national capital has ever been so honored before. Quite a strong solution of intellect, power, and fashion shaded its eyes before the meteoric display. For the first time in convention, respectable audiences have seen spiritualism, long-haired masculine, and pantaloon feminine banished from the stage. Just as a flame flashes up more brilliantly before it expires, the convention assumed a vermillion hue before its final dissolution.

Mrs. Stanton appeared clad in solemn black velvet, but the bright ribbons nestling in her snowy curls, the girlish ornaments in exactly the right place, strangled all thoughts of a funereal aspect.

Mrs. Wilbour glimmered in the black silk of golden wheat memory, and Mrs. Beecher was clad in royal purple; Phoebe Couzins smothered her manifold attractions under a great white opera cloak, and Susan B. Anthony was just as twisted and knotty as ever.

But whilst the beautiful feminine element which Mrs. Wilbour has so faithfully portrayed formed the background of the picture, the great central form of attraction was Professor Wilcox, otherwise known in the capital as "the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure." A description of his person, as he corruscated upon the stage, is copied from the Washington *Chronicle:* "Professor Wilcox appeared upon the scene in wrappings of swallow-tail and patent leather. His polished foundation was

only eclipsed by the manifold attractions of the other extremity. His whiskers were trimmed to an angle of forty-five degrees, whilst his superb eyes rested in serene beneficence upon the feminine elements that surged and rolled in grandeur on the stage."

As the women were detained at home for the arrangement of their toilettes beyond the hour appointed, Professor Wilcox moved that Mrs. Griffing address the meeting. This most estimable woman proposed a substitute in the person of Madame Anneke, who came forward and said she could not talk, only "wid her heart." She could not speak English. "All my friends I embrace." This last sentence must have been a metaphor, for although Professor Wilcox was in grappling distance, nothing occurred which could shock the most delicate mind. Madame Anneke said that it had been told that Germany was not in favor of this movement. This was a mistake. Germany was with us; all Europe too. Twenty years ago she had started a paper to advocate the cause, but it stopped in two years because of her sickness. One hundred years ago a German philosopher said that women should have equal rights with men. A hundred years ago a good man had said the same things which these women were telling the people to-day. But she could say no more, she was going to act.

Mrs. Stanton then came forward and said Madame Anneke was going to travel all through the West for the "cause," and this was what she meant by the word act. If Madame Anneke can not talk English to Western barbarians, she can make up by acting on the stage. Her immense rotundity, quivering like a huge caldron of jelly, will stir the human heart to its profoundest depths, and it can safely be said by a Western woman who knows the taste of the home community that Madame Anneke will be able to attract audiences.

Rev. Mr. May now came forward. He said that our late civil war was brought on by the deprivation of the

rights of four millions of the people, and consequently certain things will follow like a natural law, the taking away of the rights of fifteen millions more. Woman cannot be denied her rights. She cannot be degraded without degrading the other half of creation. God made man dual. How absurd for man to assume the right to all power; to take all power into his hands. Why do not women take all the power to themselves? It would be just as reasonable. Barbarians subject the weak to the strong.

Miss Anthony now came forward and wanted to have a resolution introduced into Congress to equalize wages. The motion was put and carried with the exception of one male voice. Here was a chance for Susan to score the Adam, and the opportunity was not lost. No eagle from his eyrie ever pounced upon a chicken with more force than did Susan upon this masculine biped. Nobody knew whether the unfortunate had a wife, but Susan assumed that he had, and that it was his intent and purpose to sneak away her wages. Susan finished him on the spot, and the audience applauded the heroic act.

Mrs. Stanton then rose and said a woman had just visited her who was connected with the Washington public schools. For a long time she had tried to get her wages; that she was in debt, with all its attendant evils; that she had applied time after time for her dues, but they were withheld, but that a school trustee had put his hand in his pocket and offered the teacher forty dollars instead of forty-five, the amount due. She instanced this as an atrocious advantage taken of a helpless woman. As she took her seat a man in a distant part of the hall arose for an explanation. He painted the awful picture of a depleted city treasury, of the inability of the school committee to get blood out of a stone, and thought the man did a most generous act to give the woman forty dollars and wait indefinitely for the forty-five. He said the man was touched by her necessities, and no doubt cramped

himself to do a good act, for the school committee are poor men.

A silence followed. Mr. May again came forward to bring forth some mental gem that in his former speech had been forgotten. He wanted to say something about woman as an inventor. A woman had invented the cotton-gin, but in this case she had been maliciously deprived of her rights. The audience listened patiently and his last talk came to an end. Then Mrs. Charlotte Wilbour took the stand and read one of her sleepy essays. But she made rather a handsome figure with the gaslight dancing on the golden sheaves that bespangled her royal drapery. Her costly fan was suspended from her waist by a heavy gold chain, and this, with the length of her long train, made her look anything else but "strong-minded."

When her essay came to an end, Mr. May arose for an explanation, but the decorous, good humored audience had swallowed enough of Mr. May, and its stomach actually refused any more of the decoction. Stamp! Stamp! Stamp! Motherly Mrs. Stanton came forward and said, "Be a good child. Take it down; take it for the sake of free speech." Mr. May began. Hissing, stamping. Again Mrs. Stanton's sweet face beams on the audience and says, "Why will ye?"

Mr. May began and said: "I shall stand here until you hear me, if I stay till to-morrow morning." Determination was written on that face, with the broad lower jaw and mouth, which sprung together like the shutting of a steel trap. His arms were folded, and his whole person breathed the spirit of the Egyptian sphinx. The audience felt the presence of its master, and yielded as good naturedly as it began the battle. Mr. May told us something about a State's prison, where there were nothing but female convicts and female officers, but whether this model prison is in his own State of New York or elsewhere escaped the ear of the writer, but it is

safe to say if it is not in New York it certainly ought to be there.

Miss Anthony now came forward and told a good story, a noble one, about Olympia Brown. Four months Olympia traveled in Kansas in every way except by railroad. She spoke every day of the four months, and oftener twice than otherwise. Generally she had met the kindest treatment, but sometimes not, for in every audience there is generally a fringe of humanity where there is more boot-heel than brain. There was one district in Kansas where intelligent people lived, where for years they were unable to get a schoolhouse. They could get no majority to vote upon the question, because the claims in the town were owned by single men, who did not want to vote to be taxed, or else by non-residents who were never there to give a decision one way or another. The father worked on year after year, but all in vain. After the passage of the law giving woman the right to vote on the school question, the mothers arose at 11 o'clock at night, voted, and got a schoolhouse. Why the women should be obliged to arise at 11 o'clock at night to vote, instead of waiting until a respectable hour in the morning, Susan forgot to mention. Miss Anthony said once upon a time she was announced to speak in Brooklyn, at the same time with Miss Anna Dickinson. Just as she had changed her frock, and got ready for starting, the fickle Anna telegraphed that she could not be there. There was no time to prepare for this unforeseen catastrophe, so she put on her bonnet and went over to Brooklyn—went into the vast hall, crowded with humanity, who had come to see Anna, not her. Had the heavens opened and buckets of ice-water been showered down upon her head she could have felt no worse. She looked around and there sat Henry Ward Beecher, and Chapin, and a host of intellectual lights, which were enough to cook any woman's marrow to the bones, and she was as bare of thought as New York is of honesty. She applied

a forcing pump to her mind, but still the water of thought wouldn't come; her brain was as dry as a squeezed orange. What should she do? She looked around on the hungry audience, and at last her eyes rested on Henry Ward Beecher, and she felt saved. Leaving her place on the platform, she advanced to the great preacher, and, laying her hand on his shoulder she said, "You must help me; I can't do it." Susan did not tell us whether it was owing to her command or the pressure which she brought to bear on his shoulder that conquered him. At any rate, he came gallantly to her side; and never was such a rousing speech made by the great parson in all the days of his life. Then she said, "What did I tell this story for? Something I am sure! Let me see. Oh, yes! I wanted to prove that men and women needed to work together side by side. When one fails, the other can come to the rescue." At this moment Susan gave evidence of having touched the bottom of her remarkable strength and vitality. The unmitigated drain upon her vital forces for three days of convention seemed to have done its work. Any other woman would have fainted, but not Susan. She only said, "I think I'll sit down."

Mrs. Stanton came forward and said she wanted to talk an hour to the young ladies about health and strength. Napoleon could not make a soldier of a sick man. If girls are left with white hands and poverty an inheritance, as it often is when they are orphaned, the sin of it lies at the parents' door. Educate women for ministers, and there will be better theology preached. Let them study the law. Would it bring them more into notice than the public ball? There is no place where there are such temptations as in fashionable life, for nowhere are such sensuous men found. If marriage is contemplated, it is not thought whether a man has character but whether he has wealth. She said she had an interest in the perpetuity of the American Constitution. Women will never respect themselves, but will be ground down

until they learn self-support. She had personal knowledge of many girls who wanted to do something for themselves, but the fathers stood by, saying, "Degrade women to go to the polls?" If a woman is so rash as to marry a man, should she be afraid to go by his side to the ballot-box? She had six men in her family, and, excepting the tobacco, she found them very endurable. She thought men and women ought to be together in every movement. A drunken man will try to act sober when women are around. Conversation is never so good when men are alone; nor is it so elevating among women as when a few philosophers or well-informed men are present.

Senator Wilson arrives and is lustily cheered. He ascends the platform and shakes hands with his personal friends. He said he did not come to address an argument to this meeting; he did not come to add his faith to the creed to be promulgated. Whenever he had a vote to give to any practical measure which should benefit this country it should be given to men and women alike. But he came there to redeem a promise to Miss Anthony, who really would not let him say "no." "But I am with you. For the last thirty-four years I have tried, in private and in public, to emancipate a race. The work is done. Complete political equality is nearly accomplished; and what little time may be allotted me I shall still go on with the work which has given four and a half millions freedom. I am with you in sentiment, feeling, and all which relates to the work."

Mrs. Stanton having perceived several Congressmen in the hall, invites them to the platform. They do not choose to come. Senator Tipton is called by name, and rises and begs to be excused, and Mrs. Stanton shows her weakness by excusing him.

Rachel Townsend, the Quakeress, takes the platform, and scores the factory girl for her effective speech of the evening before. She says she has a good word to say

for Congress; a good word for President Grant, who has taken the colored man by the hand and raised him to a place he never occupied before. He had placed the despised Quakers over the Indians and the Quakers had done what powder and bullets had failed to do. Quaker women were amongst the Indians, Christianizing them as much as the other sex.

Mrs. Jocelyn Gage was then introduced by a handsome preamble, in Mrs. Stanton's own style. She said Mrs. Gage was author of a pamphlet upon "Woman as an Inventor," and that the pamphlet went to prove that women originated the cotton-gin. Mrs. Gage, however, did not tell the audience any new facts about woman suffrage.

The majestic, most queenly Pauline Davis criticised Senator Wilson because he had spoken of the black men and said nothing about the black women.

Miss Anthony then offered a resolution on the sixteenth amendment, and made just such a speech as only Susan can. She demanded that Congress submit the amendment. She commanded the Judiciary Committee of the District to present the bill before the House, and that it be done quickly. She wanted something practical to work on. She said there were black men so ignorant that when they went to the polls they expected to have a mule given them at the same time. "Do you suppose such women as Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Wright, and others—I'll say myself; yes, I'll say we—have suffered hooting, degradation, persecution, everything for all these years, and not accomplish what we have to do!" Vesuvius could be painted more easily than Susan at this supreme moment. What is this invisible force? Heads were bowed until the whirlwind swept by. Susan went up like a rocket but came down like a stick, but it did not hurt her. She said she was tired of harping on one string. She looked so weary. Oh! that Susan had a place softer than a pillow on which to lay that tired head.

There is no time to tell all the strong words this woman said, because it must be told that Mrs. Beecher Hooker tried to speak and failed. Alas! for the Beechers. She said that Christ had come to deliver woman. She had entered into this movement because undefiled, pure religion was to be found there, I assure you. Few of us know the burden which Christianity brings. Let us take hold and work together. At this moment she said so many earnest faces gazing at her made it impossible to go on, and she withdrew her beautiful face, suffused with the pure Beecher blood, the sweetest picture the family has had the honor to present for many days.

Miss Olympia Brown came to the rescue. It was like shifting a panorama; Olympia is beyond criticism in some respects. Her face glows with enthusiasm; she talks because she is in earnest, and not for effect. She was followed by Miss Couzins, who could not be compared with Olympia, and yet the former won the applause. But men's boots were heard in the uproar. Phoebe is pretty, and the rest followed. The hall was crowded with the best and strongest audience that ever greeted the woman suffrage movement in Washington.

OLIVIA.

## AT A COMMITTEE HEARING.

### The Ladies Plead Their Cause at the Capitol.

Washington, *January 22, 1870.*

At a proper fashionable hour this morning the women delegates began slowly to gather in the moderately sized room occupied by the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia. Last of all came the most prominent delegates. Mrs. Stanton went to a side table and laid down her dainty little bonnet and shook out her curls. Then she took her seat at the head of the table. Susan B. stood next, then Mrs. Beecher Hooker, Pauline Davis, Josephine Griffing, Phoebe Couzins and Mrs. Wright. The usual buzz of conversation was carried on whisperingly, for the dignity of the Senate chamber extended to that floor. The small audience was of the most exclusive and aristocratic kind. The factory girl had been sent off North early in the morning, lest her roar should alarm the Congressional doves. In the awful stillness might have been seen wall flowers, to whose fragrance a whole nation can testify. Grace Greenwood was there, in a lovely winter costume; but there is no time to describe the attractive beauties of the scene.

After a little Senators Hamlin, Patterson, Pratt, and other gentlemen connected with the committee came in, and a general introduction and handshaking took place. The committee of the Senate were arranged on one side of the long table, and the House committee on the other, whilst the head of it was left for each woman who should make her speech. The solemn occasion was opened, as usual, by Mrs. Stanton.

Senator Hamlin, who sat at the head of the Senate committee, and consequently at the speaker's right hand,

turned his ear in a calm and patient attitude, with a suppressed merry twinkling of the eye altogether incompatible with the hour. Senator Pratt, of Indiana, laid his head on the back of his chair, rolled his eyes heavenward, and looked as if he felt his genuine modesty more than ever. Mr. Rice, of Arkansas, sat holding his chin, apparently fearful that unless taken just the right kind of care of it might drop down, leaving the floor open with all sorts of consequences. Judge Cook, of Illinois, folded his hands over his breast, seemingly as resigned as if for the last time, whilst Judge Welker, of Ohio, looked just as if he wanted to say "boo to a goose." Just before Mrs. Stanton began Senator Hamlin read two petitions—the first signed by some of the women of the District, praying that suffrage be extended to them, and another from Massachusetts, of the same purport. After he had finished he calmly sat down, and told the women he was prepared, with the other gentlemen, to hear what they had to say. Mrs. Stanton came to time as usual, and began the story which all thoughtful persons have by heart who have heard her three times. She read it, however, and one sitting by her side could see slips of paper cut from newspapers pasted between portions of the manuscript, and it was said these slips were taken from the time of the Revolution. The essay began about eternal principles. That it was best to do right, and leave the rest to God. That Congress should legislate for equality. The Republican party had put the word "male" into the Federal Constitution. The States had the right to regulate, but not to prohibit suffrage. It is despotism of the most odious kind to prevent woman from the exercise of those powers which God has given her. She said there was a proposition before Congress to change the whole code of laws which govern the District of Columbia; and when this was done the only way to regenerate and purify the spot was to remove disabilities, and let all vote—male and female, black and white. She

wanted this mooted question of suffrage ended. She went over the ground of the late war, and said that woman had not been a disinterested observer for the last hundred years; that she came over in the Mayflower, side by side with man in the old Revolution; and can woman now stand silent and see the selling of her birthright of liberty? The emancipated serfs of Russia were clamoring for more liberty, and they would get it, too. Do you intend to stand by these old landmarks, instead of advancing with a newer civilization? Mrs. Stanton then proposed for the committee to ask any questions which they might think proper to do. An ominous silence followed. Mrs. Stanton then said she did not choose to be represented by John Morrissey and two men in the New York legislature who could neither read nor write. Laws have been changing at woman's instigation for the last thirty years, which proves that woman knows what is good for her. We are obliged to build sidewalks and other improvements an have we not a right to say how our money shall be expended? You have seen dogs in the street quarreling over a bone; if you throw them two bones the quarrel is over. The "drunken scene" was left out, like everything else which in a way could have a personal application.

After some more talk Mrs. Stanton sat down, and Susan B.—bless her heart!—faced the Congressional guns. The great pumping power which this woman carries in her brain had lifted the blood into her cheeks, and her eyes blazed with the fire of early day. Lilac kid gloves covered her kind, strong hands and it was astonishing to us all to see how much she looked like a woman. She put her hands behind her as if it was best to have them in a safe place, and commenced by telling the gentlemen that they had it in their power to strike the word "male" out of the Constitution. (Susan has a way of saying the word "male" so that it sounds like the snapping of small arms.) In the District the experiment was tried

of giving colored men their rights, and it seems as if this is a fitting place for the inauguration of a grander experiment—that of doing for the woman what you did for the negro. It is only a long custom which you hate to break.

Mrs. Stanton now prompted Susan to speak of Kansas. She then told the story of the schoolhouse, and it was ascertained that the reason why the women had to rise at 11 o'clock at night to vote was because the men had determined to settle the question that day. The men wrangled and could not come to a conclusion, so the women were called as the last feather to break the camel's back.

A little time before Senator Sumner had come in and taken a seat at the foot of the table. Susan now asked the Senator a question, and forgot and called him "Mr. Sumner," just as if he was like other men. But she was called to order by Mrs. Stanton, and made haste to repair the wrong by begging his pardon and saying "Senator" with a snap to it. She asked the Senator how it worked in Massachusetts by having women vote on the school question. The Senator said it worked well. As there seemed no chance for an argument, she paused for fresh inspiration, but she was interrupted by Phœbe Couzins, and prompted to say something she had already said.

Whilst they were parleying, Mrs. Pauline Davis took the floor and said a few words in a voice too low to be heard except by those at the table. Before Miss Anthony sat down, Mrs. Beecher Hooker touched her by the arm and begged her not to be too severe. Susan said she did not mean to be severe.

Mrs. Hooker then took her seat at the head of the table, as her modesty would not let her stand up before this august tribunal. Mrs. Hooker leaned over the table and made the daintiest kind of a picture. Senator Hamlin straightened himself up and pulled down his vest. Senator Pratt opened his sleepy eyes to the widest extent, and Senator Sumner gave his undivided attention. Mrs.

Hooker said that woman looked to the Government for her rights. "I assure you, Christ uses the word thou shalt do this, and thou shalt do that, which means to apply to women quite as much as to men. The Bible says, 'Honor thy father and mother, and thy days shall be long in the land.' How can a son honor his mother when he chooses to use his young thoughts to legislate for her whilst he is so much younger than she is. It cannot be right." She did not believe so much in woman's rights as woman's duty. At this moment her voice stole away from her like the dying notes of a swan, and she removed to another seat, her white forehead bedewed with perspiration.

Madame Anneke was now introduced, and commenced by saying: "Honorary Sirs: Perhaps you will be kind enough to listen to my poor talk. I come delegate from Wisconsin; from oder places too. You have lifted up the slaves, shentlemen, you hear t'ousand and t'ousand voices. In Europe you hear the cry, help us, gentlemens, and den we help ourselves." After some more such logic, Madame Anneke ponderously withdrew.

Senator Patterson now modestly proposed a question: Suppose a difference of opinion should arise in the family, what will prevent the mischief of discord?

Mrs. Stanton, who had the cunning answer already to spring upon him, said there is already discord there. "I do not think this can make any more. There is always the superior mind in every family. If it belongs to the man, he decides it; if to the woman, she does the same. The smallest men are most tenacious of their rights." Senator Patterson, seemingly afraid to be classed in this category, closed his lips.

Judge Cook now asked, "What evidence have you that the great body of women in the country want to vote?"

Mrs. Stanton replied that in New York, where she had scattered tracts and otherwise labored, she had been rewarded with petitions signed by 20,000 women.

Judge Welker then asked, "How large a number want to vote in the District of Columbia?"

Mrs. Stanton said they had just closed a convention attended by fifteen hundred persons who were enthusiastic on the subject.

Mrs. Davis then said: "People are tired of asking for this thing and that thing. It is time that legislators knew their business without being petitioned."

Miss Anthony then reiterated the glories of the late convention, and went off into one of those spasmodic efforts practically impossible to any one but Susan.

Mrs. Beecher again cautioned her, and told her not to forget the place where she was. This brought Susan to terra firma.

Mrs. Gage then said she held a petition in her hand, signed by 3,000 people, but no one seemed inclined to take it away from her, and she quietly sat down.

The Honorable Hannibal Hamlin then arose to correct Mrs. Stanton in what she had said about changing the laws for the District of Columbia; that no such bill was before the committee to which Mrs. Stanton had alluded. There was a bill, but it was unlike the one reported in the newspapers. The District of Columbia was governed by laws made a hundred years ago, and the age had outgrown them. He believed they should be modified, and he advocated the change to be made by the citizens, subject to the will of Congress. He only spoke for himself and not for his associates.

Judge Cook, of Illinois, chairman of the committee of the House, said that Congress was no place to bring up such a great question. There is too much to do here already. We have no time—absolutely no time—for the consideration of the subject. At the same time he seemed to be looking about for a hole to escape.

Mrs. Hooker said that time should be made for such a subject.

Mrs. Stanton said, "Present the sixteenth amendment."

Honorable Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, chairman of the Senate Committee, said, "We will take this question into consideration. When Saul went up into Damascus he said unto Paul, 'I am almost persuaded to become a Christian.'" The reporters' table was illuminated by smiles, and one man was malicious enough to say a little Scripture reading would do the Senator good, for he meant Agrippa instead of Saul. Another answered that the Senator was figuratively speaking, and he might as well use one name as another.

The council was broken by the Congressional lions going stealthily away, but before they all had a chance to get out, Susan bottonholed two or three. "Sixteenth amendment" was distilled from her lips like honey from flowers. Senator Sumner came around genial as a summer's sun, yet it was noticed that during the whole ordeal he never opened his lips, but endured all with the resignation of martyrdom. And thus the meeting of the Amazon warriors passed away. OLIVIA.

## HONORING THE PRINCE.

### Reception to the Visiting Scion of Royalty.

Washington, *January 26, 1870.*

In the very heart of the fashionable quarter of the capital may be seen a most unpretending two-story-and-a-half house, in the usual American imitation of brown stone. A modest bay window keeps steady company with a classic little porch at the front entrance of the mansion. As you enter the building you find yourself in a moderately sized hall, and if you turn to the left you are ushered into a drawing-room, octagonal in shape, and you perceive the vista opening to another of the same shape and size, leading to the third, which completes the suite of apartments thrown open at the entertainment of guests. These parlors are not extravagantly furnished. The walls are not covered with costly pictures; yet this establishment at present is the cynosure of all eyes, because a prince of the royal blood of England finds shelter under its hospitable roof. The ugly truth must be told. Great Britain does not consider the United States a first-class mission, and she does not furnish her minister resident with a palace and et ceteras to match, as in Paris and other continental cities. But England does honor our Republic by sending Mr. Thornton to represent her, one of nature's noblemen, and plain Mrs. Thornton, without a drop of blue blood in her veins. So Victoria has sent her good-natured boy amongst us, and the wife of England's minister is doing the handsome part by her guest.

For reasons already mentioned no very large entertainment can be given at the English embassy. A dinner party was given on Monday evening, at which were present the Cabinet and a portion of the diplomatic corps, as

well as General Sherman and Senator Sumner. Different sets of invitations were issued; or in other words, each woman's card was a separate affair from her husband's. Only gentlemen were entertained at dinner—the ladies came afterwards to the reception, which began at half past nine in the evening. Each woman invited to the residence of the English minister to honor the Prince received a special card from Mrs. Thornton.

The dinner passed away like other dinners when gentlemen have it all their own way; but the reception was as brilliant as the presence of beautiful and accomplished women could make it. The guests were first introduced to Mrs. and Mr. Thornton, and they in turn presented them to their prince. Mrs. Thornton's eyes sparkled as only an English woman's can with the son of her sovereign beside her.

Prince Arthur is a medium sized youth, who has just reached the door-sill of adolescence. A soft yellowish down occupies the place where whiskers are intended to grow, and his thoroughly English face has the peachy bloom which distinguishes the gentry of that famous island. He bears a strong resemblance to the Prince of Wales, but with indications of more force of character. His hands are as pink as a sea shell, and anything else but aristocratic. At the reception he was dressed in a suit of black cloth, high standing collar, handsome cravat, and polished patent leathers. Three emerald studs adorned his faultless shirt front, and a sprig of violets dangled from a button-hole. He wore no gloves, but gave his bare, pink palms for an instant to the keeping of American citizens. He was so kind, plain, and straightforward, that everybody forgave him for being a prince.

After all had been introduced to the young lion, and many little pleasant wisps of conversation had floated away, the company proceeded to the dining-room, where ices, fruits, and wines regaled the guests. Mrs. Thorn-

ton and Baron Gerolt, the Prussian minister, led the way, followed by the Prince and Mrs. Fish, Minister Thornton and the Baroness Gerolt, Secretary Fish and Mrs. Belknap, Secretary Belknap and Mrs. Creswell, Chief Justice Chase and Madame Catacazy, the wife of the Russian minister, and the most beautiful woman belonging to the foreign legations; Mr. Robeson, the bachelor Secretary, and Philadelphia's handsome Madame Potestael, and a host of other lights distinguished in the political and fashionable world. The tables were elegantly decorated with flowers, while the vintage at the English minister's is celebrated above all others in Washington. Conversation was varied by excellent music, contributed by the voice of Madame Garcia, of the Argentine Republic, assisted by Blacque Bey, the Turkish minister, who also took a prominent part in the evening's entertainment.

Among the guests were noticed General and Mrs. Tete, the new minister from Hayti. These members of the diplomatic corps are of mixed blood, the African largely predominant. Mrs. Tete was dressed in a claret colored silk, high in the neck, long sleeves, and without ornaments. She has unassuming manners, though exceedingly courteous and high bred. She remarked to one of the company that she did not know how she would be received in society in Washington, but so far she had met with nothing but kindness. This evening in particular, she was made to feel at home.

Though the newspapers sparkle with descriptions of a dinner given at the White House in honor of Prince Arthur, there was no such entertainment. The state dinner which takes place every Wednesday at the Executive Mansion occurred as usual, and Prince Arthur happening to be sojourning temporarily in Washington, whilst on his youthful travels, our plain President simply laid an extra plate for his unexpected guest—unexpected, because all the other guests were invited before the Prince reached the city, and these guests received no notice that

Victoria's son would be among them, and consequently could not feel that they had been selected to meet royalty. Only thirty-six persons can be seated in the dining-room of the White House, therefore a "royal" entertainment is reserved for a future folly.

When the subject of entertaining the Prince was mentioned before our President, he simply said: "I think if Ulysses was in London he would be lucky if he got any dinner at Windsor Castle at all." Whether it was owing to that sly strategy which put down the rebellion, or other causes equally potent, it did happen that some of the most sensible women in the nation were invited guests at this particular state dinner. These women, these wives of members of Congress, are not known to the fashionable world; they dare to live within their husband's means, and have been known to appear at a full dress reception in plain black silk dress, and without the usual quantity of false hair. In the veins of such women runs the blue blood of the Republic, and their presence is as sweet as violets.

The arrival of Prince Arthur in Washington has created very little excitement, probably for the reason that every boy knows that he has a far better chance of being President than the royal scion has of being king.

OLIVIA.

## LEVEE AT THE EXECUTIVE MANSION.

### Cabinet Ladies Take Part In Assisting Mrs. Grant

Washington, *February 5, 1870.*

A stranger attending a Presidential levee for the first time at the capital has an opportunity to drain the cup of Washington society to its very dregs. Card receptions, such as are held at the homes of the Cabinet, Chief Justice Chase, and General Sherman, in a certain sense are veiled under the sacred seal of hospitality, and the newspaper correspondent dare not, cannot, without violating all delicacy and good taste, make a pen picture of the men and women whom the dear people at home like to know all about. A Presidential levee is altogether a different affair. It is public. It belongs to the people. When we go to the Executive Mansion we go to our own house. Our sacred feet press our own tufted Wiltons. We recline on our own satin and ebony. We are received graciously by our own well-dressed servants, and the people have a right to know, through the columns of *The Press,* the exact state of the situation. Whoever goes to a levee at the mansion becomes public property, and has no more right to complain because he has been caught in the net of a newspaper correspondent than the fish who has swallowed the hook of an honest fisherman. The time has been when a levee at the White House was like a social gathering in a modest village. The President not only shook hands with his guest, but also asked him to take a chair and inquired about the state of the crops "Down East." The most precious republican simplicity has taken its departure with the Jeffersons and the Madisons; or rather it has necessarily been cast off with all the other swaddling-clothes of an infant Republic. A

perfect river of human life pours through the Executive Mansion. Human beings are packed together just as solid as sardines in a box, whilst the President and Mrs. Grant are obliged to take each separate atom by the hand. After two hours of this kind of work, its ravage begins to show its effect upon the person of the Chief Magistrate. His eyes begin to have a far-off look, great drops of perspiration stand on his forehead, and his thin, quivering nostrils rise and sink, like the gills of a darling dolphin when taken out of the water. Sometimes the President gasps; but this is usually thought to be a handsomely suppressed yawn, and no matter how much he may desire to bring in his superb knowledge of military tactics, so far as it is known he has never been guilty of a flank movement; he has only appeared as if he would like to shoulder arms.

Mrs. Grant stands a little way from the President—"fair, fat and forty." She appears in grace and manner just as any other sensible woman would who had been lifted from the ranks of the people to such an exalted position. It is true she shows the people her comely neck and shoulders, and, notwithstanding the wintry weather, makes no attempt to cover her shapely arms; but her gracious condescension is appreciated, and the exhibition is free to all.

Who are the people who file past the President? Titled men and women of foreign countries; a large part of the community which romance would call the "republican court;" and the mighty power sometimes called the sovereign people. Now it happens, as the stream flows onward through the Executive rooms, that particles of humanity are lodged in the same apartments that are honored with the presence of the President and his wife.

The most distinguished guests remain permanently in the room of power. The picture is made up of the Presidential party in the foreground, and back of them stand the Army, Navy, and Cabinet, as well as the Vice-Presi-

dent of the United States. Of all the public men in the nation few or none stand so near the national heart as Schuyler Colfax, and the reason assigned is because he has got a mind like an elephant's trunk. It picks up anything, from the largest man to the smallest woman, and his heart is big enough to give them all standing room. If he is introduced to a manufacturer he knows what kind of articles the man sends to market. If a literary woman is presented to him she finds that she has been registered in exactly the right place in his mind. He knows whether she writes about fashion, or, alas! alas! reports women conventions. Schuyler Colfax knows everything that is published in the newspapers. There is no room in his mind for lumber. It is full of working material, and he is the fairest specimen of progressive Young America to be found on the continent.

Miss Nellie Grant is a prominent feature of the levees and receptions at the White House. She is just exactly at the age when the feathers of her wings are not quite well enough grown to admit of her flying as a woman, and yet they are far enough advanced to spoil her attractions as a child. Her costume is of the rarest and costliest kind, and she conducts herself as becomes the only daughter of a President.

An elegant woman is seen standing in the background, slender almost to fragility, arrayed in a trailing robe of black velvet. Her powdered head and Greek profile take you back to the days of Louis XIV, and you feel that Madame Pompadour or some other beauty of that period has stepped out of her picture frame and stands flesh and blood before you. This woman is Mrs. Cresswell, the accomplished wife of the Postmaster-General.

In the shadow of the crimson curtains stand the Marquis and Madame de Chambrun. The marquis is an attache of the French legation; the madame is the granddaughter of General Lafayette, and one of the most attractive women in Washington. Nature meant to make

her a blonde, but forgot herself and kept on with the bleaching process. One cannot help in contemplation wondering whether her soul is as white and transparent as the casket. She inherits her grandfather's love for republican principles. The madame has been only a short time in the country, but the marquis has been here, more or less, for quite a number of years. It is said that he is writing a history of our Republic. He has always been connected with the European press, and ranks high as a literary man at home.

Just beyond the marquis in the offing might have been seen Admiral Goldsborough, heavy and ponderous as one of his own war vessels, and carrying nobody knows how many guns. He wheezed and puffed as if there was something the matter with his machinery, but all persons present seemed unaware of danger, and no sign of an explosion or accident took place. Mrs. Goldsborough accompanied her stately husband, apparently a fitting consort in time of war or peace.

"Ad Interim" Thomas was there in the brightest of military buttons and army blue. He looked as harmless as one of the wooden guns at Manassas, and it was impossible to believe that he was the same "Ad Interim" that once shook the Republic from center to circumference. A fine looking woman clung to his arm, but whether it was Mrs. "Ad Interim," or another the writer failed to discover.

A handsome Virginia member of Congress was there who looked as if he carried the regal blood of that proud Commonwealth in his veins. He had the courtly bearing which history attributes to the Randolphs, but, fearful that he might be a carpetbagger, his name was not ascertained.

Secretary Boutwell was present, accompanied by his daughter, a good, sensible-looking New England girl, who bears the same relation to the picture made of her in

*Harper's Bazar* that any small circle does to a large one. She is her father's hope and her mother's joy, but she is not Secretary of the Treasury.

The Marine Band discoursed some very bad music, considering what is expected of what ought to be the most perfect musical organization in the country. The Marine Band has sadly deteriorated of late, and it would be well for the people in power to make excellence in this, as well as all other things, a distinction of national favor.

OLIVIA.

# OFFICIAL ETIQUETTE.

## Rules Therefor as Drawn by President Washington—The Existing Code.

Washington, *February 10, 1870.*

Originally the word "etiquette" meant a mark or title affixed to a bag or bundle denoting its contents, but in the modern acceptation of the word it is an account of ceremonies. It is a term applied to the forms which are observed toward particular persons, or in particular places, especially in courts, levees, and on public occasions.

In the beginning of the nation's life our beloved forefathers thought that all these forms which marked the distinction between classes or individuals should be done away with at the same time with all the rest of the hollow mockeries which go to make a monarchical form of government. Notwithstanding President Washington meant to practice republican simplicity at the headquarters of the nation, "courtly" ways did creep into daily social intercourse. For instance, at Mrs. Washington's receptions in both New York and Philadelphia the "first lady in the land" received precisely after the manner of Queen Charlotte's drawing-room levees. The guests were arranged standing against the walls, and the President's wife marched the rounds and said a kind word to all. When Mrs. Washington paid a morning visit, a servant or usher was sent in advance, "who rapped smartly with his knuckles on the door" and announced, "Mrs. Washington is coming."

During these chaotic, unsettled days our far-seeing Washington realized that some rules and just regulations must be formed, lest the dignity of the Republic should be found trailing in the dust. He saw that it was neces-

sary to establish a rank without violating the Constitution, which prohibits Congress and the States from granting any title of nobility. Of so much importance to the country did he consider this subject that he addressed letters to Messrs. Adams and Hamilton, asking their attention and advice upon certain points of etiquette touching the deportment of the President of the United States. After mature reflection, the three wise men, Messrs. Washington, Adams, and Hamilton, fixed upon certain rules, which were afterwards endorsed by Jefferson.

THE RULES.

In order to bring the members of society together in the first instance, the custom of the country was established that residents shall pay the first visit to strangers; and among strangers, first comers to later comers, foreign and domestic, the character of stranger ceasing after the first visit. To this rule there is a single exception—foreign ministers, from the necessity of making themselves known, pay the first visit to the Cabinet ministers of the nation, which is returned.

When brought together in society all are perfectly equal, whether foreign or domestic, titled or untitled, in or out of office. All other observances are but exemplifications of these two principles.

The families of foreign ministers arriving at the seat of Government receive the first visit from those of the national ministers as well as from all other residents.

Members of the legislature and the judiciary, independent of their offices, have a right as strangers to receive the first visit.

No title being admitted here, those of foreigners give no precedence.

Difference of grade among the diplomatic members gives no precedence.

At public ceremonies to which the Government invites the presence of foreign ministers and their families, a

convenient seat or station will be provided for them, with any other strangers invited, and the families of the national ministers, each taking place as they arrive, and without any precedence.

To maintain the principle of equality, or of *pele-mele,* and prevent the growth of precedence out of courtesy, the members of the executive will practice at their own houses and recommend an adherence to the ancient usages of the country—of gentlemen in mass giving precedence to the ladies in mass, in passing from one apartment where they are assembled into another.

From time to time these severe republican rules have been discussed and ameliorated to suit the growing aristocratic taste of the great modern American Republic.

In later years a set of rules has been adopted which is called the "Code." It is said all branches of the Government were appealed to in order to be suited, and the rules of the code were the result; but whether President Monroe or some other dignitary of those days was the author, the writer has no means of ascertaining.

## THE CODE.

*The President.*—Business calls are received at all times and hours when the President is unengaged. The morning hours are preferred. Special days and evenings are assigned each season for calls of respect,—one morning and evening a week being assigned for this purpose.

Receptions are held during the winter season, generally once a week, between 8 and 10 o'clock in the evening, at which time the guests are expected in full dress, and are presented by the usher.

The President holds public receptions on the first of January and the Fourth of July, when the diplomatic corps present themselves in court costume, and the officers of the Army and Navy in full uniform. The executive, legislative, and judicial branches of the Government are received between the hours of 11 and 12; after which

the diplomatic corps, officers of the Army and Navy, and civilians *en masse*.

The President accepts no invitations to dinner, and makes no calls or visits of ceremony; but is at liberty to visit without ceremony, at his pleasure. An invitation to dinner at the President's must be accepted in writing, and a previous engagement cannot take precedence.

The address of the Executive in conversation is Mr. President.

*The Vice-President.*—A visit from the Vice-President is due to the President on the meeting of Congress. He is entitled to the first visit from all others, which he may return by card or in person.

*The Supreme Court.*—The judges call upon the President and Vice-President, annually, upon the opening of the court, and on the first day of January.

*The Cabinet.*—Members of the President's Cabinet call upon the President on New Year's day and the Fourth of July. First calls are also due from them, by card or in person, to the Vice-President, judges of the Supreme Court, Senators, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, on the meeting of Congress.

*The Senate.*—Senators call in person on the President and Vice-President on the meeting of Congress and the first day of January; and upon the President on the Fourth of July, if Congress is in session. They also call in person or by card upon the judges of the Supreme Court and the Speaker of the House of Representatives on the meeting of Congress.

*The Speaker of the House of Representatives.*—The Speaker calls upon the President on the meeting of Congress, the first day of January, and the Fourth of July if Congress is in session. The first call is also due from him to the Vice-President on the meeting of Congress.

*The House of Representatives.*—Members of the House of Representatives call in person on the President on the first day of January, and upon the Speaker of the

House on the opening of each session. They also call, by card or in person, upon the President on the Fourth of July, if Congress is in session, and upon the President, Vice-President, judges of the Supreme Court, Cabinet officers, Senators, Speaker of the House, and foreign ministers, soon after the opening of each session of Congress.

*Foreign ministers.*—The diplomatic corps call upon the President on the first day of January, and upon the Vice-President, Cabinet officers, judges of the Supreme Court, Senators, and Speaker of the House, by card or in person, on the first opportunity after presenting their credentials to the President. They also make an annual call of ceremony, by card or in person, upon the Vice-President, judges of the Supreme Court, Senators, and Speaker of the House, soon after the meeting of Congress.

*The Court of Claims.*—The judges of the Court of Claims call in person upon the President on the first of January and the Fourth of July. They also make first visits to the Cabinet officers and diplomatic corps, and call by card or in person upon the judges of the Supreme Court, Senators, Speaker, and members of the House, soon after the meeting of Congress.

*The families of officials.*—The rules which govern officials are also applicable to their families in determining the conduct of social intercourse.

The above code answers the same purpose to social life in Washington that the Constitution does to the whole country. So long as those engaged in the controversy stick to it they are safe. The moment they leave it they are adrift. At present a severe war is waging between the Senators and Supreme Judges. We beg the pardon of these sensible men; we mean their families have armed themselves cap-a-pie, and a great smoke is ascending from the battlefield. The wives of the Senators claim that the Senate created the Supreme Judges, and, to use the words

of one of the brightest leading Senators, "Should the creature outrank its creator?" The Supreme Judge is made by the Senator, and if he is guilty of misdemeanor, he is tried by the Senate, and if found guilty, is deposed from his high office by the same. But once let a man get to be a Supreme Judge, and he stands as firm on the pinnacle to which he has been raised as the rock of ages on the bed of eternity.

Then it is claimed that all those who stand in the direct line of succession to the President outrank all the others. Our wise forefathers meant that our Government should never fall to pieces for the want of a "head." So, if our military chieftain should go off like one of his own cannons, we should still have our precious Schuyler. If Vice-President Colfax should be snatched away from the evil to come, we should have to comfort ourselves with Speaker Blaine. Alas! alas! if he should fall like the smart rap of his own gavel, Chief Justice Chase would be left on our hands, and death could get no farther.

The "Code" says—and, by the way, it is just as good as the Constitution—that the Cabinet shall make first calls on the Vice-President, Supreme Judges, Senators, and Speaker of the House, but General Grant has taken these favored darlings to his bosom and allows them to do just as they please. He says: "The Cabinet is a part of my family; I want them looked upon as such." So when the Supreme Judges, with Chief Justice Chase at their head, went to pay their respects to the President, on last New Year's day, they found the President surrounded by his Cabinet, and these haughty men were obliged to bow the knee. Now, there is nothing in nature so free from the elastic qualities as the spine of a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. As soon as time would allow, Chief Justice Chase addressed a letter to the Chief Magistrate, protesting against such unheard of and altogether unusual proceedings; but Ulysses smoked his cigar whilst he dictated one of those masterly papers of diplomacy,

and the military secretary saw that it was safely delivered, and nothing more has been heard of it from that day to this.

The "Code" also says that the President accepts no invitation to dinner. This has heretofore been the custom, not because the President was a man, but because the man was a President, and, therefore, it was necessary to give no citizen cause for complaint, for if the President dines with one neighbor, why not with another? Besides, there are millions who would be glad to share their crust with this man. Ulysses S. Grant proves to the world that he is not above being a man because he has been elected President, and that he has no objection to going out to dinner, provided the viands be substantial and all the beverages pure. But let it be understood, the President does not scatter the bright light of his countenance indiscriminately, for only certain aristocratic dwellings are honored at dinner time by the presence of power.

Two receptions are held at the White House weekly,—one in the daytime, the other in the evening. The first is held on Tuesday, and is called in the newspapers "Mrs. Grant's reception." It is held on one of the Cabinet days, and, after the Cabinet consultation is over, the President descends to the Blue Room and aids Mrs. Grant in her arduous undertaking. Heretofore every President's wife has received by herself, unless some guest happened to be stopping temporarily at the mansion. Mrs. Grant, however, has inaugurated a new order of things. Several women, usually the wives of some of the members of the Cabinet or of the Senators, are invited to the White House to lunch, and afterwards are detained to help do the pleasing work. Imagine a room of blue and gold, satin and ebony, where art, to carry out everything, has not only drawn inspiration from the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," but at the same time has exhausted itself. Then picture our simple American dames, in costume that vies with Victoria's and Eugenie's on drawing-room

days, each in her appointed place, at the right or the left of the "first lady in the land," we trow no finer picture of a queen, surrounded by her "maids of honor," can be found in any monarchy on the face of the globe. These dainty receptions are advertised in the *Chronicle* to begin at 2 o'clock p. m., but alas! alas! it has happened to our positive knowledge that whilst these dames were lingering over the Presidential lunch table 2 o'clock has come and gone, and in the meantime exasperated American women have doubled their pretty little gloved fist in the East Room, and some have whisked out of the mansion without stopping to pay their respects to the "first lady of the land." In the name of the masses of the people we ask, can our officials of to-day afford to depart from that simple republican platform of etiquette laid down by the immortal Washington? Can our public men, temporarily in power, safely divorce themselves from that later code laid down by general fitness and substantial common sense?

Whither are we drifting, in a social, republican point of view, when a Senator's wife tosses her head and says: "Would you think it possible that the wife of a member has had the impertinence to ask me to come and spend an evening socially with her?" To a spectator, looking on this small society side-show, it seems all the more ridiculous, as the Senator-husband is so small that he is scarcely ever heard of either in the country or the Senate, whilst the member in dispute has a fame like the flag of our country.

To a neat little volume, called "Philip's Washington Described," we are indebted for a copy of the "Rules" as laid down by General Washington, as well as the "Code," which was meant to be a new edition of the "Rules," revised and corrected.

OLIVIA.

## GENERAL PHIL SHERIDAN.

### The Handsome Warrior Graces the Speaker's Reception.

Washington, *February 14, 1870.*

Never since the inauguration of our Republic has social life in Washington assumed such brilliant hues as during the present winter. With the departure of the Democratic dynasty, and the disappearance of the Southern queens of society, it has been thought that the sunshine of the "Republican court" would go out forever. But the extravagant magnificence of to-day eclipses all former years; and if Mrs. Slidell or Mrs. Crittenden should revisit the haunts of their former triumphs they would find the social kingdom in stronger hands than their own. If the Southern woman ruled as queen, the haughty Northerner sways the sceptre of an empress. The Southern queen pointed to her slaves; the empress of to-day wears a coronet of diamonds, and only death can set her bondmen free.

Reception, ball, dinner, sociable—which shall be described first? The Prince's ball darted across the social sky like a meteor. It has come and gone, and Washington's fashionable women still survive. The New York *Tribune* says that one young lady refused to dance with the Prince because she invariably declined all round-dances. Then she refused to be his partner in a quadrille, because it would keep dear papa and mama later than they had decided to stay. All this sounds very nice in the newspapers, only it is a pretty fib and counterfeit and should never pass for the genuine.

The President's levee and the Speaker's reception bear a strong resemblance to each other. Everybody is ad-

mitted to Speaker Blaine's the same as the Executive Mansion. All the great men are there except the President, and all the pretty girls, in their best clothes, are cast up on this fashionable beach by the social waves of the people. If there is one sight in this wicked world, more pitiful than another, it is to see a poor widow's daughter, or an innocent young Treasury employee in her simple robes of muslin, apparently raised for a brief time to the social platform of wealth and power. In no place on the face of the globe can the two opposite social elements come together as at a President's levee or a Speaker's reception. Wealth is pitted against poverty; strength against weakness, and the result sometimes is brought forth in a fruit more deceitful, bitter, and dusty than the apples of the Dead Sea.

It is the night of the Speaker's social reunion. Carriages draw up before the handsome imitation brownstone residence. These vehicles deposit the precious perfumed darlings—the aristocracy—the cream of society. Gay cavaliers dance attendance on these flounced, frizzled, bejeweled butterflies. These cavaliers generally wear hats and overcoats which look as if they had been borrowed from the old-clothes man, or purchased at a bargain at the second-hand store hard by; but as no better place on the earth can be found for losing one's outside wrappings than these levees and receptions, the men show their good sense by going prepared. The cars are freighted to overflowing. The ambitious young mechanic takes his young sweetheart on his arm and pays his respects to the Speaker. The suite of parlors at the brown mansion are on the first floor, and through the broad open doors, all newcomers can be inspected as they march to an upper story to be divested of wrappings, and it is quite as unsafe to judge what is beneath the ugly waterproofs as to guess what is under the caterpillar's skin. Mirrors are provided in the dressing-room, where jaded maid and faded matrons can assist nature to carry out her most

pressing needs. Boxes of pearl powder, brushes, combs, pins, dressing-maid are convenient, and if the last finishing touch of the toilet is omitted, the lady of the mansion is not to blame. It must be mentioned, however, that it is only the silk that powders in public; muslin and merino are the spectators in the scene.

"Belle, don't you think one of my eyebrows is a little blacker than the other?"

"Yes; I think they both need touching up."

"Too late now! Why didn't you tell me before we left home? There, take up my handkerchief and rub it off."

Pretty little white-gloved hand goes through with the daintiest manipulations, and the two eyebrows come out like Bonner's fast team. Out of the dressing-room, down the tufted stairs that smother footsteps. There is something frightful about a human habitation where no footfall is ever heard. The eye is a glorious organ, but the ear is the better friend. You enter the first parlor, which is the beginning of the three *en suite*. It is elegantly furnished in exquisite taste. One of Bierstadt's Rocky Mountain pictures has a conspicuous place on the wall. A Beatrice Cenci, in its voluptuous beauty, suspended in another place, takes you back to old sensual Rome, whilst a miniature world swings on its axis in a friendly corner in a second room, with plenty of books to keep it company.

Near the hall door of the first parlor stands the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and by his side may be seen his wife. If it is right to judge by personal appearance, they seem excellently matched. Speaker Blaine is a handsome man in every sense of the word. There is just about the right amount of material used in his construction, and, as a general thing, it has been put in the proper place. He has a large kindly eye that would not do to look into for any great length of time, for the same reason that gazing into the sea is apt to make one sick. All his other features have been arranged artistically to

match his Oriental eyes, and his form is as straight and symmetrical as a Maine pine tree. He shakes hands with his numerous countrymen with a vigor, and if he did hold on an instant longer than it was necessary to the little kid-gloved digits of the New York *World's* correspondent, it only proved that he was mortal like poor Adam, and that he was willing to touch any amount of evil for a woman's sake.

Mrs. Blaine stood beside her husband with something brighter and better than mere physical beauty in her face. Few if any women at the capital have a stronger countenance, and yet it is sweet and womanly. Everything about her is toned down to softest neutral tints. If she calls forth no thrill of admiration, she awakens no spirit of criticism. There are some colors in nature that are particularly grateful to the eye. There are some women in the same sense that are particularly grateful to all the senses. Their presence breathes repose. When you get near them your mind takes off its armor, draws in its pickets, and prepares to go into winter quarters. Mrs. Blaine's superb taste may be seen in her elegant, well appointed home, in the world-renowned behavior of her husband, and just as he fills his most honored position, with dignified grace, she fills another still higher—that of the American matron at home.

Most noticeable of all the distinguished men who hover around the Speaker is General Phil Sheridan. In an instant you perceive that he is carved out of material from which Presidents ought to be made. Judging from memory, he seems no taller than the late Stephen A. Douglas, and in the same sense that Mr. Douglas was called the "Little Giant," General Sheridan impresses you with the awful attribute of power. He has uncommonly broad shoulders for his height, and an eye like the American eagle's. As if to carry out this picture, the country knows that he is a solitary bird, without even a mate to share his lone eyrie in wicked Chicago, and if matters do

not mend in this direction it would be well for the people to take this most interesting situation into their own hands, and at the same time put a man in his place who will not retreat in the face of the feminine foe.

A tropical exotic is seen in a distant corner. It is young Lopez, the son of the Dictator of Paraguay. "Shirley Dare," a woman of taste, says, he is "handsome." To our eyes he is distinguished looking, nothing more. That peculiar flame born of mixed blood burns under his swarthy skin; it flushes his cheek, reddens his lips, and shines in his eyes with the cold glitter of black diamonds. You picture him swinging in his hammock under South American skies, and yet it is well to remember that he has not been in his native country for eight years, and the probability is, if he should return, his father would see in him a formidable rival, and in that case he would share the fate of all his illustrious relatives.

Colonel Parker, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, was there with his white wife. It will be remembered that Colonel Parker belongs to the Indian tribe known as the "Six Nations." It is said that he comes from mixed blood. If this is the case, the Indian was put on the outside, and the white blood was kept for the lining. He looks as much like an Indian as President Grant looks like a white man, and he is a very good representative of his race. His wife is fair, standing beside him, and attracts attention because she has broken a law; but why should she be received in society for the same reason that puts the poor Irish washerwoman, who links her fate with another race, beyond the pale of association, only the newspapers can answer.

As yet no half breeds have made their appearance, which proves there is a destiny which has something to do with shaping our ends.

For the reason that the card receptions of Secretary Fish are held the same evening, many of the ladies of

the foreign legations pay their respects to the Speaker and his wife before going to the mansion of the Secretary of State. Whilst the toilette of the American woman is quite as costly, it cannot be said to be as elaborate and far fetched as that of the European sisters. The dresses of these foreigners are usually made up of trimmings. The eye is bewildered and lost in the multiplicity of flounces, fringes, laces, ribbons, and all those things which, in moderation, ought to be dear to every woman's heart. The stylish daughters of Baron Gerolt, the Prussian minister, were there, and their costumes must have been perfect according to the European standard. The whole upper surface of their pretty little heads was turned into a flower garden; rosebuds were planted around the edges, and full blown roses blossomed in the center whilst long shoots and tendrils clung to their chignons as ivy nestles up to a damp wall. Their dresses were composed of that peculiar tint of silk called "ashes of roses," and the fringes and satin trimmings were deep rose pink. Oh, the weary, weary labor of making these butterfly wardrobes, and these dresses were made by hand! No sewing machine had been used in the production. The tiny short sleeves were put together like patchwork, and between each tiny piece of silk was a satin cord. There was just the same proportion of human work on the long trained skirts, on the little fractional waists; and yet these extravagant toilettes, worn by these daughters of so-called lineage, only proved that in matters of dress there is such a thing as gilding refined gold and painting the rose, but this kind of work is always attended with the same consequences.

A literary woman connected with the *Rural New Yorker* was present, and dazzled the beholders with her handsome face, lemon-colored silk, and black lace. A sweeter face scarcely ever looks out of a picture; but alas! alas! why did she not put herself into the hands of some stylish modiste, and yield the point as gracefully

as a literary woman knows how? There is nothing so damaging to a woman's toilet as to begin a certain style and not have the stamina or force of mind to carry it out. What is worse than a weak decoction of anything? If a woman decides to adopt "Pompadour" it must be completion to the last, else all is sacrificed. The reason that literary women sometimes fail in matters of taste in dress is because they do not give sufficient attention to the subject. The perfect arrangement of a woman's costume is one of the fine arts as much as carving a statue, painting a picture, or writing an exquisite newspaper article. OLIVIA.

## MIDWINTER SOCIETY.

### How the Cabinet Ladies Conduct Their Several Functions.

Washington, *February 15, 1870.*

Midway between a President's levee and a private entertainment lies the social ground occupied by the card reception. It is semi-official in its character, because public position has much to do with general invitations extended to the guests. It does not necessarily follow that calls must have been exchanged between any of the parties in the contest. A man is invited because he is a Senator, head of a bureau, or an upper clerk in either branch of Congress. At the same time each Cabinet minister means to look after the social interests of his own State by gathering under his hospitable wings as many of its citizens stopping in Washington as his mansion will possibly admit, estimated by cubic measure.

Since the beginning of the social season four out of the seven Cabinet ministers have issued cards for three receptions each. These include Secretaries Fish, Belknap, Cox, and Postmaster-General Cresswell. The receptions held at the magnificent mansion of the Secretary of State have been simply a continuation of those elegant entertainments for which his distant home was celebrated when he was a citizen in private life. Only a man of great wealth can afford to be an American "Premier." All the foreign legations are gathered around his liberal American hearth, and is it not most consoling to our national pride to remember that it is broad and generous in every sense of the word? Yet why our open-handed countryman should be obliged to spend his private means

to keep up the dignity of the Republic only the people through their representatives can answer.

Elegantly unostentatious have been the receptions held at the handsome residence of the three remaining ministers. In either case no effort has been made of display. It would seem that these Secretaries have a just appreciation of the social bearings of their positions, and yet realize, with Mr. Dawes, that, in the face of the financial peril of the country, frugality and economy should be the order of the day.

The great reception triumph of the season has been held at the historic Seward mansion, at present the home of the Secretary of War. Outside of the public buildings no house in Washington is so memorable in associations as this plain, unpretending pile of brick and mortar. It is broad, old-fashioned, with rooms extending far back, and everything about it reminds one of the good old days of one's grandfather, and its severe simplicity is as refreshing as pure air when compared with the sensuous gingerbread work of the luxurious modern mansion.

The reception of the War Secretary and his accomplished wife was honored by the President of the United States, accompanied by the well-known Dent family. The newspapers have much to say about the "Dents;" but a close inspection of their everyday lives, as well as their antecedents, proves that our Chief Magistrate might have fallen into much worse hands. It is true they are numerous; but, as they did not make themselves, this sin must be laid at another door. Besides, are they to blame because a President happened to drop into their nest? Is there a man or woman in the country with stamina enough to keep them modest if they had a brother-in-law more potent than any king? Besides, these dozen or more brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law are exceedingly well behaved, considering the excellent opportunities which might be turned to mischief. A member of the Dent family has never been known to be

connected with the gold ring; has never been summoned before a Congressional committee. It is true, they like to snuggle under the warm wing of the President; but are not the great arms of the nation long enough to embrace the whole brood?

Up the very stairs that once echoed to the footsteps of the assassin Paine poured a stream of life composed of the creme de la creme of the national capital. Members of the foreign legations, with their ladies, were there; and this is unusual, as many of these haughty foreigners are seldom or never seen in Washington society except at the mansion of the Secretary of State. The Cabinet, Supreme Bench, Senate, House of Representatives, distinguished members of the press, were present; and, to give additional brilliancy to the scene, the Army and Navy were largely represented, glittering in blue broadcloth and the usual golden trappings.

At the entrance of the first parlor stood the Secretary of War; at his right hand might have been seen his fair young wife. With all due respect to secrecy, it is whispered that Secretary Belknap is just a shade handsomer than any other man in the Cabinet.

His exterior surface indicates the pure Saxon, and his eyes are the color of that deep blue liquid which is obtained by dissolving indigo in sulphuric acid. He had the true soldier's form, which is tall, broad, and deep, and his voice is as mellow as an organ's. His step has a ring when his foot touches the pavement, and his hand has the true grip, whether it hauls a rebel colonel over the earthworks on the battlefield, or touches the dainty finger-tips of a woman. It is said that Secretary Belknap has a warm place in the Chief Magistrate's heart, which proves that the feminine element does not enter into the construction of a President. General Belknap is a warrior by inheritance as well as by practice, for ever since the beginning of the Republic the long line of Belknaps have taken up arms in defense of their country.

The fine young face of Mrs. Belknap, as she receives the host of dignitaries who have come to pay their respects to the great war power represented by her husband, is just as refreshing as pure water at the hillside. The bride of a year, a newcomer to the capital, she has not had time to be spoiled by adulation. The genuine, kind ways of private life she bears unspotted to her high social position, and the graceful manners which she brings with her from her Kentucky home remind us of the days of Mrs. Crittenden, when the distinguished women of that State were the fixed stars of society in Washington. Mrs. Belknap wore upon this occasion the same superb dress which graced the Prince's ball, which proves that she does not intend to imitate those extravagant women who will not be seen twice in the same toilette. If this independent trait in her character lessens her in the opinion of her feminine peers, let us hasten to tell her how much it endears her to the people. Mrs. Belknap shares the honors of beauty with Mrs. Cresswell in the Cabinet.

Just beyond the War Secretary stood the President, with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Sharp, at his side. Marshal Sharp might have been in the vicinity, but as he is only a Dent by marriage, his presence or absence need not be noted. The President brought with him the same "killing eye" which the New York *World* so vividly described, yet another Dent sunned himself in its beams without the least sign of damage. Mrs. Grant remained at home, owing to indisposition, but Mrs. Sharp performed her part with exceeding grace and good nature. She wore a handsome blue silk dress, almost devoid of trimmings, with an elegant point lace shawl, and pearl jewelry. Mrs. Sharp is not noticeable for beauty or the want of it. She has the average face of American women, and her friends speak of her in the highest terms of praise.

Secretary and Mrs. Fish were seen not very far removed from the Presidential party. If Mr. Fish was not

the Secretary of the State, we should call him jolly. He looks as if he breakfasts on reed birds, dines on terrapin, and floats his life barge on rivers of champagne. Oh! the dainties, the flavors, the sweets that go to make up this genial and generous man. In contemplating him, one realizes that it would not be so very bad to be a South Sea Islander or an innocent Feejee. It must be because he is so palatable in personal appearance that he makes such an admirable Secretary of State. How delicately he has manipulated our complicated Spanish and Cuban affairs! how discreetly he manages the *Alabama* claims! It is said, "There are as good fish in the sea as were ever caught." Secretary Fish, with the official hook in his mouth lives to fling the truth in the face of the old adage.

Mrs. Fish—ah! where shall words be found to describe the woman that awakens that exalted sentiment, and makes one long to call her mother or some other endearing name? She has an intellectual countenance, noble enough to belong to a nun. Mrs. Fish has the mind, heart, and manners to grace the White House, and no greater compliment can be paid to an American woman.

In the vicinity of Mrs. Fish might have been seen standing many of the members of the foreign legations. Most noticeable were the ponderous daughters of the Peruvian minister, Colonel Don Manuel Freyre. The weight of these South American damsels reaches far into the hundreds. It is well for the country that Barnum has been lost in the Mammoth Cave else our relations with distant countries might become hopelessly entangled. Considering how densely humanity was packed in the parlors of the war mansion, these elephantine beauties might have created a panic had a tramp or a promenade become necessary, but, fortunately for life and limb, this was not undertaken, and no accident occurred to mar the festivity of the scene. These accomplished South American ladies are considered great beauties in their country,

for in the land of the Incas superabundant flesh is not considered in the way.

In a picturesque attitude, leaning against a doorway, might have been seen Mary Clemmer Ames, of the New York *Independent.* Aggressive literary labor begins to work its way in tiny little grooves and daintiest of channels on her poetical face. Mrs. Ames has written some very fair poetry, which she is well aware of, and it has raised her to that sublimatic height to which common mortals seldom or never attain. Her costume was a credit to the New York *Independent,* for nothing more elaborate was to be seen in the rooms. To prove to the world that literary women do know how to dress it is necessary to describe this star of the first magnitude. Mrs. Ames appeared at the reception of the gallant War Secretary in purest white silk, en train, surmounted by a heavy pink satin overskirt. This overskirt arrangement was the crowning triumph of her superb toilette. This upper skirt was scalloped, paniered, and squared with mathematical exactness, and rounded with poetic measures. It was lifted up at the proper corners; at the same time it floated free in Greek outlines after the manner of ancient drapery. Nothing that an elegant pink satin overskirt could do for a poetess was left undone. It might be said that this rose-colored cloud had accomplished its destiny, and ought henceforth to be spirited to the Milky Way, there to shine in starry glory forever, a warning to all those common mortals who have a way of stretching their mouths every time they see a first-class literary woman prepared for the altar of a social occasion. Mary Clemmer Ames takes to rosebuds. Isn't this surest evidence of the poetic talent? Rosebuds have stirred up more genius than all the cabbages which have been raised since the world began. A masculine biped hovered in the vicinity of Mrs. Ames, but as it was plain that he was no poet, a description of his person is omitted.

In another parlor were to be seen a galaxy of diamonds, with Mrs. Fernando Wood attached to the back of them. The writer has never seen so many handsome gems assembled, except on the person of Madame Bodisco, who used to wear the Russian family jewels at Washington. A necklace of great value sparkled at her throat, great clusters gleamed in her hair, her handsome arms were manacled with the same, but she did not seem to mind being a prisoner, for when her jailor appeared in the person of the Hon. Fernando, she took his arm just the same as if he were like other men.

The Hon. Samuel Hooper, of Massachusetts, was there, the finest wintry picture on the floor. After the same manner of the Secretary of State, he looks as if the earth loved him and had brought him the choicest offerings in her power. The sunshine of life has mellowed his character. Altogether he is a New England elm, around which the ivy of youth and affection loves to twine. Few men have so many strong friends as Mr. Hooper, and none can be found in public life less harassed by enemies.

For hours this distinguished sea of humanity whirled and surged through the mansion. Waiters managed, by some secret known only to themselves, to wedge their way through the dense throng and refresh the guests with cakes and ices. A room was provided where coffee and chocolate were served, but no costly wine or any other beverage that intoxicates was seen at the reception of the Secretary of War.

A glowering night prepared itself for the reception of the Postmaster-General. It rained, but as this part of the program concerned nobody but the hackmen and the horses, and as no Professor Bergh was present to look after the trials of his four-footed friends, the reception came off with additional glory reflected from the dark surroundings. In the midst of the pelting rain the carriages drew up before the handsome residence of the Postmaster-General, in the most fashionable quarter of

the West End. Matting or drugget was laid outwardly from the mansion. A policeman opened the door of your carriage and held an extensive umbrella over your head while you found your way into the entrance. That short walk was the most impressive part of the evening's entertainment. A cloud darker than the heavens above lined either side of the open space. It was reflected from the dense crowd of colored people who had collected to inspect the guests, who for a moment were visible as they passed from the carriage to the mansion. This crowd of boys, girls and men seemed as indifferent to the pelting rain as the dumb creatures which nature clothes in her own curious fashion. Once within the vestibule, we had light and music, celebrated men and brave women. In the usual place at the entrance of the first parlor might have been seen the Postmaster-General, and not far removed his accomplished wife. The Postmaster-General has a commanding person, a broad, towering brow, and underneath it a pair of opal eyes which burn and glow with the usual brilliancy of that exquisite gem. The lower part of his face denotes aggressive power, as well as that unmistakable pertinacity so necessary in a public man. He has set his face against the franking privilege, and the chances are that the Postmaster-General will win. No man in the United States has been so tortured with applications for office; and if he had the photographs of all the women who have applied to him for postoffices, and they were all laid in a row, single file, they would reach from Maine almost to California. Considering Postmaster-General Cresswell's troubles, he is the most remarkably well preserved man in Washington.

Mrs. Creswell is handsome, as well as one of the most graceful women at the capital. Since the absence of Mrs. Senator Sprague from fashionable society, if she must have a successor, Mrs. Creswell seems the most available candidate for the vacant place. As an example of her

exquisite taste she wore black velvet the evening of her reception, and no toilet is so "perfect at home."

There seemed to be no end to the rooms in this modern mansion. In one place a soothing weed was prepared for the lords of creation, where they could steep themselves in smoke if they felt it to be desirable. In another chocolate and coffee were dispensed in dainty little cups that must have been imported from Constantinople. In the coffee-room might have been seen the genteel Montgomery Blair. He had a certain calm look of resignation on his face, sphinx-like in the extreme, as if he had the strength to bide the time of half a dozen administrations, if it was necessary, before the right one would "turn up" for the Blair family. Ex-Secretary McCulloch was also in the chocolate-room, surrounded by a bevy of pretty girls; but his associates were no better than he deserved, for a better, kinder-hearted man is hard to find. Another room was devoted to sandwiches, cakes, and ices. In a corner of this room was seen an immense punch-bowl, in which miniature icebergs were grating their sides. This punch-bowl contained lemonade colored with claret. An old lady whose veracity can be trusted, said there was just enough claret introduced in it to counteract dreadful effects of the ice and the acid in the beverage; that one could drink a dozen glasses without the least painful effect. At any rate, great quantities of this purple fluid disappeared, and no serious mischief followed.

Conspicuous among the hundreds of elegant women present was "Shirley Dare," the Washington correspondent of the New York *World*. She was robed in blue satin, which was extremely becoming to her refined face, milky complexion, and amber-tinted hair. Her dress throughout was *comme il faut* as one of her own fashion letters, and among all the literary women who shine at the capital she is the one whom the writer feels most like grasping by the hand. She is the true woman journalist,

who accepts the situation, and is willing to fight the battle of life on the woman's platform. She believes that in our so-called weakness lies our strength, and that if women are only a mind to wake up and go to work, the men will never put down the brakes. The New York *World* has sent her here upon as delicate and difficult a mission as the females of olden times undertook when they were sent out by their sovereigns to distant courts to take charge of certain branches of diplomacy. The *World* ought to have provided the wardrobe, the carriage, jewels, and other important et ceteras to match, and afterwards give her a duchy when she returns to New York covered with scars and glory. A masculine reporter can slip unnoticed through the mazes of society; not so with a woman. She must be able to bear inspection. She must be prepared for any fate. What does a man know about society after he has bathed in it? He is unable to write a respectable society article. The great New York dailies have tried man after man at the capital, and have finally concluded there are some things which men cannot do. The newspapers now, in some directions, acknowledge the supremacy of woman.

Gen. Fitz Henry Warren, late minister to Guatemala, was present, accompanied by his accomplished wife. Mrs. Warren is a kind of periodical star in Washington society. A few years ago, when her husband was Assistant Postmaster-General, she was one of the noticeable women of the capital. She reappears again, bringing the graceful manners of the old regime, to which is added that rare cultivation acquired only by residence abroad, and the best gifts garnered in the passing years. Very few American women have remarkable inclinations for intellectual pursuits, but Mrs. Warren is found among the number.

Wending his way daintily, avoiding the long silken trains as if they concealed serpents and scorpions, was seen handsome Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin. Oh!

that this letter had not reached such a prodigious length, so that an inventory of his attractions might be made public! Let it be summed up that he is everything he should be and very little that he should not be. Few if any of the men at the reception had a finer presence. Colonel John W. Forney was there also. It was impossible to find out whether he was made for the reception, or the reception was made for him. At any rate, the fit was excellent; but the same reason that prevents a description of Senator Carpenter prohibits dwelling upon this specimen of his kind, and these two last difficult subjects must be laid, for the time, on the table.

OLIVIA.

## PROFESSOR MELAH.

### The Functionary in Charge of State Dinners at the White House.

Washington, *March 8, 1870.*

With the termination of the present week we have the last state dinner at the White House. That event probably marks the close of the fashionable season. With the New Year these dinners are inaugurated, and every Wednesday of each week the President is expected to entertain a given number of Senators and Members. Thirty-six persons only can be seated in the banqueting hall of the Executive Mansion, consequently it is impossible that all the people's representatives, during one season, shall have the honor of crossing their feet under the national mahogany. If the President would follow the custom of other nations, and invite only men to these official banquets, it would happen that all, or nearly all, of our Congressmen would be thus honored yearly. But the fairer portion of creation is mixed ingeniously in these highly important state matters. Consequently the same number of public men are obliged to dine elsewhere. In the infancy of the Republic the President had time to bestow upon his guests, as well as plenty of room, to entertain the nation's limited number of Congressmen. In those days women were necessary to fill up the chinks of conversation; at the same time no public man was left out in the cold for a whole year because his seat was taken. It has now become a matter of great delicacy to choose who shall be invited to the White House, and who shall not; but no President has given less offence than the present Executive. It is, however, only amongst the

women, who are the social rulers at the capital, that any feeling is expressed, for the Congressmen who declare state dinners to be "bores," and those who escape the trial, consider themselves fortunate.

The "state dining-room" at the White House is a handsome apartment. A long table, rounded at the ends, extends through the middle of it, at which thirty-six can be comfortably seated. There is plenty of room besides for the servants to perform their duties admirably. New mirrors and chandeliers have been added since the administration of President Grant, but the carpets, upholstering, and papering have descended from Johnson's regime. The exquisite taste of Martha Patterson is seen on the daintily tinted walls, the figures of the carpet so nicely adjusted to the size of the room, the dark green satin damask at the windows, and the quaint chairs, under her supervision, arranged to match. A clock as ancient as the days of Madison adorns one of the marble mantels, whilst a pair of hydra-headed candlesticks, grim with age, descended from nobody knows whose brief reign, grace the other. With the exception of a pair of modern mahogany sideboards, the furniture seems to have belonged to the eras of Washington or Jefferson, it is so solid and sombre. The White House was modeled after the palace of the Duke of Leister, and the state dining-room, more than any other part of the building, is suggestive of a baronial hall. But if there is one thing more than another from which the state dining-room suffers it is from a dearth of silver. "Steward Melah," the silver-voiced Italian whom the Government employs to look after this part of its business, actually wrings his hands with terror and dismay when he "sets" the table for state occasions. "Why, madame," says Melah, "there isn't enough silver in the White House to set a respectable free-lunch table." Now, the incomparable Melah has been steward at the Everett House, Boston, the Astor, New York, the Stetson at Long Branch, the St. Charles,

New Orleans, and having served in these first-class capacities it may be possible that his ideas are too exalted for the same kind of work in the White House. It must be remembered that all these state dinners are paid for out of the President's private purse. The President, however, had put this delicate matter into Steward Melah's hands, and the Italian "gets up" a dinner according to the quality of the guests. These dinners cost from three to fifteen hundred dollars, though the average cost is about seven hundred. The state dinner of which Prince Arthur had the honor of partaking was composed of nine courses, and cost fifteen hundred dollars; but it is only when royalty is to be entertained that these feasts assume such costly proportions. This modest sum does not include the wine and other beverages, for these come under a separate "item." In no other administration has the Government appointed a man to spend the President's money. Heretofore the "ladies of the White House" have looked after this part of the official business, and it will at once be seen what frugality is necessary in order to make both ends of the Presidential year meet; but no man during the existence of the Republic has ever been the recipient of so many costly gifts as the Executive, and he reflects honor in return by his unexampled and reciprocal generosity.

A rare work of art adorns the center of the long table in the state dining-room. It is several feet long, and perhaps two feet wide, and is composed of gilt and looking-glass. The foundation is a long mirror, and this is beached by a perpendicular shore three inches in height, but of no appreciable thickness. Little fern-like upheavings may be seen rising out of the tawdry gilt at equal distances apart, and these are used as receptacles for natural flowers. But, lest the guests should look into this mirror, and see each other's faces reflected, at moments, too, when the human mouth assumes anything but poetic proportions, large vases of flowers are strewn on its

glassy surface, and the mischief of the mirror is nipped in the bud. The ornament is not merely ornamental; it is useful. It answers the very purpose to help out a social ambuscade, for it can be so arranged as to hide the President from any guest from whose presence he is suffering, whether the said person comes under the head of enemy or friend. Conversation at a state dinner cannot be general. Each guest must depend upon his own neighborhood. The quality of the conversation depends entirely upon the kind of people who manufacture it. Mike Walsh terrified Mrs. Franklin Pierce at a state dinner by talking about "going a fishing on Sunday." A modern Congressman filled up the official time between each mouthful by telling his next lady the exact things which his palate craved. He didn't like "French dishes" but he was "fond of pork and beans, as well as ice-cream and canned peaches." No doubt the word "Jenkins" will be flung at your correspondent for these social criticisms; but gentleman is the highest term which can be applied to a politician, and the people have just as much right to a description of an official dinner as any other public event, especially when the Government employs a public functionary in the person of Steward Melah to see the dignity of the nation carried to the perfection point.

Once upon a time an accomplished young American woman had the honor to dine with the Czar of all the Russias. During the royal entertainment a plate of delicious grapes was passed around. It is true the young lady saw the golden knife which rested on the side of the basket, but as the fruit came to her first she had no way of learning its use; so she did just as she would have done in America—she reached out her dainty fingers and lifted from the dish a whole stem of grapes. What was her consternation to see the next person, as well as all the other guests, take the golden knife and sever a single grape each, and transfer it to their plates. Had a young Russian lady in this country helped herself to a whole

chicken the error would have been precisely the same. It is true the young woman committed no crime, but her feelings and those of her friends would have been spared had she learned the etiquette of royal tables before she became an Emperor's guest.

A man who will go to a state dinner, eat with his knife, and remain ignorant of the use of his finger bowl, should be expelled from Congress, and ever afterwards be prohibited from holding any place of trust under the Government. Who does not long for the good old "courtly" days of Hamilton and Jefferson? The writer of this letter has once during the winter had the supreme honor of seeing a gentleman of the old school hand a lady to her carriage. Oh! that an artist had been on the spot to photograph this noble picture. The old man stood with hat uplifted; his right hand touched the tips of the lady's fingers; the wind played with the scanty locks of his uncovered head, and there was a dignity and purity about his movements that reminded one of the out-door service when the preacher says "ashes to ashes." The superb manners of the aged gentleman could only be felt; they cannot be described.

It is the evening of the President's state dinner. The guests are not only invited, but expected to be punctually in their places at 7 o'clock p. m. President and Mrs. Grant are already in the Red Room waiting the company. The ladies have disrobed themselves of outer wrappings, and, like graceful swans, they sail slowly into the presence. Mrs. Grant is in full evening dress—jewels, laces, and all the et ceteras to match. Her lady guests are attired as handsomely as herself, and the gentlemen are expected to wear black swallow-tail coats and white neckties.

President Grant leads the way with the wife of the oldest Senator present on his arm—not the oldest Senator in years but the one who has enjoyed the longest term of office. The President is followed by the other guests,

whilst Mrs. Grant, assisted by the husband of the woman who honors the President by her exclusive attention, brings up the rear, and after a slight confusion the guests are comfortably seated.

When no parson is present the divine blessing is omitted, unless it be the Quaker thankfulness—the silence of the heart. In the beginning of the feast fruit, flowers, and sweetmeats grace the table, whilst bread and butter only give a Spartan simplicity to the "first course," which is composed of a French vegetable soup, and according to the description by those who have tasted it, no soup, foreign or domestic, has ever been known to equal it. It is said to be a little smoother than peacock's brains, but not quite so exquisitely flavored as a dish of nightingale's tongues, and yet "Professor Melah" is the only man in the nation who holds in his hands the recipe for this aristocratic stew.

The ambrosial soup is followed by a French croquet of meat. Four admirably trained servants remove the plates between each course, and their motions are as perfect as clockwork. These servants are clad in garments of faultless cut, which serve to heighten to the last degree their sable complexion. White kid gloves add the finishing touch to this part of the entertainment. The third "course" of the dinner is composed of a fillet of beef, flanked on each side by potatoes the size of a walnut, with plenty of mushrooms to keep them company. The next course is dainty in the extreme. It is made up entirely of luscious leg of partridges, and baptized by a French name entirely beyond my comprehension. It will readily be seen that a full description of the twenty-nine courses would be altogether too much for the healthy columns of a newspaper to bear, so we pass to the dessert, not omitting to say that the meridian or noon of the feast is marked by the guests being served bountifully with frozen punch. As a general rule, wine is served about every third course. Six wineglasses of

different sizes and a small bouquet of flowers are placed before each guest at the beginning.

The dessert is inaugurated by the destruction of a rice pudding, but not the kind which prompted the little boy to run away to the North Pole because his mother "would have rice pudding for dinner." It is not the same dish which our Chinese brethren swallow with the aid of chop-sticks, but it is such a pudding as would make our grandmothers clap their hands with joy. Charles Lamb has made roast pig classic; Professor Melah's rice pudding is worthy to be embalmed in romance or story, or at least to be illustrated in *Harper's Weekly*. This Presidential dish cannot be described except by the pen of genius, therefore it can only be added that no plebeian pies or other pastry are allowed to keep its company. After the rice pudding, canned peaches, pears, and quinces are served. Then follow confectionery, nuts, ice-cream, coffee, and chocolate, and with these warm, soothing drinks the Presidential entertainment comes to an end, and the host and his guests repair to the Red Room, and after fifteen minutes spent in conversation the actors in a state dinner rapidly disappear.

Whilst we are discussing state dinners it may as well be remembered that private citizens in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, in some respects have equalled if not surpassed the White House in the elegance of their entertainments. In New York perfumed fountains exhale their liquid delights in the centre of the table, and this is as far ahead of that old mirror arrangement as the genuine surpasses the imitation. No fault, however, should be found with Professor Melah, for as far as he goes, no officer of the Government performs his duty better. At the same time it would be well for the Professor to remember that at an entertainment honored by the presence of women something besides the sense of taste and vision must be gratified. He should imitate the Japanese in the perfection of his surprises. He must

make pastries out of which live birds will spring. Such a dish as this is none too dainty to set before President Grant and his friends.

When Mrs. Lincoln lived in the White House she dearly loved to have everybody know that she kept house in the Executive Mansion. If an entertainment was to be given she didn't mind lending a helping hand, just as she would have done in that modest home in the "prairie land." Martha Patterson saw that the milk-pans were kept sweet and clean, a matter of just as much importance in the White House as in the humblest wayside cottage; but now that this order of things which commenced with Martha Washington and ended with another Martha has passed away, and the Government employs a man to look after this beloved household, is it not a duty devolving particularly upon the press to see that this officer performs his duty with military strategy and perfection? Who has the authority to punish this man in case the President's digestive organs are impaired? Napoleon lost a battle on account of a vicious dumpling. The greatest divorce case on record was founded on the following touching epistle: "Dear Mrs. B.: Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, PICKWICK."

There are no entertainments in England like the state dinners in the United States. The Queen has her drawing-room receptions, which are not unlike the afternoon receptions of Mrs. Grant excepting the rigidity and frozen formality. A woman must have a court dress in order to be presented to Victoria; but a working woman in her serge can take the President by the hand. The Queen asks whomsoever she pleases, informally, to her palace, but she leaves "cabinet dinners" to her Prime Minister and the Speaker of the House of Commons.

Women are never included in these official dinners, but the same evening the wife of the minister or Speaker holds a reception, to which the families of the guest are invited, and the day closes with the feeling that all have

been entertained. It will be remembered that Mrs. Thornton asked gentlemen only to meet the Prince at dinner, but in the evening the ladies were assembled to honor the royal guest. At a regal entertainment only gold, silver, and glass are to be seen on the tables. The King of little Hanover is said to have six million dollars' worth of silver to set before his guests. The King of Prussia has for table ornaments mountains of silver from three to five feet high, with deer climbing them, and huntsmen following, all composed of that precious metal. It is next to an impossibility for a mere traveler to be introduced to the King of Prussia. He cannot be presented through the American minister, as it is practiced in France and England. If the traveler is a distinguished citizen of this country the case is different, and Prussian majesty allows itself to be approached. Men in official life are invited to dine at the royal table in Prussia, but a woman in high life must await the coming of a court ball, and then, if her rank is strong enough, she is shown into the royal dining-hall and has the supreme honor of hearing his majesty say: "How many wax candles do you think I am burning to-night?" The old King of Prussia was burning waxen tapers by the thousands, and he wanted his generosity appreciated. Century after century the etiquette of England and Prussia have followed in the same groove. Certain rank has certain privileges as well defined as the night and day. In France this stony rigidity is somewhat relaxed; but the length to which this letter has already attained prevents any further allusion to the subject.

OLIVIA.

## SOME SENATORIAL SCENES.

### John Sherman, Zach. S. Chandler and Oliver P. Morton in the Lime Light.

Washington, *March 12, 1870.*

In order to see the light of the sun eclipsed, or completely thrown in the shade, it is necessary to visit the Senate in night session. In prosy daytime one's senses are ravished by the bewildering beauty of the decorative art in this "chamber;" but thus seen only a magic hall pictured in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment" will compare with the fairy-like beauty of the scene. Whence come the beams that steep everything in a sea of liquid amber? No jetty flame is visible anywhere. The exquisite roof of stained glass gleams with a deeper, richer light than was ever borrowed from old Sol's rays. In order to be disenchanted one must be told that innumerable little gas jets cover the interior roof of the chamber, but the stained glass hides the ingenious contrivance from view. Who shall describe the sea of splendor that wraps and beautifies everything caught in its embrace? Under its influence grave Senators relax that stern gravity and austerity so becoming in a man upon whom half the dignity of a sovereign State depends. During last evening's session, Senator Ramsey deliberately placed his hands behind him, apparently without malice aforethought, marched across the floor, and patted Senator Drake on the head. But the most astonishing thing connected with the performance consists in the fact that Senator Drake never quacked or even called the attention of the Senate to this strange proceeding. If in the course of legislation a Senator's head must be patted, by what authority has a man the right to do so? Considering the irascibility

of Senator Drake, his behavior under the hand of Senator Ramsey was becoming in the extreme.

If there is a chestnut burr in the American Senate, it is found in the person of Senator Drake, of Missouri. He bristles with sharp points, like a porcupine. He is ever on the alert for his foes, and when found he hurls shaft after shaft, unmindful where he hits; yet there is something so upright and true in the man that one forgets, as in the case of pricked fingers when a hoard of satin-backed chestnuts are brought into view.

But the shimmering rays of the evening light up a unique picture. In the outer circle of Senatorial chairs may be seen the one occupied by the colored man from Mississippi. As yet it cannot be said that a negro or black man has broken into Congress. Senator Revels has the head of a bronze statue, and his hands are Anglo-Saxon. But the cruel weight of slavery has left its mark upon him. He brings to bear upon the tufted Wilton of the Senate chamber the plantation's walk. Slave idiom clings to his mellow, flute-like speech. He looks so lonely and forlorn in his seat, the first in the edge of the charmed circle, just as if he had been washed there by some great tidal wave, which had retired, never more to return. Senator Revels is a good man, but not great, after the manner of Frederick Douglass; or keen as a Damascus blade, like Sella Martin, the editor of the colored man's national organ. And yet, in legislative attainments, he compares favorably with the majority of the new Senators from the reconstructed States.

The Senators are talking about the "funding bill." In the colloquy the clear-cut face of John Sherman, of Ohio, comes to the surface. He has put his shoulder to the mountain of finance, and how manfully he tugs. Oh, the wear and tear to the understanding in the attempt to comprehend the money situation! A masculine biped whispers to his next door neighbor, "Do you understand why

they had a night session?" Of course the little woman didn't know. "It was to choke off all discussion and come to a vote. In the House they have a way of putting on the brakes, but in the Senate a man can talk and talk until he spins a cocoon out of his brain, through which he must eat in order to come back to common sense and terra firma. You see," continued the man, "that the Senate is tired. It wants to get home; but a few of the hardy swimmers will not give up the race."

Senatorial abandon takes possession of the hour. A Western Senator perambulates the floor, smoking a cigar, but there are very few ladies in the gallery, and the cigar is daintily fragrant, considering its obnoxious origin. In the door of an adjoining cloak-room may be seen the broad, open face of Zachariah Chandler, and from its moon-like disc may be noticed small volumes of smoke escaping; but whether this fiery exhibition is the result of the destruction of tobacco, or a mild volcanic eruption in a very delicate region, there is no means of ascertaining.

During the impatient conflict Charles Sumner is seen in his seat, solemnly solemn as the sphinx. A woman whispers: "Did you ever see Charles Sumner smile? I did once, you ought to have seen it." "Why?" asked her companion. "Because he looked so handsome. The smile transfigured his countenance. I have liked his face ever since." "May I never see him smile," said the other woman. "I prefer to contemplate this man in the Senate as I do the mountain in a picture, or as I would an Arctic landscape in a gloomy, sullen sea."

Apparently weary of wielding the Vice-President's sceptre, Schuyler Colfax has slipped out of the honored chair to a lower seat, and a Senator occupies his place. If a public man wants to be buried alive he can accomplish it by getting himself elected heir-apparent to the Executive. The Vice-President of the United States never has a chance to read his name in the newspapers, and by the time his four years are up the dear public have

forgotten him. Oh, the horror of riding on the topmost wave of popularity, and then suddenly finding oneself plumped out of sight, actually buried under a mountain of greatness. If the President would only die. But who ever knew a President to commit suicide, though he is perfectly aware that another man has been actually prepared to take his place, and that the people of this country will not suffer for the want of a President? The actual reason why the great body of American women are against woman suffrage is because they fear that some time in the course of their natural lives they will be called on to act as Vice-President. Schuyler Colfax was seen reading a newspaper at the foot of his throne, and if he gets any comfort out of his position it must consist in holding the gavel suspended over the heads of the shining lights of the country. And yet there is no chance of bringing these Senators to order, as in the case of the unruly members of the House. The Senators are always in order; there is no chance of enjoyment for Schuyler Colfax except to crawl out of his seat and read a newspaper. And what does he find in that newspaper? Oh, sorrow and consternation! Dawes is ravishing the East with economical delights, and Logan is cleansing the Augean stables of the House in which iniquity has herded ever since the Republic began. There are two positions which are alike, so far as the country is concerned, the Vice-Presidency of the United States and that of a country schoolmaster.

In the person of Senator Harlan, of Iowa, may be seen the presiding officer of the hour. How admirably he becomes the sombre, dignified place. Nature has cast this man in a noble mould. Broad forehead, clear gray eyes, and features as handsomely chiseled as if fresh from the hands of a first-class sculptor. Few men in the Senate have the simple tastes of Senator Harlan. His personal presence would be superb if it were not for the general appearance of threatened disruption which marks his

every-day attire. But, notwithstanding the inclination of his coats to wear out under the arms and fringe in exactly the wrong place, no Senator at the capital is more beloved or trusted by the people of his own State now residents of Washington than Senator Harlan.

The funding bill still agitates the waters of legislation, and Senator Morton, of Indiana, arises slowly, leaning upon his cane. What subtle influence brings to the mind's eye the picture of a tiger chained to a broken cage? Surely that powerful organization was made to last threescore years and ten. What a glorious casket! Away with the cane! The pallor of his countenance is a part of the uncanny mockery of the night. There is no better speaker on the floor of the Senate. His thoughts flow fresh, clear, sparkling, like water from a hill-side spring. It is true, Indiana is a benighted State, morally defective, as seen by her divorces; her territory swampy, with fever and ague a yearly crop. But which is the best harvest a State can yield? Why men, to be sure, and when this fact is considered Indiana need not feel ashamed of herself.

At this hour of the evening the floor is thickly strewn with all sizes of fragments of paper. It rustles under the feet of the nimble pages. Senator Wilson is opening his evening mail. He snaps the letter envelopes and hauls out the insides as gracefully as a bear scrapes honey out of a hollow tree. He is so earnest, and there is so much to do, and the sun will not stand still even for Massachusetts. He takes the time to read the name only of his correspondents; the reading through these letters must be done by a private secretary. What a huge pile of papers menace him! Public opinion says he is a man of "practical talent." Is not this the best gift bestowed upon man? Blessed, thrice blessed, is the State that has a man in the Senate connected by an electric cord to the least of her people!

Senator Cameron is walking up the broad aisle, erect

and stately as a majestic pine in midwinter. This man is not one of the brilliant figures of the Senate, but he is high like the mountains and deep like the mines of the great powerful State he represents. Few, if any men, carry greater weight in Senatorial legislation.

Senators Conkling and Stewart may be seen in their respective seats, and these two men may properly be called the "blondes" of the Senate. If these Senators were women they would have the whole masculine world at their feet. It would seem as if the forces of nature conspired to keep them at a red heat, these men are steeped in liquid sunshine; their beards, at a distance, are the best kind of imitation of spun gold. Once a watery veined Senator was actually seen warming his hands only a short distance from Senator Conkling's head; but notwithstanding this fact a handsomer man is seldom seen on the floor of the Senate.

There is evidence of strong-coming impatience. Senators pace the floor as lions stride their dens. When will the interminable talk cease? No one heeds it. Senator Sprague is seen in a leaning attitude against the wall. The golden background helps to make a fitting picture of the young millionaire. His face has a marble pallor which the rosy light of the chamber cannot dispel.

Very few people are in the galleries. A few dusky faces may be seen at the right of the reporters' seats. The diplomatic space is unoccupied. In the ladies' gallery is the intellectual countenance of Mrs. Secretary Cox. She is followed by a suite of pretty, youthful faces. Mrs. Sprague is also present, superbly graceful as ever. This elegant woman is not only ornamental, but useful to the world. When she is traveling amongst foreign nations her manners reflect honor on the country that gave her birth.

But the gavel has sounded, and the night session ends.

OLIVIA.

## THE ROBESON TEA PARTY.

### The Secretary of the Navy Awarded the Palm for Entertaining.

Washington, *March 22, 1870.*

Humiliating as the task may be, it must be acknowledged that in every race undertaken by the two sexes at the same time, for reasons which never can be explained, the men will manage to come out ahead in the exquisite art of millinery and dressmaking, where it would seem natural that woman's nimble fingers and dainty tastes should rival the work of the fairies; yet stubborn facts bring us face to face with Monsieur Worth, the masculine milliner of Paris, who has stepped on to the throne, and by superiority of judgment has robbed woman of her rightful heritage. "Ah!" said an American of rare taste, just returned from abroad, "you should have seen the dress prepared by this man for the Queen of Prussia. It was made of the simplest material, being composed of grass and lace, but the lace was filmy tulle, almost as ethereal as the moonbeams, and the grass was soft and velvety, such as may be supposed to adorn the river banks in Paradise. Over this faultless combination was flung a shower of seed pearls." From whence did this man Worth get the pattern? He went to Nature's glorious book, just as all Earth's children must when they seek inspiration. Dear reader, have you seen in the early morning a handkerchief of cobweb glisten with pearly dew spread out on the grass? Monsieur Worth has noticed this fairy work, and the hint enabled him to fashion a queen's dress which was pronounced by competent judges to be the most faultless ever worn by royalty. Dresses imported from Paris by the score may be seen in Washington society; but these costumes have not re-

ceived the last touches of grace from the hands of the great masculine dressmaker. Monsieur Worth has all the orders he can fill for such women as Eugenie, Clothilde, the Queens of Prussia, Belgium, and others, without puzzling his dainty brains for the simple daughter of a Republic, who may be somebody to-day but nobody to-morrow.

This letter is written, in all humility and sorrow, to prove that the great social success of the season has been awarded (must the truth be told?) to a man, and the citizen is known to the world as the Secretary of the United States Navy. Whilst the President of the Republic has tickled society with his levees, and the married men of the Cabinet have held their receptions, Secretary Robeson, the jolly bachelor tar, has given a tea-party, and such a one as would make the Widow Bedott clap her hands with joy. No other woman in Washington in fashionable society would have dared ape the custom of other days; but the gallant Secretary, after donning a mental armor as invulnerable as ironclad, has sailed into the face of public opinion and won a victory as complete as McClellan's capture of the wooden guns.

It will be remembered that at the tea parties given in the old times by the Widow Bedott the dear old snuff-taking stocking knitters assembled of an afternoon and talked their honest gossip by the light of the patient sun. But owing to the hard day's work which has to be performed by the Secretary of the Navy the company was not assembled until long after candle-light; but as candles are not as plentiful as they used to be in the good old days of our grandmothers,—a modern substitute was found to light the mansion, by the flame of which every wrinkle was visible on the faces of his guests.

Thirty persons attended the tea party, but the most astonishing feature consisted in the fact that nearly one-half of the company were men. It is true the Secretary is single and these men were possibly invited for protection

sake; but what hindered him from stationing a squad of marines outside of his modest home, within easy call, in case superior strength was needed? There is not a house in Washington fitted up so snugly and cosily as the home of the bachelor Secretary. Everything about it is suggestive of every-day comfort. Instead of heavy silken drapery at the windows, chintz, modest chintz, pure enough to smile on the dreams of a bachelor, shuts out the sun's too obtrusive rays. Chintz covers the luxurious sofas and twines around the broad-shouldered, deep-chested chairs. All these happy surroundings had much to do with the jolly comfort of the guests of the tea party. Two hours were spent dallying with music before the tea-room was disclosed. At the expiration of that time a pair of folding doors were opened as if by magic, and in the offing might have been seen a tea-table such as would have brought tears of envy to Mrs. Potiphar's eyes. It has been proved that the moon is made of green cheese, and Secretary Robeson had a piece of it on his tea-table. Then there were muffins, crisp as a frosty morning, and a pot of tea for which a war vessel had been dispatched with sealed orders, and the captain, under threats of dismissal, was commanded to return within a given space of time, bringing from Japan the exact quantity of tea requisite for the occasion. It was also rumored, but the writer cannot vouch for the facts, that the vessel brought over a Japanese man to brew the tea, and, after the awful thing was done, the miserable Jap committed hari-kari.

Besides the pot of tea the table groaned under a huge weight of dainties too numerous to mention. Terrapins, quails, oysters, salmon, honey sweet as that of the bees of Hybla, chickens broiled in the same style as they are always cooked in Mrs. Southworth's novels, confectionery, and cream such as exudes from the Sacred Cow. But this table was not to be approached except by those anointed for the purpose. In the room were sprinkled around tables of all sorts and sizes, from the dining cover,

capable of supplying six to eight persons, to the modest light stand, which had been hastily abstracted from a chamber. The guests could seat themselves in any manner they chose, provided they kept away from the fountain of supply. At one of the little tables might have been seen a youthful pair in the highest attitude of human enjoyment; there was just room enough for themselves, and no more. It can safely be said that the bachelor Secretary did more in the match-making line that night than all the manoeuvring mammas at the capital in the whole season. Some of the tables accommodated four persons; others more or less. In the meantime waiters performed their duty with the regularity of American watches.

But if there is one person more than another at the capital that deserves a national reputation it is the cook belonging to the naval establishment of the United States. The sex of the person cannot be ascertained, but this is of no mortal consequence so long as men and women are henceforth to stand on the same platform. Women have served on the jury in Wyoming, which proves that the reputation of a person has nothing to do with the sex. Secretary Robeson's cook eclipses the President's Italian "Melah," and Professor Blot is requested to keep away from Washington if he has any regard for his well earned laurels. Two festive hours were spent at Secretary Robeson's tea-table. Conversation rolled as easily as a clean, smooth-bottomed war vessel with a flowing sail and a rolling sea. When the guests found themselves unable to hold any more tea they reluctantly wended their way back to the neglected parlors, where a band of music had been stationed to compose their sensibilities. It must not be omitted that the wine and punch freely mingled with the tea, but this must be looked upon as a modern improvement attached to a harmless old fashion. Dancing and the german completed the grand social success of the season, and history will baptize it "A naval tea-party."

OLIVIA.

## DELEGATES FROM THE SOUTHLAND.

### Pleading Their Cause Before President and Legislators.

Washington, *March 24, 1870.*

Before the late war a man's life was unsafe south of Mason and Dixon's line, if he professed to believe in the abolition of slavery. The same malignant spirit exists to-day. It is not safe to be a Republican in many parts of the sunny South. In the sparsely settled districts men are shot and whipped for the offence of forming what are termed "Grant clubs." Murder succeeds murder, and the offenders never feel the hand of justice. Officers of the United States Government are assassinated in cold blood; but it is the helpless freedman that is made to feel most the sharp edge of the situation. Before the war, when this part of humanity had a money value, it was different. The overseer on the plantation which belonged to the husband of Fanny Kemble Butler said he generally managed "to work 'em up once in seven years." What has the freedman gained by the boon of liberty if he is still to be hunted and killed like the wild beasts in the jungle? What hinders the Government from wiping out the Ku Klux Klan of the South? Late Confederate soldiers have laid aside the gray uniform, and now wear the mask of the inquisition, and their work is performed with the horrible secrecy of that medieval conclave. General Grant has sent the Quakers to look after the Indians. Why will not Congress enact a law to send General Phil Sheridan and Colonel Baker on a mission after the Ku Klux to protect millions who are as helpless as so many orphan children?

When President Lincoln issued the proclamation of

emancipation 5,000 slaves were held in bondage by the Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians; or, in other words, three-fourths of a tribe of people held the other fourth as slaves. When the chattels of the Republic became free these bond people expected their freedom also; but this was denied them by their Indian masters because it was claimed that these masters owed no allegiance to the United States. A subsequent treaty was formed, freeing the parties, containing two conditions: First, that the freedman should have forty acres of land as their share and right in the Territory, or in case they should leave the Territory they were to receive $110 each, and the Government was to reserve this amount of the Indian fund and pay it to those who chose to emigrate. The freedmen desire to remain in the Territory, but the Indians will not allow them to occupy the land; will not permit them to have a right or privilege which an Indian is bound to respect. These patient men and women, native Americans, born to the same heritage as the President of the United States, are slaughtered in cold blood. Oh! there is no language strong enough to paint the hideousness of the Indian character. Was an Indian ever tame? These poor, forgotten outcasts of a distant Territory have sent a man to lay their sad case before Congress.

A band of loyal Georgians are in Washington, praying that the power of the Government may be exerted for their protection. They have seen the President, who did not hesitate to give them some kind, strong words; but it remains to be shown whether Congress will hearken to them. The delegation is composed mostly of colored men, with Governor Rufus B. Bullock at their head. A meeting was called at Lincoln Hall, by the citizens of the District, to show their sympathy for the cause which these Southern men represent. Mayor Bowen presided; John W. Forney made the welcoming address; while Senator Thayer and Representative Maynard spoke some

good, strong, manly words, which must have brought the blush to Congress if Congress had been present to hear it. The great feature of the evening were the speeches made by the Southern men. Governor Bullock said little. Governor Scott of South Carolina, though unaccustomed to public speaking, made his short sentences into arrows, and fired them at the audience with the precision of a William Tell. Governor Scott has been a soldier. The exigencies of war stranded him on Southern soil. He has taken root there, where he has grown into a goodly tree, and not a single Ku Klux has yet dared to lay the axe at the root of it.

It will always remain a secret "who struck Billy Patterson" and why the noble governor of Georgia should be surnamed Bullock, for in personal appearance he bears not the slightest resemblance to that fiery, untamed animal. It is true, he has a handsome shock of hair on his head, but he is as destitute of horns as the administration is of knavery, and a better looking white man is seldom to be found.

Most noticeable on the platform was Simeon Beard, chairman of the Georgia delegation, a man whose superb oratory and strange personal appearance are most difficult to describe. Take away the prejudice of the race which, alas! descends to us in the same way as the color of our eyes or the length of our hair—a prejudice which education, prayer, or any other softening, refining influence of civilization never can remove—rend this veil asunder, and we should see a man that we could honor as President.

Simeon Beard has the lithe, erect form, and the smooth, raven locks of the Indian. Both African and white blood course in his veins; his complexion is that pale, rich brown—the same color with which nature loves to tinge the leaves in mid-autumn. But the spirit of some animal long kept at bay looks out of his deepset eyes, and his words burn as if they had been forged in a redhot fur-

nace. He made the audience feel the print of the nails in far-away Georgia. Only a little longer will Frederick Douglass stand the acknowledged mouthpiece of the mixed races and the darker stratum which underlies it.

Simeon Beard was followed by a Texan, Mr. Ruby, another member of the proscribed family. How shall we describe this swarthy man, who appeared to be made up of sharp, glittering points, and who seems to bear the same relation to the human family that a dagger does to other weapons? He had the indescribable sway of the body of the children of the sunny climes. When his youthful face appeared it did not seem possible that he had the essential requisites to address such an audience, but surprise gave way to admiration and applause. He spoke in behalf of Georgia, asking nothing for Texas. "Why is it," asked the speaker, "that the same atrocious state of affairs does not exist in middle and western Texas as in Georgia to-day?" Lowering his voice until it hissed, "I'll tell you; when a Union man was killed a rebel was made to bite the dust. Only one man was shot in my neighborhood. He was a poor colored preacher who had started a school. Some men disguised went in broad daylight and shot him in the schoolroom. Mind ye, he was a poor man with no friends; but every man engaged in that day's work was hunted down. We killed them as we would so many reptiles (raising his voice until it sounded like a musical instrument); that is the way we stamped out treason in our part of the world."

A colored man of polished education followed this fierce and war-like Texan. His words were admirably chosen. The glowing appeals flowing from the lips of Messrs. Beard and Ruby seemed like the virgin ore torn from the rocks where it had been imbedded for ages. The smooth, handsome sentences of Professor Langston fell from his tongue like coin from the mint, each word having an appreciable value. Professor Langston is at present at the head of the law department in the Howard

University. He was born in Maryland, of slave parentage, but was emancipated at a very early age, and received a thorough classical education through the indulgence of his paternal ancestor. After leaving college he studied law, and he now occupies one of the most honorable positions in the country. Like all of his race at the capital, he takes the deepest interest in the welfare of the freedmen farther South. The delegation earnestly asks that the Bingham-Farnsworth amendment, which is tacked on to the last law of reconstruction, may be crushed in the Senate, as its passage would hand the loyal element to the tender keeping of the late masters of Andersonville and Salisbury. OLIVIA.

# THE TREASURY TRIO.

## Wyman, Tuttle and Spinner Guard the Treasury Deposits—Jewels in Storage.

Washington, *December 28, 1870.*

From time to time fabulous stories have been afloat in Washington concerning the secret of the United States Treasury vaults. It has been whispered by certain snowy-locked clerks who have been noted for years for strictest veracity that hidden away in the dust and darkness of a certain vault might be found jewels that would vie with or possibly eclipse those found in the diamond cave by Sinbad the Sailor. Hidden away in the wooden boxes, it has been said that pearls as large as pigeon's eggs have nestled, their waxen beauty undisturbed by human eyes, whilst diamonds, both great and small, have winked and blinked without awakening a shaft of feminine envy. In this same vault it has been known that parcel after parcel has reposed, whilst hands that placed them there have crumbled into dust, and the mystery connected with them has been lost to this generation forever.

In this connection it must be mentioned that this particular vault is the ninth in the Treasury calendar, and it bears a resemblance to a bottomless pit, because heretofore anything under the head of "special deposits" placed therein has never been heard of again.

Amongst other bits of dainty information, it may be chronicled that the famous Field medal was placed here for safe keeping. Once while Andy Johnson was President an order came from "headquarters" to send the medal to the White House for inspection. The medal left the building, but was returned, unknown to some of the lawful custodians of the place.

It has been the habit from time immemorial to never disturb the ashes of the sepulchre; hence the Field medal rested, but no great harm ensued. It is true, Andy's reputation for a brief time was under a passing cloud, and the hardest worked man in the country was accused of not reading the newspapers; and here the mischief ends, because the same plates were used to make a new medal, whilst the first one is worth its weight of precious metal, and only a small amount of human labor is lost.

But in order to have a thorough understanding of this mysterious conglomeration of metal, mortar and stone, a description of the men who know the secret of the locks should be forthcoming. Nine locks are concealed in the solid door, and each more desperate and secret than the other. Three men only in the country understand this wonderful combination, but as it is an established fact that no one ever dies or resigns in the Treasury, there need be no fear of a national calamity. United States Treasurer Spinner, Assistant Treasurer Tuttle, and Cashier Wyman are the men designated for the awful duty. As it would stretch this article to a most unreasonable length to do anything like justice to the lives and duties of these faithful public men, it is only necessary to say that General Spinner is the most honest, bluff, inflexible servant that the people ever employed; that he gives out the same kind of metallic ring as one of his own gold coins when properly tested. Assistant Treasurer Tuttle bears the same relation to the Treasury Department that one of Hoe's cylinder presses does to a newspaper office, and that he is a rare combination of faithfulness, strictest integrity, business talent, and hard work, is a fact never disputed in Washington. Cashier Wyman is the third man of the trio whose business it is to hold the awful keys, and he guards the Treasury vaults just as Cerebus is said to stand sentinel over a remote region, though instead of three heads only one is visible. Whilst Treasurer Spinner and his able assistant know the secret of

the locks, it is Cashier Wyman who daily performs the necessary duties connected with them, and he who goes through the awful door must pass his body, dead or alive. During the recent interesting investigations it gave every indication of life.

Treasurer Spinner says: "There is nothing in my Department that I'm not willing the people should know all about, unless it is something under seal turned over to me for safe keeping by the War Department. Some things are here subject to an order from the Secretary of War. I don't know myself what is in the vault. I think the Secretary had better send some one, and, with others of this office, a thorough understanding can be had, and the authorities will know what is best to do in the matter."

One gloomy afternoon the work of investigation began. The first object that saw the light of day was a box as elfish as the one dragged from the sea by the fishermen, but instead of being made of copper and fastened with the seal of the great Solomon, it was bound with red tape and bore the waxen seal of some deceased Secretary of the Treasury. When opened it emitted an odor of dead roses. The first article lifted from the box was a heavy square bottle which contained the attar of roses. A considerable quantity of the precious fluid had made its escape, but quite enough remained to perfume the city, if this shall be considered necessary after the carnival has passed away. There was no paper to indicate to whom this attar of roses belonged, but tradition says that some East Indian prince sent it to Martin Van Buren; that it had once been deposited at the Patent Office, and afterwards sent to the Treasury, in the year 1848. The next bottle lifted from the paper wrappings contained pearls. These were remarkably fine on account of shape, size, and purity of color. Two of the pearls were the largest the writer has ever seen. They were oblong in shape, and

these two must have given color to the fancy "pearls as large as pigeon eggs." As there was no way of counting these jewels, it was judged there might have been one hundred and fifty altogether. The next article was a small vial containing diamonds. None of these were large, but they were very clear, and perfect in shape. It seemed as if they must have once been a part of some royal necklace which had been stolen. As is usually the case in calamities of this kind, the detectives only recover the smaller stones. There might have been a thimbleful of diamonds. Thieves evidently had been at work with the treasure, for in the next article brought forth the golden lining of a snuff-box was missing. Next came a gold ornament which had once held together a pearl necklace. The silken string and tassel attached to it showed its East Indian origin. This, it appears, was the article left to show that some President or officer of the Government had been presented with a pearl necklace. It had been placed on exhibition somewhere, and thieves made way with it; but in order to secure what was recovered beyond all chance of future escape, the string and gold fastening were laid in this box.

The next article was a tin box. There was no way to ascertain whether the box was originally intended for pills or matches. There was every reason to believe that the original "Pandora's box" had been found. But on opening it there was discovered a sealed paper containing gems—thirteen small diamonds of the finest water and four large pearls. A small piece of paper in a box had written upon it this interesting bit of information: "These jewels had originally been presented to Martin Van Buren, but had been stolen from a case in the Patent Office on the night of November 8th, 1848." These unfortunate gems convey the most useful lesson: If Mistress Van Buren had worn her jewels, instead of placing them where thieves break in and steal, she would have

set an illustrious example, and the country would have been no poorer than it is to-day.

The second box opened contained counterfeit coins and dies. These had been deposited by M. C. Young, esq., and they had been received from agents employed to detect counterfeiters. These bore the date of May 10, 1847. These counterfeit gold and silver coins could not deceive an infant of this generation. The first package opened contained Confederate bills, bonds, and small currency. The second package were the spoils won by the United States in a law-suit. This bundle of papers was found to consist of bonds received from Messrs. Redin and Fendall, per Henry May, amount $97,276.33, being the same received by them from Corcoran & Riggs on decree in case of the United States versus Gardiner. Bond to the State of Tennessee. Date of the oldest coupon due, July 1, 1857. The treasurer gave Mr. May a receipt therefor, and is directed by the Secretary of the Treasury to hold these bonds until he shall decide as to entries, etc. Dated April 9, 1855.

The third package was marked $24,963. Upon examination the mark and the contents did not exactly coincide.

The fourth package contained bonds, loan of 1848, returned October 10, 1857, marked $300.

The next in order came a box containing notes of the survey of the boundary between the United States and Mexico, under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, from the junction of the Gila and the Colorado to the Pacific coast, deposited by Brevet Captain Hardcastle, United States Navy Topographical Engineers, June 11, 1852.

Fifth package, marked $3,059.64-100. On the outside wrapper was written: "Received of A. Smith, cashier of the Bank of the Metropolis by order of the Secretary of the Treasury the within uncurrent funds, which had been held by said bank on special deposit, consisting of uncurrent bank notes."

Package No. 6 contained counterfeit State bank notes and legal tenders sent as specimens by M. J. E. D. Cousins, chief of police of St. Louis, Mo.

Package No. 7 contained Confederate bonds held subject to the order of the Secretary of War. Total amount, $12,050.

Package No. 8 contained the sad relics left by a defaulting Treasury clerk in his desk. The man's name was E. French, and he was assistant disbursing clerk in the Treasury extension. After he had absconded his keys, papers, and money was safely lodged in the vault. The money consisted of $50 in gold and $2.10 in silver.

OLIVIA.

# VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

## Her Memorial to Congress on the Subject of Woman Suffrage.

Washington, *January 11, 1871.*

At precisely the hour appointed Mrs. Woodhull was in her seat in the committee room, awaiting the appearance of the representatives of the legislative body that had declared itself ready to hear anything or everything she had to say pertaining to why she should not be allowed all the "privileges and immunities belonging to citizenship." To Mrs. Woodhull alone, it is said, belongs the discovery of detecting that, under the rulings of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution, women are entitled to the ballot. The members of the Judiciary Committee are rather slow in getting to their seats. At half past 10 Mr. Bingham might have been seen in his chair, his hands pinned closely to the back of it, and his expressive face aglow with manly patience. On the opposite side of the table sat Judge Loughridge, of Iowa, leaning listlessly on his hand, his keen, good-natured eyes alive with expectation. Judge Loughridge is fully committed to the movement, but as he is a single man, he is liable to be responsible for any amount of mischief. Mr. Cook, of Illinois, and Mr. Eldridge, of Wisconsin, only were in their places. As time would not wait for laggard members, and the precious morning was slipping away, Mrs. Woodhull was reminded by Mr. Bingham that she could proceed. At this time the room was sparsely filled, and nearly all present were women, friends to the movement, and the majority were people from different States.

Almost hidden from sight in the deep recesses of a

window might have been seen Nellie Hutchinson, of the New York *Tribune,* her piquant face and tangled hair as saucy and as refreshing as ever, and not far removed from her was seen another pretty ornament of the press, in the person of Mrs. McChane, of the Philadelphia *Inquirer.* But, arranged in a row behind Mrs. Woodhull were a number of women whose voices have been heard throughout the length and breadth of the land. At the head of the class stood Mrs. Beecher Hooker—her soft, fleecy curls tied down with orthodox precision; the curling feathers of blue harmonizing with her peachy complexion. Her elegantly fitting coat was embroidered with steel beads, but this had nothing to do with the suffrage question. Susan B. Anthony snuggled beside her, clad in a smart new dress of black silk, with velveteen overskirt and fancy basque. Her spectacles clung to her nose, and she had that longing, hope-deferred look which humanity always wears when it has been centered for half a century upon a single idea. Then came Paulina Davis, her face surmounted by her beautiful snowy curls; then Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, the noblest woman in the land. Rev. Olympia Brown appeared modestly as the "Wall Street firm," for both the members were present, and distinguished from the other women in the room by dress and other characteristics. The firm of Woodhull & Claflin are clad precisely alike, and call each other "sister." Their costume consists in what Miss Kate Stanton pronounces a "business suit, because they are strictly business women." These costumes are made of blue naval cloth, skimp in the skirt. The basque or jacket has masculine coat-tails behind, but the steeple-crowned hats are the towering triumph of the most picturesque outfit. The high sugar-loaf hat has a brigandish dash to it, and the clipped hair underneath seems to have nipped all the feminine element originally possessed by this flourishing "firm." Mrs. Woodhull arose and stood before the tribunal. She is a medium-sized woman, with a sharp nose,

and thin lips which closed tightly over her white teeth. She apologized for any hesitancy in her manner, because it was the first time in her life that she had attempted public speaking. She then read her printed memorial:

The memorial of Victoria Woodhull to the Honorable the Senate and the House of Representatives, United States of America, in Congress assembled, respectfully showeth:

That she was born in the State of Ohio, and is above the age of twenty-one years; that she has resided in the State of New York during the past three years; that she is still a resident thereof, and that she is a citizen of the United States as declared by the fourteenth article of amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

That since the adoption of the fifteenth article of amendment to the Constitution neither the State of New York nor any other State, nor any Territory, has passed any law to abridge any citizen of the United States to vote, as established by said articles, neither on account of sex or otherwise.

That, nevertheless, the right to vote is denied to women citizens of the United States by the operation of election laws in the several States and Territories, which laws were enacted prior to the adoption of the said fifteenth article, and which article is inconsistent with the Constitution as amended, and therefore are void and of no effect; but, which, being still invoked by the said States and Territories, render the Constitution inoperative as regards the right of women citizens to vote.

And whereas article six, section second, declares "That this Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made or which shall be made under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and all judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution and laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

And whereas no distinction between citizens is made in the Constitution of the United States on account of sex, but the fourteenth article of amendments to it provides that "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges and immunities of the citizens of the United States nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

And whereas Congress has power to make laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution all powers vested by the Constitution in the Government of the United States, and to make or alter all regulations in relation to holding elections for Senators and Representatives, and especially to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of the fourteenth article.

And whereas the continuance of the enforcement of said local election laws, denying and abridging the right of citizens to vote on account of sex, is a grievance to your memorialists and to various other persons, citizens of the United States, being women.

Therefore your memorialists would most respectfully petition your

honorable bodies to make such laws as in the wisdom of Congress shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the right vested by the Constitution in the citizens of the United States to vote without regard to sex.

And your memorialists will ever pray.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

NEW YORK CITY, *December 19, 1870.*

After Mrs. Woodhull had finished her memorial, Miss Susan B. Anthony took the floor and told the committee that she had hurried as fast as railroad and speed would allow her from Kansas, last winter, at this time, in order to get a petition before this body, but after all she was glad that Wall Street had spoken.

Mrs. Beecher Hooker now arose and said that after the subject had been presented to her in this light she had immediately written to Myra Bradwell, who was practicing law in Chicago, for a judicial opinion. She had also invited Mrs. Bradwell to come to this convention and plead the case. Mrs. Bradwell declined on the plea of ill-health, but at the same time she sent a written opinion of the judge of the Superior Court and had presented this to Mr. Riddle, one of the ablest lawyers in the country, and, at her request, Mr. Riddle would now address the committee.

Mr. Riddle arose and said he meant to say nothing save what would bear upon the case; however, he meant to say strongly what he intensely felt, and whoever would take the pains to examine the Constitution which he held in his hands would not attempt to gainsay the facts contained therein. The right of suffrage is a natural right. The right of self-government pertains to all alike, the right to be exercised as all other rights. The right to dress is a natural right, and the right to consume food no matter how artificially prepared is another. What was necessary to bring the negro race to the enjoyment of their natural rights? It was simply to remove obstructions. Legislation can regulate the franchise but not prohibit it. Those who were content for women to vote must do it in one of two ways—either get rid of the word

"male" or define the meaning of citizenship. A gifted woman has just given us an argument that can not be refuted. This change has been wrought by an amendment to the Constitution.

The speaker was interrupted by Mr. Cook, of Illinois, asking: "What clause of the Constitution would give us the right to allow Mrs. Woodhull the exercise of suffrage in New York?"

Mr. Riddle replied: "All persons who live under the Constitution are citizens of the United States; those who framed it meant citizenship. We have no half citizens."

Mrs. Hooker arose and said this term "citizen" had not been fully defined.

Mr. Riddle proceeded to say: "If you look into the dictionaries, you will find it means an inhabitant of a city who is allowed the enjoyment of political rights. The fourteenth amendment claims that all born within the jurisdiction of the United States are citizens, and it also says no State shall make laws to abridge the privileges of citizenship. What does privilege or immunity mean? It means that New York shall not do anything to abridge the privileges."

The speaker was again interrupted by Mr. Eldridge, of Wisconsin, asking, "Do you claim by this prohibition that the natural rights of infants must not be interfered with, as well as idiots, who must come under the law as you interpret it?"

Mrs. Hooker answered, "That State may say when I may exercise it, but not whether I may do so."

Mrs. Hooker's lawyer then proceeded to read from law books some very substantial authority, but the writer could not see its application to the case. He then said two citizens of two different States had a law-suit. Delaware set out to know whether she had the right to rake the oyster beds of New Jersey. In this suit the meaning of "citizen" was thoroughly and carefully discussed, but Mr. Riddle did not let us know whether the Jersey oyster

beds were raked. The eloquent speaker went on to say that the right of self-government was older than any amendment to the Constitution. The right of suffrage already exists, but it is not for Congress to define the full meaning of the Constitution. The married woman's fate is one of servitude. Her identity is lost in that of her husband. She is his servant, and as such only is known to the law. If Mrs. Riddle were killed by an accident on the railway, I could only recover damages for my servant. But, gentlemen, I leave the case in your hands after defining the word "citizen." It is the natural person rounded and finished with political rights.

Mrs. Hooker arose and said that it was not of so much consequence when the right came. For her part she would not allow men to vote until they were twenty-five years old. The one great power that keeps a government alive is personal responsibility and personal liberty. She had heard people say that we could run our national machine alone; but here comes the foreigner with his ignorance and his ways so different from ours. When he first comes he expects to be equal with the first in the country, but he sees his neighbor living in a fine house, unaccustomed to labor, and the spirit of hatred is engendered. But at the polls, at least one day in the year, he is equal to the greatest man in the whole land, and it makes a man of him. It teaches him to think that he is helping to frame the laws under which we live. I used to think a man should be here ten or twenty years in order to understand our institutions, but now I would give him the ballot as soon as his naturalization papers could be made out; and, gentlemen, when you limit manhood, you cut your own throats. When, with God's aid, the oak ribs were put in the *Mayflower,* he knew what was to be the result.

Miss Anthony then arose and said few women have persecuted Congress as she had done, and she was glad that new, fresh voices were heard to-day. "But, gentlemen,

I entreat you to take this matter up in Congress. You have let a petition, presented by the Honorable Mr. Julian, last winter, come to its death. When I went to Illinois last year I told the people not to return Mr. Trumbull, for he had allowed the same thing to take place in the Senate. I ask you, gentlemen, to report this matter, so that I can lay off my armor, for I am tired of fighting. If Mr. Riddle had presented his argument in favor you you would not hesitate about your course. No woman has a fault to find with the old Constitution. I begged you not to put the word "male" into the amendment. I hurried from Kansas as fast as the locomotive would bring me, but all in vain. I think that is General Butler I see sitting before me, though I never saw him before. I wish, General, you would say "contraband" for us. But, gentlemen, bring in a report of some kind, either for or against; don't let the matter die a natural death here. Make it imperative that every man in the House must show whether he is for or against it."

Mrs. Hooker caught the last refrain as Miss Anthony sat down and said: "Pledge yourselves, gentlemen, that we should have a hearing in Congress;" but the gentlemen did not pledge themselves, and the meeting between Mrs. Woodhull and her co-workers and the Judiciary Committee came to an end.

Mrs. General Farnsworth, wife of the member from Illinois, and Mrs. Ely, of New Hampshire, represented the Congressional element of the House, but the Senatorial dames were unfortunately detained elsewhere.

OLIVIA.

## SPREADING THE LIGHT.

### Woman's Rights Discussed by Mesdames Hooker, Blake, Anthony, and Others.

Washington, *January 12, 1871.*

After the Judiciary Committee meeting adjournment, the leader of the woman suffrage movement visited the Senate to hear Senator Sumner on the San Domingo muddle; but two hours later found Lincoln Hall invaded, and the inevitable ball set in motion, which Susan B. Anthony says never shall rest until woman is in the possession of every right, both foreign and domestic. The sweet liquid voice of Mrs. Hooker called the meeting to order, and the divine Olympia Brown prayed as only a woman can pray when she is thoroughly in earnest.

Mrs. Paulina Davis was on the platform, one of the most queenly women in the court of intellect, and as beautiful and as exquisite as a winter landscape. This woman is the possessor of great wealth, the highest social position, and, to use her own words to describe her: "I care very little for dress; my tastes are very simple. But this movement is very expensive. Last summer I paid the whole expense of a convention in New York City. It cost me five hundred dollars. I don't mind that, because in this way I think I am doing the greatest good."

Susan B. Anthony was in her place, for what would a woman suffrage convention be worth without Susan to give it flavor? And then she is so patient and irrepressible, and has such a wholesome antipathy to men.

Miss Lillie Peckham represented the youth and audacity of Wisconsin, and Miss Kate Stanton the beauty and fire of her illustrious name. The people who had assembled to listen, proved, by personal inspection, to

have grown higher in the social scale than those attending last year. Women were present who unmistakably were the heads of families—comely mâtrons who had left the pot boiling at home. Butterflies spread their wings there in the same way as they would attend any other place of amusement, but the wives and daughters of Congressmen for some reason stayed away.

After the prayer, Mrs. Hooker introduced Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, who commenced to say that she was not in the habit of speaking in public meetings—a fact which her manner instantly proved. Although it would seem that a Wall-street experience would fit a woman to face the worst, yet Mrs. Woodhull's heart went pit-a-pat, and the blood rose and fell from her cheek as fortunes go up and down on 'change. Mrs. Woodhull read anew her petition to the Judiciary Committee, and this being her solitary ewe lamb, after its presentation there was nothing left to do, and she quietly took a back seat.

Mrs. Devereaux Blake, of New York, was then introduced—a medium-sized woman, rather pretty than otherwise, and very carefully done up in handsome, fashionable clothes. Mrs. Blake, however, had nothing new to offer on the question under discussion. She rehashed the subject of women carrying arms, and proved by the old argument this was not a necessity; and then she told us of women's sacrifices, and how, in extremest dilemma, they had sacrificed their hair. She said a woman's life was love, and for this reason it was a great wrong to deprive her of that she loved best.

After other weighty arguments of this kind this speaker melted away to give place to Miss Lillie Peckham, of Wisconsin. This young woman did not attempt the difficult task of striking out a new path, but contentedly ambled along over the old highway; but, nevertheless, she had a very interesting, parrot-like way of expressing herself, and very wonderful, because so difficult to imitate.

As the hour of adjournment drew near, Susan B. Anthony came forward and talked "business." Oh, the inimitable, the delectable Susan; the woman with a peculiar relish which one has to learn to love; the woman of whom a very small piece goes a great way; the musk among drugs; the acid in the chemist's laboratory! Susan has finished and the meeting ends.

The evening session of the woman suffrage convention met at the Congregational Church on Tenth street. Before the hour appointed, there was quite a gathering at the church, and the notables, as fast as they arrived, took their seats on the platform. With those assembled on the topmost round of expectation, the coming woman was seen marching up the aisle, wearing the jolly form of Senator Pomeroy. In the modest aspect of this distinguished man, one could see the embryo of the first female President; and Senator Nye following close behind showed that he meant to come in for the second best time on record. All the lights of the morning were on the platform except Tennie Claflin of the Wall-street firm. Miss Claflin must be one of the most charming little brigands in Wall street, else her peaked hat and chubby face tell a wrong story. Her merry brown eyes twinkle like the peepers of Santa Claus or old Nick; and worst of all she keeps her mouth shut, and this proves the brewing of mischief. Tennie looks like one of the women in the picture of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and she seems to be the one above all others fitted to sustain her position in Wall street.

Senator Nye arose to open the meeting. He said he had yielded to the pressing invitation of a woman on the platform to preside at the meeting, and had given a reluctant consent. He had never seen a good reason why the mothers of voters should not vote. One thing is certain, as mothers are elevated, so are the children; as women are degraded, the rule holds the same. But he felt that he was out of place in presiding over a meeting

of ladies; that he was more in the habit of being presided over by them.

He then introduced Miss Kate Stanton, of Rhode Island, as one of the fairest daughters of the State. Senator Nye added that she had undertaken to work in a field where strong men often fail, but he trusted, in her case, that she would meet with success. Miss Stanton then came forward, half hesitating, her eyes brilliant with excitement and true carnation in her cheek. This was the second time in her life that she had faced an audience, and the ordeal was quite as much as she could bear. She commenced reading her lecture, and when she became accustomed to her own voice she glided along gracefully, as only a truly gifted woman can. Miss Stanton will be one of the stars in the lecture field if she speaks equally well on other subjects as the one at present under discussion. She has a remarkably clear, fine voice, a most pleasing personal presence, an unusually cultivated mind, and the true vim of a young American woman. It is true she did not give us any new ideas about woman suffrage, but she treated the subject in a natural, girlish way; and if sentiment predominated, it seemed a halo around her head, for young people are romantic, and when they are otherwise, the gloss of youth has gone forever. Miss Stanton's great point in her so-called argument may be summed up in a few words. The laws made by man are fractional. The woman must be added to make the unit.

After Miss Stanton's logic was finished, Senator Nye introduced Mr. Riddle. The lawyer went over exactly the same ground traversed in the morning before the Judiciary Committee. It is true he enlarged here, cropped off there, but it was the same thing altogether. He commenced by asserting that women were as broadly and deeply citizens as the men of this nation. That the right of government is a natural right. The right to govern is inherent in the people. That there is no right

to be conferred, for there is nothing to confer; and that all who stand in the way would have to get out or else get crushed. Mr. Riddle did not make his case clear, and the audience yawned in his presence for applause.

After he had finished, Mrs. Hooker arose and said she did not agree with Mr. Riddle in his denunciation of men; that women equally were to blame for the state of things. "A great many women say they do not wish the ballot, but I can prove to them that they do wish to vote. There are three vital questions equally dear to every woman's heart: First, there is temperance. Are women indifferent to this? Then, there is education. Are not all women interested in the manner it shall be brought about, whether it shall be secular or religious, or whether education shall be compulsory or otherwise? And there is a third, of most absorbing interest, and this is chastity. The Bible says, 'The wages of sin is death.' Sin is sin, no matter who is the sinner. In England, a country governed by a queen, has been the battle-ground of great strife. It has attempted on behalf of the military to pass laws that should make the passage of vice easy, and the wages of sin not death. By some secret iniquity these laws passed Parliament, and then the attempt was made to include the cities with the military, but such women as Harriet Martineau and Florence Nightingale, as well as those belonging to royal families, went to work to prevent this great wrong. Petitions were gotten up, signed by thousands of the workingmen's wives and daughters, and these petitions were brought to the feet of Parliament and they have, for a time at least, prevented the wrong. France sends word to England that her downfall in a great measure is owing to her social crimes. This subject is now being agitated in our own country. St. Louis and Cincinnati are shaking with doubts. Would you, women of America, have the passage to iniquity and sin made easy for your husbands and sons? These are the great questions upon you which

we are obliged to think and speak." When Mrs. Hooker finished, a kind of awe took possession of her hearers; and whilst this woman dwelt upon this last subject she spoke with all the force of a Beecher and with the purity and delicacy of an angel. OLIVIA.

# AN OPPOSING PETITION.

## Signatures of Notable Ladies Against Granting the Ballot to Women.

Washington, *January 13, 1871.*

A bitter contest is going on in Washington between the women who do want their rights and those who do not. The following petition has been handed into the Senate, signed by a thousand of our countrywomen.

### The Petition Against Woman Suffrage.

To the Congress of the United States, protesting against an extension of woman suffrage:

We, the undersigned, do hereby appeal to your honorable body, and desire respectfully to enter our protest against an extension of suffrage to woman; and in the firm belief that our petition represents the sober conviction of the majority of the women of the country. Although we shrink from the notoriety of the public eye, yet we are too deeply and painfully impressed by the grave perils which threaten our peace and happiness in these proposed changes in our civil and political rights to longer remain silent.

Because the Holy Scripture inculcates a different and for us a higher sphere, apart from public life.

Because as women we find a full measure of duties, cares and responsibilities devolving upon us, and we are therefore unwilling to bear other and heavier burdens, and those unsuited to our physical organization.

Because we hold that an extension of suffrage would be adverse to the interests of the workingwomen of the country, with whom we heartily sympathize.

Because these changes must introduce a fruitful element of discord in the existing marriage relation, which would tend to the infinite detriment of children, and increase the already alarming prevalence of divorce throughout the land.

Because no general law, affecting the conditions of all women, should be framed to meet exceptional discontent.

For these, and many more reasons, we do beg of your wisdom that no law extending suffrage to women may be passed, as the passage of such a law would be fraught with danger grave to the general order of the country.

Should the person receiving this approve of the object in view,

his or her aid is respectfully requested to obtain signatures to the annexed petition, which may, after having been signed, be returned to either of the following named persons:

Mrs. Gen. W. T. Sherman, Mrs. John A. Dahlgren, Mrs. Jacob D. Cox, Mrs. Joseph Henry, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Butler, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Rankin, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Boynton, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Samson, Mrs B. B. French, Miss Jennie Carroll, Mrs. C. V. Morris, Mrs. Hugh McCulloch, all of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Senator Sherman, Mansfield, Ohio; Mrs. Senator Scott, Huntingdon, Pa.; Mrs. Senator Corbet, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Senator Edmunds, Burlington, Vt.; Mrs. Luke P. Poland, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Mrs. Samuel J. Randall, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Catharine E. Beecher, 69 West Thirty-eighth street, New York City.

Please attach to this a paper for signatures.

Amongst this proud array of titled names it will be noticed that it is not headed by our "first lady," and that none of the wives of the present Cabinet are enrolled amongst the same. When one of the leaders of this movement laid this petition before a Cabinet dame, asking her signature, this gracious lady answered, "I have all the rights I want; I find more than I can do in my own sphere of duties, but this subject is too deep, and too broad to be acted upon, except after the most serious reflection. Although I coincide with Catherine Beecher's views, I think if we come out with our petitions we are doing that which we so much condemn in the strong-minded. Besides, I dare not accept the responsibility of speaking for the poor and lowly of my own sex. Let them talk if they want to; this is a free country, and they have a right to be heard."

During one of the sessions of the convention, Mrs. Hooker alluded to this petition, and said she was glad that women were beginning to think. That anything was better than this apathy and indifference, for just as soon as women began to think about the subject all doubts concerning the success of the movement would be brushed away. She was glad that Miss Murdoch had been heard upon the same subject. These same strong-minded women had opened the platform to their sex, and they were

willing that women should now come forward to help extinguish that power.

The morning of the last day's session opened with every star of the movement, both great and small, twinkling upon the stage, if we except one pale sister. This was the mischief, Tennie Claflin, of the Wall-street firm. Susan B. Anthony, who means to be close-mouthed, had opened her lips, and out came some useful information. She said that Mrs. Woodhull had been up whispering in the President's ear, but just exactly what did take place at the White House would only be known to those who were present. Mrs. Victoria Woodhull sat sphinx-like during the talk of Miss Anthony. General Grant himself might learn a lesson of silence from the pale, sad face of the unflinching woman. Other women have talked during this convention, but Mrs. Woodhull has read what she had to say from printed slips of paper. No chance to send an arrow through the opening seams of her mail. Apparently she has had little to do in this campaign, and yet everything has revolved around her. She reminds one of the force in nature behind the storm, and if her veins were opened they would be found to contain ice. When money was needed to carry on this movement, she headed the list with ten thousand dollars. She did this without the least emotion perceptible on her face unless it seemed to say, "I have planted, but I can wait."

But where was Tennie Claflin? The roguish, peaked hat and dainty coat-tails were besieging the doors of Congress. Whilst women were wasting breath in the convention, she was anywhere and everywhere to be found, where a worker ought to "turn up." Oh, the irresistible Tennie! Congress has never been so tried since Vinnie Ream succeeded in getting a stone contract, and if Tennie would be modest, and ask only for ten thousand dollars' worth of folly, she would win like her predecessor. If Tennie is bold, this quality in her is so origi-

nal in its kind that it disarms criticism in the opposite sex, and Mrs. Woodhull must have chosen her for a partner for the same reason that she whispered in the President's ear.

Senator Warner, of Alabama, presided at this session; but, as it is feared that, sooner or later, he will become a woman, a description of his person may not be out of place. Originally he must have been as plump as a Baldwin apple; but the exigencies of the war and Senatorial duties must have had a trying effect upon him. Already signs are visible of his shrinking in size, yet abundance of material is left for all family purposes. A pleasant sound issues from the side of his head, which Susan B. Anthony takes advantage of, at the same time saying, "If men are not good for something in the 'cause,' pray what are they good for?"

Mrs. Halitz, a professor from one of the universities of Michigan, addressed the audience, and spoke in a very effective manner. Occasionally we heard the true click of the metal of oratory. She is a small woman, but filled to the brim with the pluck of determination. She burdened the air with javelins of wit as well as anathema, and she sat down amidst a round of applause.

Miss Anthony then arose and eulogized Mrs. Hooker because she belonged to the Beecher family; and the State of Michigan on account of its universities. It had sent out more strong-minded women than any other State. She then proposed a good old-fashioned love-feast to diversify the meeting.

An ominous silence prevailed for a little time; then Madame Ellis, clairvoyant and fortune-teller, proceeded to make herself heard in a loud voice. She commenced by declaring herself a convert to the doctrine, made so the previous night, but instead of reading the future fortune of the movement as laid in the horoscope of the stars, she kept on talking as if she was only a common

mortal. But she finally reached the bottom of her mind and sat down, and Susan B. Anthony clapped her hands.

Mrs. Hooker then came forward and wanted Miss Susan to tell her experience in Richmond. Miss Susan hesitated, for there was other work to be done, but she finally began by saying that she saw twenty black men in their seats on the floor of the legislature. She went there to invite all the members to attend a meeting in the evening, where she was expected to speak. Some one of the legislature moved that she might be invited to occupy the Speaker's platform, but this could not be accomplished unless the rules were suspended in order to take a vote. A vote to suspend the rules was taken and lost—38 to 29; but amongst those who voted in her favor was every black man upon the floor. One of the white men upon the floor said if it had been Fred Douglass, instead of a white woman, he would have got the place.

Mrs. Hooker read an extremely interesting letter from Mrs. Justice Morris, late justice of Wyoming Territory. According to this letter, office-holding by a woman was a perfect success. Only one appeal was taken from her decision, and that was decided in her favor. Mrs. Morris's family consisted of a husband and three sons, and all these were more willing to help her in official rather than in her domestic affairs. Mrs. Justice Morris was sixty years of age when she took upon herself the cares of official life.

OLIVIA.

## UPHOLDING THE BANNER.

### The Suffrage Convention and Its Leading Participants.

Washington, *January 14, 1871.*

The last evening's session of the woman suffrage convention opened with Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, on the stage. Although this Senator has greatest faith in Catharine Beecher's views, it would be in direct opposition to all the acts of his past life to turn a cold cheek to the appeal of loving humanity; so his broad, genial face stood out from its luminous background like the moon attended by its starry host. The first person introduced to the audience was Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch (now Tappan), and, judging by what followed, she must have been entranced. It could not be ascertained whether or not her mental machinery had been wound up with the expectation that it would run down at the end of a given period, but at any rate she kept on ticking until Senator Wilson drew an instrument out of a side pocket, apparently for no other reason but to find out whether she was gaining or losing time. Mrs. Hooker, in the meantime, looked anxious and weary, and Susan B. Anthony, like Banquo's ghost, stalked across the stage. This seemed to bring the "medium" to her senses, and she closed after it was known that she had been innocent of having anything to say.

As if to reward the audience for its late patience, Miss Anthony came forward to give it some food for thought. She said the object of this convention is to prevail on Congress to decide on Mrs. Woodhull's definition of the fourteenth amendment. "If we fail in this it is our intention to apply for registration in the different

districts where we belong, and if we are refused this privilege, suits will at once be commenced, and the case be followed up until it is decided by the highest court in the land. But suppose we fail to obtain justice under the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution, we can go back to our good old sixteenth, and work until our undertaking is crowned with success." She then read the name of a grand central working committee, every name a well-tried, faithful servant of the cause. She said no name would be placed on that paper because she was a Mrs. Senator This or a Mrs. Rev. That. The names were then read:

NATIONAL CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

President, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, Hartford, Conn.; Secretary, Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, Washington, D. C.; Susan B. Anthony, Rochester, N. Y.; Victoria C. Woodhull, New York City; Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Tenaphy, N. J.; Lucretia Mott, Philadelphia, Pa.; Olympia Brown, Bridgeport. Conn.; Mrs. Emily Stevens, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Harriet W. Sewall, Melrose, Mass.; Mrs Mary K. Spalding, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. Anna Bodeker, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Francis Pillsbury, Charleston, S. C.; Mrs. Senator Gilbert, St. Augustine, Fla.; Paulina Wright Davis, Providence, R. I.; M. Adele Hazlett, Hillsdale, Mich.; Mrs. Dr. Ferguson, Richmond, Ind.; Jane G. Jones, Chicago, Ill.; Lillie Peckham, Wisconsin; Mrs. Francis Miner, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. J. M. Spear, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. C. I. H. Nichols, Wyandotte, Kans.; Mrs. Laura De Force, Gordon, Nev.; Mrs. M. E. Post, Cheyenne, Wyo.; Mrs. Mary McCook, Colo.

"The business of this committee is to go to work and get money to defray the expense of printing documents. Congress will be asked to make an appropriation to this end, but in case of disappointment from that quarter we shall fall back on the national central committee. We shall also ask the members to frank these documents, and we hope to fill Uncle Sam's mail-bags with the same until they groan. Among all my acquaintances in Congress, I never found but one man who would allow me the use of his frank, and this was Brooks, of New York. Yes, Congressman Brooks. I know he is a Democrat, but I find Democrats just as much inclined to give us the ballot

as the Republicans. And why should they not, for they are all of them nothing but men? She said the strongest kind of appeals would be made for money during the coming campaign. Mrs. Victoria Woodhull had subscribed ten thousand dollars, and would any man in the country do the same?"

Miss Lillie Peckham, of Wisconsin, was then introduced by Senator Wilson. Miss Lillie confined her remarks closely to the labor question, and her efforts this time were a marked improvement upon the last. She told her hearers all about the difficulties in the way of women when they attempt to enter the field of science and art. Harriet Hosmer had to go the length and breadth of this land before she could find a college where she was allowed to study anatomy; Rosa Bonheur was obliged to pursue her studies in the butcher shambles of Paris, and Myra Bradwell was not allowed to practice before the courts of Illinois because she was a married woman, and as such could not be recognized, in consequence of technicalities of the law. Ben Butler had said that women should not hold clerkships under the Government because they were needed for wives in the far West; Mr. Rodgers, of Arkansas, had introduced a law too infamous to mention. In forcible terms she painted the narrow field in which women who have no protectors must necessarily struggle and die. At the magic touch of her voice thousands of lowly women left their wretched basements and attics, folded their rags about them and stood on the stage. She went on to say, if the ballot improves the workingman's condition, in Heaven's name why not the workingwoman's? Are they not the same flesh and blood, warmed by the same heat, frozen by the same cold, and subject to the same laws of life and death?

After Miss Peckham had finished Miss Anthony came to the financial point again, and appointed a committee of two persons to receive the amount which any were

disposed to give. Senators Wilson and Pomeroy made their donation in the most modest possible way, and a few others followed the example, and this brought the woman suffrage convention to an end.

It will be remembered that it was called and organized by three prominent women, and so far as it was a success it must be attributed to them. It is safe to say that the woman suffrage conventions at the capital are steadily improving in social refinement and intellectual culture as they succeed each other year after year. Women with pantaloons and men with long hair have taken the back seats, and if peaked hats and coat-tails are visible, these badges are confined exclusively to Wall street, and there may be a necessity for the peaked hats in this awful locality which the innocent world knows nothing about. Senators of the United States have presided at every session, and quite a number of members have attended the meetings from time to time. Occasionally the head of a bureau has peeped out from the audience, and a slight sprinkling of clerks has been noticed now and then, whilst the most perfect order has reigned from the beginning to the end.

When the question was asked Miss Kate Stanton, why the woman suffragists did not bring all their weapons to bear upon the women of the country, instead of wasting their ammunition upon the men, she replied: "It is of no use; we must make the movement popular with the men, and they will educate the women up to it."

Owing to the misfortune that some of the delegates from a long distance did not reach Washington in time for the convention, a meeting took place in the lecture-room of the Young Men's Christian Association building the following day. No business of importance took place. Mrs. Brooks, a small, timid woman, undertook to give a report of what was progressing in the West. But this she found was too much for her modesty, so she gave way for one of the masculine gender by the name of

Jones, who feelingly gave the Western picture. Mrs. Post, of Wyoming, gave her experience of voting, and this of necessity was very interesting. She had "electioneered," been to caucus meetings and to the polls side by side with the men, and, so far as she knew, her womanhood was just as good as ever, and matters had become greatly improved since woman suffrage was a fixed fact in Wyoming. Miss Anthony followed in one of her best speeches. Miss Peckham said that Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin, was fully committed to the cause, and Mrs. Josephine Griffing was willing to pledge herself for the District. Mrs. Pauline Davis eulogized Rhode Island, and Mrs. Hazlett, of Michigan, spoke in her usual bright, crispy way. She said she would present her name for registration under the law of the fourteenth amendment, and had no fear as to the result. Mrs. Dr. Lockwood moved a vote of thanks to the reporters of the Washington press for their courtesy, kindness, and ability displayed during the convention, and the meeting adjourned *sine die*.

OLIVIA.

## CHAMPIONS OF THE SUFFRAGE CAUSE.

### Mrs. Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Cady Stanton, and Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing.

Washington, *January 19, 1871.*

Stirring events are shaking the national capital. Scarcely have the colored lights of the country folded their tents and stolen away from their convention before Washington is visited by another dazzling meteoric shower. To-day, the great national woman's rights convention has met and occupies its position upon the world's stage. Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, seems to be the central figure around which this planetary system of women revolve. As early as 10 o'clock a. m. a great number of the so-called weaker sex were seen hurrying along toward Carroll Hall, the place designated for the meeting. It was observed by all that these early comers were not those sisters of the community who wear silk and satin, and who fare sumptuously every day. They seemed to come from the even plain of society; they seemed to be the wives and daughters of the thrifty tradesmen and well-to-do mechanics. Some of them came in timidly, and took seats near the door, while others marched in boldly, being handsomely flanked or guarded by the "lords of creation." Curiosity and suppressed mirthfulness characterized the appearance of the latter; at the same time these men had provided themselves with newspapers, into which they could plunge whenever it should seem the most convenient thing to do.

In a little side room at the right hand of the platform were gathered a handful of combustibles of sufficient strength and tenacity of purpose to move the world, if, like Archimedes, they had only a point upon which to

place the fulcrum. This fulcrum appeared to them to be the ballot. Before the patience of the medium-sized audience was entirely exhausted, Senator Pomeroy filed out of the side room, followed by the venerable Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Miss Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, and a host of lesser lights; some few of the latter shining on the platform by reflection alone.

As it may be possible that some of the readers of the *Republican* have never seen Pomeroy, a brief description of the man so long identified with this movement may not be out of place. It must first be acknowledged that he stood alone on the platform with this handful of pioneer women by his side. We mean by this that no other Congressmen were gathered there. Though Senator Pomeroy has not advanced to the snows of age, he has outlived the fiery turbulence of manhood. Nature did not cast him in her finest mould, but she gave him breadth of shoulder, and a brow broad and capacious enough for Jupiter; a brown eye, which twinkles as steadily as a fixed star; a good-sized American nose, and a mouth which has ever been devoted to the cause of the gentler sex, and which any woman of taste would approve. Senator Pomeroy called the meeting to order, and then remarked, "While one plants and another sows, it is God who giveth the increase."

Prayer followed by the Rev. Dr. Gray, who committed the sad mistake of alluding to the scripture verse which says that woman was made of the rib of a man. As soon as the prayer was finished, a Mrs. Davis, of Philadelphia, undertook to take exception to the prayer, but Mrs. Lucretia Mott said though the audience might differ in the theological views, she questioned the good taste of discussing the subject at this convention. This was oil to the troubled waters, and peace followed forthwith. A very mother in Israel seemed this venerable woman, now advanced beyond her eightieth year. As she ap-

peared before the audience in her prim Quaker garb, her voice, pure and distinct as the notes of a bell, seemed more like the tones of a spirit issuing from some crumbling ruin than that of a representative woman on the world's stage to-day. Those who remember Thaddeus Stevens in his last days will recall a striking resemblance, both mental and physical, between these two individuals of a past generation, both belonging to the same State of the Union. Miss Anna Dickinson is very much like Mrs. Mott, and it may be well to remember that only the Quaker element, which centuries ago made it just as proper for the women to speak in public as the men, could produce two such marvels of oratory.

Following in the wake of Mrs. Lucretia Mott, up rose the brilliant Mrs. Cady Stanton, of the Revolution, one of the most beautiful and socially gifted women of the day; also a very firebrand in the camp of the enemy. What the poet says about roses in the snow finds a living embodiment in Mrs. Stanton. Have you never seen the heavens aglow with purple and gold before the sunset? And who would exchange these mellow beams for the pale, weak morning rays, or the sultry, stifling noon? Now add a voice of rare melody, sweet, persuasive, and enchanting as a flute, and you see a woman as potent in her way as Queen Elizabeth; an intellectual princess "to the manor born," and who is fated to fill a niche in the history of our Republic. And now, reader, you see before you a woman stern, solid, aggressive. Her whole personnel is suggestive of the power of nature, strength, force. You can not help but feel that the good Dame Nature for once made a blunder. She put a man's head on a woman's shoulders; the massive brain and square brow, the large gray eyes that are set at cross purposes with each other, the clear cut, thinly chiseled lips, that, when brought together, seem to have the firm grip of a vise; a woman to command; a woman to suffer and die for opinion's sake. Reader, you see Susan B. Anthony.

You see the woman who would go to the edge of a fiery caldron, or a Democratic convention, to accomplish a purpose. If there is a pillar of strength among woman, upon which the weak, the degraded, the down-trodden can lean, it must be upon Miss Susan B. Anthony. If every State in the Union were blessed with two such women, the existing factions between the sexes would suddenly expire. Miss Anthony is a fine public speaker, choosing her words daintily from the pure Anglo-Saxon, and her voice is just the kind an orator would desire.

Another woman arises to address the audience. It is Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, so long identified with the Freedmen's Bureau. A fine-faced, sweet-voiced, elegant woman. You feel that she is thoroughly in earnest. You seem to know that she is the last one who would seek notoriety. You feel that you are listening to a woman who has to fight the battle of life for herself and little ones alone. In the depths of your heart you realize that it is such as she who breathe the breath of life into this unpopular cause; and her well-chosen words sink into your soul like dew in the honeyed corolla of a flower. If space would admit, other pictures might be added, but these shall be reserved for another day.

OLIVIA.

## MRS. GRANT'S TUESDAY AFTERNOONS.

### Jessie Benton Fremont Among the Notables in the Blue Room.

Washington, *January 31, 1871.*

The fashionable season at the capital is in the full meridian of glory. Every working day of the week is devoted by the beau monde to dissipation. Feminine faces seamed with the scars of sleepless nights are the rule, and plump, rosy cheeks the exception. All is glare, glitter and pomp, and nothing home-like and substantial. One social gathering is like another, except that the women change their dresses; but the ideas afloat upon all occasions are precisely the same. An exhibition of the weather takes place every day, consequently one topic of conversation can not be exhausted. Another subject, as Bret Harte would say, "never peters out." Women who go to receptions must be "dressed;" consequently the taste, the quality, the cost of each other's costumes afford endless food for comment. Whilst the season lasts there is no time for reading, sensible conversation, or reflection. The fashionable wife of a Senator has not time to rest her corporeal frame before a fresh demand is made upon her nervous and vital forces. In other cities of the Union the mansions of the opulent and hospitable are thrown open because the host and hostess desire to see their guests. In Washington this order of things is reversed. Entertainments are official instead of social, and the magnificent card reception of a Cabinet minister is as cold and formal as a President's levee. Receptions of every kind seem to be cast in the same cruel and relentless mould. Whilst it is not expected that President Grant should stop the ceremonies of a levee

to introduce Jones to Brown, it would seem that a Senator's wife, at an afternoon reception in her own little, quiet parlor at a boarding-house or hotel, would make her two or three guests acquainted for the time being, even though these women were foes ever after. But no introductions take place. The hostess must be a wonderful woman to keep three shuttles of conversation going without occasionally breaking threads. On account of these difficulties many of the "leaders" in the gay season invite a few particular friends to help carry on the tasks of reception day. Mrs. Grant set the example by inviting a number of ladies to preside at her "Tuesday afternoons." But in order to make everything perfect the wife of the President orders the reserve force to come down at the last end of the battle. This battalion consists of General Grant and as many of the Cabinet officers as choose to follow, and if General Dent comes trickling after in his yellow kids there is nothing left to be done except for the sun and moon to stand still until the performance is over. In order to fortify the ladies for the afternoon's work Mrs. Grant provides a dainty lunch beforehand, in the family dining-room. A spotless cover of white linen is spread over the national mahogany. Upon this pearly foundation rest rare and fragrant hothouse exotics. Fruits rifled from the trees of the tropics, luscious oysters from the smiling Chesapeake, sardines from the limpid Mediterranean, and pastry concocted by the "incomparable Melah" lend their charms to grace the feast provided by our "first lady" for the maids of honor when they go to the White House to grace reception day. Being only mortal, like the rest of us, it does sometimes happen that Mrs. Grant and her accomplished assistants linger a little too long over the nutritious chocolate and Bahei; consequently, callers assemble in the East Room and stamp their feet with impatience because the performance does not commence.

At last the hour has arrived, the doors of the "Blue Room" are thrown open, and the play begins. Daylight has been as carefully excluded as if it had thievish propensities. An immense chandelier hung in the centre of the room throws a fitful glare over the enchanted scene. Blue and gold everywhere. Blue satin damask masks the walls; blue velvet carpet under the feet; blue and gold upholstery scattered profusely around. Baskets of natural flowers make the air fragrant with faintest perfume. Mrs. Grant stands near the entrance, with General Michler, master of ceremonies, at her left, and her maids of honor at her right. General Michler's face lights up with real joy at the delightful prospect before him. Not a woman of the vast incoming throng, be she hag or beauty, but must come in contact with him before she reaches the Mecca of her hopes. Mrs. Grant, one of the most amiable and excellent of women, looks as if she meant to make everybody welcome, and she puts so much hearty good feeling into a hand-grasp that she would certainly lose caste in the fashionable world if she was not safely intrenched behind an impregnable fortress. She is clad in a heavy, pearl-colored brocade, embroidered with field flowers and modestly trimmed with point lace. Mrs. Grant has never been accused of being a beauty, and yet there may be seen in her person a great many points which help to make the handsome woman. She has a very fine figure, and an arm as beautiful as Mrs. Slidell's (and the Greek Slave statue was modeled upon the plan of this elegant Creole rebel). Mrs. Grant has an exquisite complexion, lovely hair, and a sincere, unaffected manner, which endears her to every personal acquaintance. General Grant thinks her beautiful, and, as he is the highest authority in the nation, this question is settled. Now let the country hold its peace.

Next to the "first lady" stands the superb wife of the Secretary of State. She is clad in palest of lavender, richly ornamented with duchess lace. Mrs. Fish is a fine,

queenly looking woman, of middle age. Time has gently touched her, for her figure is as erect, her complexion as faultless, and her eyes as bright as in the days of her girlhood. A Long Island acquaintance of Mrs. Grant is also assisting to receive. She is rather pretty, and is becomingly dressed in pink silk, underneath white muslin and lace.

The wife of Judge Dent is also lending a helping hand in the ceremonies. She is a Southern woman by birth, and the mistress of all those charms for which the daughters of sunny climes are noted. She is clad in lemon-colored silk, and her person makes a delightful place for the eye to rest upon after long and severe wanderings.

Last, but not least, the brilliant wife of General Horace Porter makes up the group. She is a dazzling little woman, with pearly teeth, all her own. She may be an American, but she looks like a French woman. Her costume is made up of pink and blue, the two colors shaded with an artist's brush. She is talking to some friend about the "baby left at home," which proves that Horace Porter is consoled in his difficult position by a very sweet wife and a thoughtful mother.

The guests have begun to assemble, not only in scores, but hundreds. Conspicuous in the throng, towering like a palm in an oasis, might have been seen the majestic form of Sir John Rose, of Canadian fame. His fine old English face seemed alive with festive animal spirits, sound health, and the good results of a long temperate life. He might have been thinking of the solution of the fishery difficulties, but his eyes did not betray the least fishy appearance as they rested upon the fair faces and fine forms of our countrywomen. He remained only a short time, but was spirited away by some member of one of the foreign legations. About the time of the appearance of Sir John Rose the President and Cabinet, with the exception of General Belknap, descended from some unknown region and enlivened the brilliancy of the

afternoon. General Grant appeared in a plain working suit, and his manner from the first betrayed business. Whilst he seemed willing to take every fairy by the hand, he was very careful at the same moment to look in an opposite direction. It might be possible that this was a mere political dodge to gain time to be prepared for woman suffrage; at any rate, no delicate creature could have left the Executive presence feeling that she had been particularly favored, and the most perfect gossip present pronounced his manner noncommittal, as usual. In close proximity to the Chief Magistrate might have been noticed the slender scion of a famous stock, in the shape of the quaint form of Secretary Boutwell, of Massachusetts. There seemed to be nothing dangerous in the appearance of the distinguished financier except the immense size of his feet. However, to set the mind of the country aright in regard to the foundation of the national finances, it is here declared, upon highest authority, that Secretary Boutwell's extremities are precisely like other men's, but the huge boots have been purposely built to frighten away female applicants for office, and bold impertinent Congressmen. Secretary Boutwell has a fine face, a gracious presence, and can be ornamental at times, as well as useful.

Far away in the offing might have been seen a jolly "iron-clad" who is well known in Washington society as the gallant Secretary of the Navy. No telescope was necessary to see him cruising about, with his main-sail handsomely squared, and his jib-boom set in the right direction. All at once he changes his course and bears down upon a modest little craft that seems entirely unaware of danger. Ugh! it is all over! No lives lost! They have bespoken each other on the wild waters of conversation, and each hurries forward to a different port.

One of the most distinguished women who paid her respects to Mrs. Grant, and honored the large assembly,

was Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, the better part of the great "Pathfinder," of Pacific Railroad fame. General Fremont may have found a great many wonders in his terrific exploration, but the best thing he ever did find is "Jessie," and if he is ever crowned with immortal bays, it will be because in their youth they ran away. Although Mrs. Fremont is below the average height of her countrywomen, she has a royal presence and a queenly face. Neither paint, powder, nor any other artifice of the age conceals or enhances the mischief time has wrought with her features, and her head is crowned with an abundance of snowy hair, but her countenance is lighted up by a pair of brilliant eyes, and the dimples that enchanted the "Pathfinder" still remain.

How shall we manage to get space in *The Press* to describe the wives of Congress? Every adjective and adverb in the dictionary might be used and the work not then be accomplished. One most noticeable fact in relation to the receptions of the winter is the wearing of last year's costumes. Very few new dresses are seen, and black silk was worn by nine-tenths of the ladies who went to Mrs. Grant's reception. A very few trains were seen, but walking-dresses were the rule and long dresses the exception. A great many hats were worn, but the most elegant toilettes were finished by bonnets. Mrs. Hunter, wife of the Major-General, wore a black silk dress and a white satin bonnet; and Mrs. Cresswell, wife of the Postmaster General, wore the usual habiliments of the season. It will be noticed that the taste of American women is becoming more chaste and refined. Visiting suits are sombre; rich high colors are reserved for the evening. But more of this anon. OLIVIA.

# DYING SCENES OF THE FORTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

## Vinnie Ream Secures an Additional Appropriation for Her Statue of Lincoln.

Washington, *March 2, 1871.*

With the exception of appropriation bills legislative work appears to have come to an end. The mildew of dissolution is approaching, and for the moment the whole strength of the House seems to be in a seething state of excitement preparatory to the organization of a new Congress. When it became lawful for a new Congress to assemble within an hour after the death-knell of the old, a blow of utter demoralization was aimed at the short session of the national legislature. This law was made to checkmate Andy Johnson; and like many patent medicines, it may be excellent for some particular disease, but its action upon all the other organs is mischievous and weakening, in its tendency at least.

The Forty-first Congress had 121 members who quietly slip back into private life. It is their last few days at the Capitol, and they decide upon having a good time, leaving the drudgery to the new Congress. These members will not agree to night sessions. It is impossible to assemble a quorum, and during the days the least possible work is accomplished. In order to show the country how a large mountain can bring forth a small mouse, yesterday the rules were suspended in order to put into the appropriation bill the amount necessary for the public buildings in different parts of the country. The yeas and nays were called, but owing to those intellectual antics which members know so well how to perform, the root of the matter could not be reached. The vote was taken

eleven times, and after all this manoeuvring the whole matter was laid upon the table. Over seven precious hours of the time was wasted and the country has nothing to show for it except its depleted purse. During the last short session of Congress a majority of the members feel little or no responsibility, if they are to be judged by their deportment and work.

The officers to be elected in the new Congress are Clerk, Sergeant-at-Arms, Postmaster, and Doorkeeper. Pennsylvania is in possession of the Clerk's office, and there seems to be little or no opposition to the present accomplished officer. New York holds fast to the Doorkeeper, and at this point of the proceedings there seems little cause for alarm. The great struggle, however, is going to be between the contestants for Postmaster and Sergeant-at-Arms. The present Postmaster has all the strength of the House, because he has proved himself a worthy and efficient officer, but Sergeant Sherwood ought to have the place, because he would make one of the handsomest officers in the House, where beauty is at a discount; besides he takes good care of his widowed mother, and he has but one shapely leg and no wife to comfort him in case he is defeated. If women were on the floor of Congress, Sergeant would be elected without a dissenting voice, and a mild hint is feelingly insinuated that every man on the floor shall vote exactly as if he expected at some future time in his life to become the connecting link between woman and the angels.

But whilst the old Forty-first Congress is prostrated with a paralytic stroke a great cry is heard from the hungry South. It is declared that the New England and Western States are represented in the leading offices of the House, but nowhere is the voice of the sugar-cane heard. Louisiana and Tennessee have both lifted up their eyes, and refused to be comforted unless room is found for one or the other in the national council. At the same time, between the groans of the dying monarch, merri-

ment and feasting are heard. The present New Hampshire Sergeant-at-Arms is busily engaged in tickling the palates of helpless Congressmen. Across Capitol square, in a house of modest pretension, a table is spread which would make the President's "incomparable Melah" clasp his hands with joy. It has been proven beyond a doubt that the vote of Congressmen often lies in the stomach, and with this end in view New England has been searched for chaste white pullets to make chicken salad as thorough in its action as a bottle of Spaulding's glue. And yet, in the very midst of the feasts, a member with a stomach as capacious as a cotton-gin has shown alarming symptoms. His limbs have begun to tremble, and his knees act like the arch in carnival time. His mouth is seen to open without apparent cause, and a sound issues therefrom: "I say, Ordway! Any more chicken salad? I don't like to bet on the champagne. You can have my vote (hic). Free country! Free carriages! Hip! hip! hooray!"

The House is still in session. The sonorous voice of the reading clerk opens the appropriation bill and reads: "To Joseph S. Wilson, for the valuable scientific Museum at the General Land Office, $10,000."

At this point of the proceedings Mr. Kelsey, of New York, declares that Mr. Wilson is not entitled to one cent of it. Mr. Kelsey affirms that Mr. Edmunds, the predecessor of Mr. Wilson, sent a circular to surveyors, registers, and receivers of land offices throughout the country, thus officially authorizing them to collect the specimens of which this mineral and geological cabinet is composed. Mr. Kelsey likewise declared that Professor Hayden, formerly of the Interior Department, had donated to the Land Office his collection, gathered during the time he was connected with the Department. In 1868 Mr. Wilson sent a circular into the country, after the manner of his predecessor, and all specimens weighing less than four pounds were allowed to be sent through

the mails free. These articles were arranged by a clerk and labeled by the same, and put in paper cases, at an expense of a little more than $9,000 to the Government. After this plain statement of the case, Mr. Kelsey subsided, yet the House voted $10,000 to Joseph S. Wilson for superintending this work less than three years, in addition to his own salary. Mr. Sargent, of California, said in extenuation of his vote that Mr. Wilson had been a faithful public officer for forty years, and although he had a perfect knowledge of the land system he didn't own a single acre, and that he was now compelled to apply for copying for members of his family or to rent rooms for lodgings to support the same; and now, instead of pensioning an old and faithful public servant, as is done in every civilized country except our own, it is sought to rob him of the acknowledgment of meritorious service.

Upon the same principle that the Government is responsible for the pecuniary condition of those it employs, General Banks moved that Vinnie Ream should be paid an additional five thousand dollars for her immortal statue of Lincoln. In the most feeling manner he referred to the years of patient toil which the young artist had bestowed upon the model. In language of a statesman he depicted the woman, and the beauty and purity of the marble of which the celebrated statue is composed. All the strong points of the case were handled with a master's dexterity, and General Banks suddenly collapsed before the scorching corruscations of his own mind. General Butler then arose and declared himself safe on the woman question. He had no objection to Vinnie Ream's rosy lips and bright eyes, so long as they continued to be Congressional property, but he dare not, even for her sake, pick the national pockets in the daytime; and he therefore gave way to Mr. Dawes, the most economical man in Congress, who seemed to be exceedingly annoyed that his gallantry should be held up as a target for the shafts of less scrupulous Congressmen. Mr.

Dawes protested against this bold proposition of General Banks; but a disinterested observer could perceive by the drooping of his eyelids, and the ready, flute-like tones of his voice, that a woman was in some way mixed up with the case, and that he was battling as only a man can with the waters of demoralization. Another Congressman was about to make a speech against giving Vinnie the additional five thousand, but before he had time to open his lips he was seized by one of the monsters of the lobby and hurried to a spot where a view of Vinnie's modest studio greeted his vision. Filmy lace shrouded the tall gaunt windows. The dear little doves which the inimitable artist had brought from Rome were cooing and kissing, and baskets of flowers were slowly steeping in the beams of amber sunshine. The member fell on his face and wept, at the same time General Banks and the motion were carried. OLIVIA.

## PRAISE FOR DEPARTING LEGISLATORS.

### Value of George W. Julian's Services to the Nation.

Washington, *March 7, 1871.*

The Forty-first Congress of the United States has passed into history. It will simply be remembered on account of its negative qualities. It has done little good to its friends, and less harm to its enemies. It attempted reconstruction, but this was too large a pill for so small a throat, so the whole matter has been stowed away in Ben Butler's committee room, where it is expected that it will be kept in the very best state of preservation. No law has been enacted to protect the Southern Unionist, whilst the bloody Ku Klux and fierce highwayman hold possession of every inch of the late Confederate soil. Is not the word "liberty" a mockery when every prominent Republican in certain districts of the country has to go armed to the teeth? when women, for expressing their sentiments, are taken from their beds at midnight and cruelly flogged by fiends with human forms and masked faces? With a Republican administration and a Congress made up of a majority of the same element, why are not life and free expression of opinion protected everywhere? Who is to blame for murder, rapine, and violence? Who is to blame for the pall which is slowly settling down upon the forces of the late grand army of the Republic? Is it not madness to talk about universal suffrage and universal amnesty when life and property are no more safe than in the South American republics? Why should we attempt to annex more territory, when, apparently, we have not the strength to keep the peace within our own domain? If Congress denies the Presi-

dent power to send the military wherever the laws are defied, let him bring the same influence to bear upon it as in the San Domingo business, and the matter will be settled in less time than it takes to cook this national pie. Where is the coming man or woman who will have the power and strength of mind to blot out Mason and Dixon's line, and who will make this nation feel that it had no North, no South, no East, no West, but that it is one conglomerate whole, like a huge glacier or a mountain boulder?

The Forty-first Congress will be remembered because some of the largest minds and best men in the country with its departure will step back into the ranks of private life. It is a national loss when such men as George W. Julian can be found no longer on the floors of Congress. As chairman of the Committee on Public Lands he has saved millions of dollars for the Government. Firm as adamant, he has stood before the waves of corruption, whilst the humblest and weakest have always found in him a firm friend. It is true, he is one of the warmest advocates of woman suffrage, and for this reason, perhaps more than any other, the womanhood of this country should give this important subject a most thorough investigation, for when a great and good man like Mr. Julian advises what is good for us let us listen and not be afraid. Mr. Julian is not only immense in physical size, but he also has a colossal mental organization. At all times he is an ardent searcher after knowledge and truth. Not a great many years ago Mr. Julian lost a most beautiful and accomplished wife, and very soon after a boy of rare promise. How the strong man writhed beneath this double blow! For months he seemed more like a stone statue than a living man. Meeting him one day and noticing that look of the grave on his face, the writer ventured to say, "If there is any truth in spiritualism, she may be very near you." "If there is any truth in spiritualism I will know it," replied Mr. Julian. After

a separation of months we met again. "Any tidings from the unknown bourne?" "None! None whatever. I have patiently investigated. It is all chaff! chaff! I have not been able to gather a single kernel of wheat. God will take care of us all in his own way. I think I am learning the lesson of submission, and this is the hardest task man is ever set to learn."

Mr. Julian was an Abolitionist in the days when nothing could be more disgraceful; when urchins, with boys of a larger growth, pelted the unfortunate advocate of such ideas with eggs no longer fresh laid. During the long bitter years of the rebellion Mr. Julian worked with untiring energy, not only in his seat on the floor of the House, but wherever he was needed he proved himself to be the soldier's friend. He has served twelve years in Congress, and during all this time he has never been identified with any legislative measure except such as reflects credit on his judgment and the Republican party. If he has not achieved immortal renown during his last term as a member, it is because the Forty-first Congress has been in a mildewed condition from the beginning to the decline. Mr. Julian has just passed the noon of life, but the flush of morning still shines in his countenance, and on bright, sunny days he may be seen wending his way toward the Capitol, his fine face aglow with honest, kindly feeling, and his majestic form towering a whole head above the majority of his countrymen. Let the country he has so long and honorably served bid him a momentary adieu, with the expectation that he will respond at any future time when the services of a man are required who needs a reputation like that of Cæsar's wife. The nation's loss is Indiana's gain, and if the benighted State is to be regenerated, the result will be brought about through the unremitting toil of such men as George W. Julian.

The Commonwealth of Ohio has recalled Judge Welker and Judge Lawrence, two of the soundest Re-

publicans and safest men in the country. As one of the most prominent members of the Committee for the District of Columbia, Judge Welker has had no easy task to perform. All matters of importance pertaining to the District have been brought to his notice, and all complaints for which it was supposed that Congressional legislation could provide a remedy have been poured into his ears unsparingly. If any abuses were found to exist at the national lunatic asylum the presence of Judge Welker was instantly sought. This man has been six years in Congress, and during this time no man can show a better record. He has never been caught in the snares of the lobby, and he goes back to his constituents with clean, spotless hands. It is rumored that Ohio intends to make him a governor, and if the best material is needed for the sacrifice nothing better can be found. Judge Welker is a self-made man, and that may help to account for his firm, steel-like qualities. It would take the sum total of twenty-five ordinary Congressmen to make a man equal in every moral aspect to Judge Welker; and when it can be said that he is made of colors that will not wash, and that neither man, woman, nor child ever pinned their faith to him and was disappointed, nothing further is necessary descriptive of his character.

In figure this late Congressman is rather below the medium size, with a finely formed head, crowned with heavy luxuriant curls, in exchange for which a woman would almost sell her birthright. Now add a pair of deep, dark eyes, so transparent that you can often catch a glimpse of the soul within, and you have the leading points that indicate the man known as Judge Martin Welker.

Judge Lawrence has been a brave man on the floor of Congress, and no member has inspired the lobby with greater terror. He has always been the sworn foe of railroad schemes, ocean subsidies, corporations, and monopolies. How vigilantly he has watched the late

appropriation bills; and he never seemed to realize that there was any difference between Uncle Sam's pocket and his own. How thoroughly he has attended to the affairs of his constituents. If he has sometimes been accused of selfishness, Ohio has never had reason to complain, for if he has sinned in this respect it has all been done for her sake. Mr. Lincoln declared during the late rebellion that Massachusetts, Ohio, and Iowa controlled the destiny of this nation. If this is conceded, it is because of the strength of the Congressional delegation of these respective States. Ohio has been trying the experiment of "rotation in office," and for the next two years the old Buckeye State will be out at sea on her trial trip. It is true some of the old officers are left at their posts, and if no storms arise the ship will probably return in safety.

Iowa, not content to let well enough alone, has recalled two-thirds of her late delegation. No longer will the eye of the gallery be dazzled by him who has been termed the handsomest man in Congress. Alas! alas! William B. Allison is no more in the seat he lately occupied. Never again will the large brown eyes be seen wandering uneasily from floor to ceiling, seeking some soft, receptive spot, whereon to languish and die. Mr. Allison's Congressional reputation rests upon the fact that to all appearances he has been the bosom friend of Representative Hooper, of Boston. It is not known positively whether Mr. Allison will return to Iowa and resume the practice of law, or whether he intends to be stuffed and sent to Boston to occupy a conspicuous ornamental place in Mr. Hooper's gorgeous library. As soon as a decision is reached the people shall be apprised.

Mr. Loughridge, of Iowa, also goes out. He will chiefly be remembered as favoring the minority report on the woman suffrage question in the Judiciary Committee. Judge Loughridge agrees with Mrs. Woodhull on the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution, and thinks women are already entitled to vote.

Pennsylvania has made a great clearing in the ranks of her Representatives. One-half of the late members of the Forty-first Congress are re-elected. But this includes the late Hon. John Covode. According to the record, eleven of the old members are in their seats and thirteen new men are to try their hands at the raw work of legislation. The most prominent men who retire are Charles O'Neill, of Philadelphia, and Daniel J. Morrell, of Johnstown, both able men on the floor. Mr. O'Neill has been in Congress eight years, winning fresh honors with every succeeding year, and just at the present time, when he has attained the zenith of Congressional usefulness, he slips back into the calm waters of private life. If Philadelphia can stand the affliction there is no one else to complain. Hon. Charles O'Neill looks as if he had just laid aside all care and trouble and was about to commence the world again.

Chicago recalls the stately Mr. Judd, one of the most courtly and elegant men in Congress. Few men are stronger than he is in legislative matters; but a man of polished manners is remarkable because the House of Representatives is not noted for its laws of genteel propriety. And then it is so strange that Chicago should be distinguished for its grace or courtly qualities.

The Hon. Shelby M. Cullom goes also, but then it is said that he will return next winter as Congressman for the State at large. The greatest wit in Congress, Proctor Knott, retires to the shades of Lebanon, Kentucky. Who will forget his memorable speech on the railroad to Duluth and the paving of Pennsylvania avenue? We know nothing about his qualities as a legislator, but blessings be on the head of a man that can make us laugh.

Rogers, of Arkansas, actually yields up the legislative ghost. Rogers, the man who wanted all the women of the Treasury blown out exactly as the flame of a lamp is served. "Poor Rogers," Susan B. Anthony calls him. If

the delectable Susan meant poor in flesh, she was right, for Rogers resembles a bear immediately upon waking up after taking its long delicious winter snooze.

This letter comes to an end because no more ex-Congressmen to-day can step across the vestibule of our mind.

OLIVIA.

# THE BLACK MAN IN CONGRESS.

## Sketches of a Number of Solons of African Descent.

Washington, *March 11, 1871.*

At the third session of the Fortieth Congress appeared the first colored man on the floor of the United States Congress. The name of this man was Willis Menard, and he hailed from New Orleans, La. Mr. Menard came to Washington as a contestant for a seat in the House, but his rival gained the victory. This man was allowed the floor in order to make his defence, and awarded $2,500 with which to pay the damages. Mr. Menard's maiden speech reflected great credit upon himself and the newspaper with which he was connected, but it failed of the desired effect, and he soon after took his departure for more sunny climes. Mr. Menard was a handsome quadroon, and it is said that he derived a certain smooth, sinuous voice from his Creole ancestors.

The next candidates for Congressional fame were Jefferson F. Long and Joseph H. Rainey. These were the first colored men who obtained a foothold in the House. These men came from their respective States armed with the proper documents, and without further notice or trouble slipped into their seats in the outside row, the farthest from the Speaker. It is not known whether by design or accident it happened that their seats were chosen so very near the door. At any rate they were in the very best position that could be obtained to flee in case the wily Logan should attempt capitol moving, or the fiery eloquence of a Butler or Banks should communicate flames to the nervous surroundings. How quaint these two strange youthful faces appeared by the side of

wrinkles, frost and snow. Black men? No! White men? No! But tinted a shade the Eternal knows how to mix. Jefferson F. Long, of Macon, was born in Crawford County, Georgia. With great difficulty he obtained the rudiments of an education. He was engaged in the business of a merchant tailor when he was elected, and his term of office closed with the Forty-first Congress. It always takes the first two years to learn the trade of a member, consequently Mr. Long could not accomplish much during his apprenticeship, but he proved himself as apt at the business as the average white man, and he gained the respect and good-will of his fellow workmen. He will be remembered as one of the first two colored men elected to Congress; and the Forty-first Congress will be famous only because, for the first time in the country's history, a race which forms an integral part of the nation had a hearing through their own people. The Forty-first Congress is scored in history by a colored mark which will deepen and broaden as the Republic runs its course.

Joseph H. Rainey was born in Georgetown, S. C. His parents were natives of the same city, but by their industry obtained their freedom. He was never allowed to attend school, but in some way he managed to gather the rudiments of an education. This knowledge was vastly augmented and improved by travel in the West Indies and elsewhere. During the war he was obliged to work on the rebel fortifications, but he managed to escape and did not come back until the close of the war, and then he returned to Georgetown. He was elected a delegate to the State constitutional convention in 1868, and was a member of the State Senate in 1870, which position he resigned to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of B. F. Whittemore, of cadet fame.

Mr. Rainey is one of the five colored members of the Forty-second Congress. In features and complexion he is far more like an Asiatic than an African. In size he has attained sufficient height for exceeding grace, and

then he has a voice like a flute, and the smooth, soft velvet ways of the Orientals. It is true, he has kind of an innocent habit of putting his hands in the place where a revolver or bowie knife is usually kept; but then he says, "We all have to go armed in the South, ready at a moment's warning to sell our lives if it is necessary. No Republican of any prominence is safe." Perhaps no man in the country has had so strange and eventful a history as Mr. Rainey. Born a slave, though early free, reared amidst the degradation of this despotism, debarred from the light of learning, yet he takes his seat in Congress before a line indicative of age has marked his countenance, representing the town and district in which he was born. He seems to have fallen into his seat as noiselessly as a snowflake touches the earth. He sits by General Butler. *Contraband! Contraband!* The problem is solved.

Josiah T. Walls, the member from Florida, was born in North Carolina, of free parents, and looks as if he were about 28 years of age. He was educated in Philadelphia, and served in the Union Army, leaving school to fight the battles of his country. After the war Florida became his home, and he was first chosen to the house and afterwards to the senate of the State. He resigned his seat in the State senate in order to come to Congress. It is said that Mr. Walls is of Indian extraction, but in appearance he resembles a bright mulatto, of good features and average height. In personal raiment he is not eclipsed by any Congressman, and he may be seen in his seat, clad in polished broadcloth, spotless linen, and dainty blue necktie. A snowy handkerchief of pineapple origin, peeping from his pocket, photographs the taste of an exquisite gentleman. General Butler being absent from the House when the seats were chosen, Mr. Walls, fortunate in the choice of a good one, tendered it to the warrior, by whom it was accepted.

Robert C. De Large, of the Charleston district, is here

in place of the Hon. C. C. Bowen, whose numerous wives are becoming as famous as Brigham Young's. He presents an aspect of as much intellectual strength in his personal appearance as nine-tenths of the members on the floor. Mr. De Large was born free in South Carolina, received the scanty rudiments of an education, but being a man of great force of character, he knew how to make the most of his advantages. During the war he worked on the rebel fortifications. He has always taken an active part in politics, and was appointed clerk in the Freedmen's Bureau. He was also a member of the constitutional convention, and subsequently a member of the legislature, where he was chairman of the committee on ways and means. Mr. De Large has acquired distinction as a parliamentarian. In person this Congressman bears very little resemblance to the African race. His mother was a Haytien, and he inherits a rich olive skin. In stature he is rather below the medium size, and his exceeding grace of manner might be imitated to the advantage of more experienced Congressmen. Mr. De Large is 28 years old.

Benjamin S. Turner, of Alabama, was born in North Carolina, in 1825, but removed to the State he represents in 1830. He was born a slave and remained so until the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln. Under the most trying and difficult circumstances he learned to read. His master's children taught him to repeat the letters of the alphabet, but it was a long time afterwards before he knew the relation between the name and the printed character. He says he was mostly educated by reading the New York *Herald,* though occasionally, once in a very long time, he managed to get hold of a New York *Tribune.* Mr. Turner was first elected tax gatherer of Dallas County, where he was required to furnish a bond of $45,000. This he was enabled to do, but he did not enjoy the office, and so he resigned. He was then elected a member of the city council of Selma, and carried his

district by over 5,000 majority. Soon after he was elected to Congress. In person Mr. Turner is above the average height, with all indications of immense muscular power. His figure might answer for a handsome statue of Hercules cast in bronze. If a man must have dark blood in his veins, it is well to be stained in the bright color of this Southern member. If the human eye is the window of the soul, what a defiant spirit crouches behind the fierce, sharp orbs of Mr. Turner. Then he has a way of biting off his words and spitting them out, as if they had a bitter instead of savory taste. Although a slave, it is easy to see that he was never made to kiss the rod. Coming to the stationery room of the House the first day of the Forty-second Congress, he requested that certain sundries be sent to his rooms, at the same time offering to pay for them. He was told that members were allowed a certain amount, which was charged to them; all over this was paid for. Said he, "I am well aware of that. If the Government allows me anything I will get it at the right time, but I'll pay for what I have; I keep no open accounts with any man." And the jaws closed with all the force produced by two hundred years of bondage. Mr. Turner is a strong man in his way, but whether his qualities are such as will give him distinction in Congress time alone must decide.

Robert B. Elliot, the colored man who represents the proud capital of the late hot-bed of secession, differs in many ways from the other tawny members. He is not only a genuine African, without a drop of white blood to lessen the darkness, but he is a carpetbagger of the Massachusetts persuasion. The first gun fired at Sumter opened the way for this most astonishing spectacle of the nineteenth century. Oh, the long, bitter, savage struggle between Massachusetts and South Carolina! The Palmetto State flung down the glove when her guns opened on Sumter. As fast as steam could travel Massachusetts had her soldiers in Washington to pick it up. Cotton and rice went under. Codfish and mackerel prevailed,

whilst one man in the inky covering of Robert B. Elliot represents both Massachusetts and South Carolina on the floor of Congress. A shadowy halo of romance surrounds this man, and it is very hard to sift the truth from the hundred tales that are afloat concerning his origin and history. It is said that he was educated in England and that he is familiar with many languages, but none, so far, as we can understand, have heard him converse in anything but his supposed mother tongue. Mr. Elliot has been a resident of South Carolina since the war. He has a fine English education, and is a lawyer by profession. At one time he was editor of the *South Carolina Leader,* which he conducted with ability and considerable eclat. It is thought by a great many that he will lead the colored men in Congress. This may be so, but it is well to remember that the fiery blood of the South flows in Mr. Turner's veins, and the probabilities are that the feuds between Massachusetts and South Carolina will not be allowed to die for the want of proper material to feed the flame. Mr. Elliot was a member of the Republican convention, also a member of the legislature, where he was chairman of the committee on railroads. At the present time the subject of railroads is of vast importance to the people of South Carolina. There is no possible way of making a thing of beauty and a joy forever out of Mr. Elliot. If he were a British commissioner or an African prince it would be all the same. Nature has fixed him up according to her best ideas of a man, and it is evident that she did not consult him or any other mortal in the matter. The New York *Tribune* says he is very fine looking "when his face lights up." If this is so, there is nothing to prevent him from procuring a patent illuminator and becoming the handsomest man in Congress, unless General Butler steals a march on him and appropirates everything of the kind to be found for his own use. Mr. Elliot is reputed to be a man of considerable wealth and much refinement; but you can no more judge of his age than you could that of a porcelain egg.

OLIVIA.

# BY THE GRACE OF THE QUEEN.

## Her Majesty's Representatives On the Joint High Commission.

Washington, *March 17, 1871.*

To the modest suburban building temporarily occupied by the State Department the eye of the country is directed. A cozy suite of rooms are set apart in this same pile of brick and mortar, where a body of men called the joint high commission meet in order to discuss the little "unpleasantnesses" which have occurred from time to time between two governments which have both pretended to be united to each other by the most natural and fraternal ties. It is not the object of this letter to disclose any of the secrets that are caressed and embraced within those awful doors, vigilantly guarded by locks and keys, but some of the ceremonies and forms observed, as well as the dress and bearings of those in authority, may not come amiss to the general reader.

As early as 10 in the morning carriages are seen rapidly approaching the State Department. After depositing the distinguished human freight the carriages disappear. We have the joint high commission within the building. It may be thought that these men all enter the same room, consult and measure red tape together. Far from any such nonsense. The British commissioners go into a room by themselves; the American commissioners betake themselves to another; and each country talks to itself some two hours, more or less. Then the commissioners of both countries adjourn to a room in the same building, where a modest lunch of crackers and cheese is spread.

Then the joint high commission throat is deluged with

the choicest wines that have outlived the perils of an ocean voyage. This performance safely over, the commissioners of both countries adjourn to the same room, where Earl de Grey discourses for the British lion, and Secretary Fish speaks in behalf of the American eagle, while the remainder of the joint high commissioners keep "whist" as hunters in search of the flying game. It will readily be seen that the English commissioners have simply their instructions to carry out. There is no free discussion between the members of both sides. Each side is heard through its mouthpiece, and it is safe to say that no fault can be found with the awful dignity of the joint high commission.

Somewhere between the hours of 4 and 5 in the afternoon this distinguished assembly adjourns, and every evening in the week a dinner party is waiting somewhere for the Englishmen. The writer heard Sir Stafford Northcote say that the "social duties of the commission were becoming the hardest part of the work." Just as the Hon. Reverdy Johnson was wined and dined in England, the royal scions of nobility are treated here. One evening they are invited to General Sherman's to see the Supreme Judges; another evening we have some other great and mighty man to show. Washington is determined to astonish these men, if excellent dinners will do it; besides it sounds well to point out to a morning visitor the very chair upon which some of the bluest blood of England has graciously reclined. Just as Queen Elizabeth used to select the right man for the right position, her Majesty's Government has made choice of the right material for the right place. Like a wise woman, Victoria did not trouble herself about beauty, but chose her men as the mother advised her daughter when selecting a husband—for qualities that would wear. In the first place, she looked around for a great lawyer on international affairs, and selected her famous subject, Sir Montague Bernard, the present professor of international

law at Oxford. Sir Montague Bernard has written a great many pamphlets on international law, besides a lecture on diplomacy, and the history of British neutrality during the late civil war. If by any sort of alchemy a man could be evolved from that immaterial something that goes to make English law, Mr. Bernard is the man. There seems to be just enough body about him to confine his international matter, with nothing left to love, hope, or die with. With a firm set mouth and peculiar voice! How one longs to lift up the lids of his mind and see the click and play of the awful machinery!

And now we come to the Earl de Gray, the spokesman of the commission. An editorial in *The Press* has already given the titles which the centuries had constructed for this bit of earthy matter when it should come along. The Earl has inherited four titles, two from his father and two from his uncle, with large estates attached to each. The reader is requested to study Dr. Mackenzie's article for all useful information, with the exception that the Earl was not described as Knight of the Garter. It may be owing to Dr. Mackenzie's extreme delicacy in the matter, which is certainly most creditable to his refined and sensitive sex; but when a member of the joint high commission and a man who is said to belong to one of the first families of England appears at the White House, at a dinner given in his honor, with a garter tied around his left leg in plain sight of the ladies present, without any effort on his part to conceal the same, in spite of Dr. Mackenzie's diffidence, this matter should be carefully unwound. Earl de Gray wore to the President's dinner breeches that came to his knees, and these were met by black silk stockings that, whilst they concealed, did not hide his finely shaped lower extremities that leave off where his feet begin. The stocking on his right leg kept its place apparently without exterior fastenings; but the left was confined by a striped garter in black and white, held together by a chaste and modest buckle. It is

true one of the lady guests was heard to inquire of another if she supposed that his lordship had lost its mate, and when she was told that the noble Earl had received this from the hand of his gracious sovereign, because an English woman had dropped hers in the dance, and that he wore it in deference to this sublime act, tears filled the eyes of the inquirer and she could only talk of the Earl's great tenderness the remainder of the evening. The Earl de Grey married his cousin, who is a late lady of the bed chamber to the Princess of Wales. His only living child, Lord Goderich, is a young man, 19 years of age, and he accompanies the commission to this country. There is nothing in the personal appearance of Earl de Grey to indicate that the root of the family has pierced the mould below the times of Henry the First. He is a small man, with a head so large that he is inclined to look top heavy, with features that would attract little or no attention if they belonged to a Congressman. If he possesses ancestral pride, he must have left it in bonnie England, for he is distinguished above his associates for republican simplicity of manners. Socially speaking, no words are equal to the situation, and according to the description of our late countryman, Earl de Grey must possess the elegant and dignified ways of Washington Irving. The English nobleman was formerly a member of Parliament, was afterwards appointed Under Secretary of War, in June, 1859, and Secretary of State for War, in 1863, and subsequently for India, and retired in 1866, where he has rested until he was resurrected to do duty with the joint commission.

The Right Hon. Sir Stafford Northcote, Henry of Hayne, County Devon, Privy Councillor, Knight of the Bath, Doctor of Civil Law, Member of Parliament from North Devon, Secretary of State for India, late president of the board of trade, is the eighth baronet of that name, and succeeded to his title the 17th of March, 1851. The book says, "the great antiquity and high respectability

of this family are clearly proved, by an ancient and copious pedigree, preserved in the College of Arms, accompanied by a great number of family deeds, fines, wills, etc., to several of which are affixed their seals or arms, which pedigree is continued down to the visitation of 1620, in the reign of King James the First." It will readily be seen that it is a great blessing to any humble mortal to be born an English nobleman. Earth, sky, and water interest themselves in his favor. Offices of emolument and power hang ripe on the tree, awaiting the time when he shall be old enough to shake gently the branches. Sir Stafford has titles enough to take one's breath away, but this fact is gleaned from various sources of information. There is no danger for some time of the baronetcy becoming extinct, as Sir Stafford has seven sons. Sir Stafford represents the Tory element of England, and is devotedly attached to the Crown. He is a fine type of the pure Saxon, and with the exception of Sir Edward Thornton the handsomest man of the number, if his size could be increased; but it is noticeable in this commission that the older the family from which the man sprung the smaller the size, which proves that even dust will wear out.

Lord Tenterden, as near as can be ascertained, comes from a new family, his father being the first nobleman of the line. The name of Tenterden does not figure much in books of knight errantry, consequently the reader's attention is directed elsewhere in order to study this important subject. My lord secretary to Her Majesty's high commission is rather a fine looking man, with large eyes, and a beard which conceals the entire lower part of his face. He may have a mouth somewhere concealed in the jungle of his mustache, but there is no evidence, so far as we have seen, of any such aperture. He is said to have a thorough understanding of English yachts, and it is thought in Washington that he is on excellent terms with His Majesty the Prince of Wales. It is his duty to

record the doings of the high commission, but as he brought along a man to do the work, his place may be considered quite as ornamental as useful. But when he comes to dinner parties the right man is found for the right place. With what open arms his dear American cousins have received him! How they have crammed him with shad and canvas-back! Alas! alas! he must feel like a fat turkey at Thanksgiving time.

Sir Edward Thornton is well known in this country as the English minister resident, and no man connected with the foreign legations is more respected and beloved by our people. He came here an untitled man, having served for many years in various diplomatic positions in different parts of the world. At the time Prince Arthur was in this country he came more immediately under the eye of his sovereign, and she was so pleased with the treatment of her son, and remembering at the same time her great obligations to him as a subject, that she knighted him, and now we have in the place of plain Mr. Thornton, "Sir Edward;" and well he becomes the title, not that he is any different from plain Mr. Thornton, for Nature made him a nobleman in the beginning, but the Queen, with her poor eyes, could not see it until a royal sprig was a guest under his hospitable roof. After all, the Queen only loaned him a title. It is buried when Sir Edward becomes ashes. His boy will be plain Mr. Thornton, and all the better for that. Minister Thornton, like the late Sir Frederick Bruce, has a most distinguished personal presence, owing to his majestic height and graceful manners. Then he retains that exquisite purity of complexion for which the English belles are celebrated, and our American climate, so conducive to parchment and wrinkles, labors upon his handsome face in vain.

Sir John A. MacDonald is another of Her Majesty's commissioners whose title dies with the man. Sir John's father was a merchant in Kingston, Canada, who came to

America when this son was only 6 years of age. When only 15 years old the latter left school and began the study of law. When 21 years old he was admitted to the bar; soon after he turned his attention to politics, and in 1844 was elected member for Kingston in the second parliament of United Canada. When two years and a half in Parliament he was appointed a member of the cabinet. During the time of our civil war there was agitation in regard to the dismemberment of Canada. Sir John was one of the strongest advocates for the union of the provinces. He was also a leading participant in the secularization of the church property, which dissolved the connection of church and state in Canada, and in the adjustment of the troublesome seigniorial rights. In one of his addresses he said: "The fraternal conflict now unhappily raging in the United States shows us the superiority of our institutions, and of the principle on which they are based. Long may that principle—the monarchical principle—prevail in this land. Let there be no 'looking to Washington,' as was threatened by a leading member of the opposition last session; but let the cry with the moderate party be: 'Canada united as one province and under one sovereign.'"

Sir John has received his title for his devotion to the interests of the Crown, as exemplified in the various delicate duties assigned to him. In person he is above the medium height, with a regular cast of features; and he has that frank, ingenuous manner not usually conceded to such polished men of the world. Sir John is the only member of the English part of the commission who brings his wife. He tarries in the shadow of the aristocratic Arlington, but the remainder of the commission are quartered at the superb Philip mansion on K street, opposite Franklin Square, where, with a large retinue of servants, dogs and horses, the fire of an English home is kept burning. This house is one of the largest and finest private residences in Washington. The extensive draw-

ing room has a waxed floor, relieved in sundry places by exquisitely finished velvet rugs. Pictures of English landscapes look down from the lofty walls. "I didn't know they had such comfortable houses in this country," said one of the royal blood. "It must have been made expressly for our use," chimed another. It is simply an elegant American home, planned by an English-born American citizen, who, out of deference to his late countrymen, resolved that they should carry away from his adopted country something sweet and savory in the shape of pleasant recollections. OLIVIA.

## A DISSERTATION ON DRESS.

### Proper Procedure for Members of the Select Circle of Society.

Washington, *March 18, 1871.*

In a social way the doors of the White House have closed for the season. The beginning of Lent has heretofore marked the abrupt decline of the star of Fashion, but this year the days of folly have been lengthened, in consequence of the necessity of extending hospitalities to the British part of the joint high commission. Recent receptions may be compared to autumnal flowers trying to bloom after the coming of frost. The carpets at the Executive Mansion begin to show the result of the wear and tear of a winter's campaign, and a dingy pall seems to wrap all the other surroundings. Mrs. Grant looks weary and worn, and, though her manner is kind and engaging as ever, it is plain to see that she will be glad when this universal handshaking is over. One becomes thoroughly exhausted in vain attempt to feel satisfied with the foam and froth of Washington's fashionable dissipations. The same envy, heart burnings and petty jealousies exist here as in monarchical courts. There may be a small quantity of genuine comfort in a modern dinner party at the capital, and yet there is room for grave doubts. Suppose you are invited to a dinner at the White House; you must remember that every rule and regulation is prescribed. When you receive your invitation you know exactly what chair you will occupy at the table. Soon after your arrival you will receive a card which will inform you which "lady" you are ordered to take to dinner. This woman sits by your side. You are obliged to be civil whether you are inclined to be or not.

You are expected to say solid, substantial things after the soup. You are expected to avoid everything weak and watery after the fish. Sly and delicate humor must be sandwiched between every course. Suppose this woman, though good enough in her way, is exactly the one you would flee from if the wind was fair, and the coast clear? There are women in Washington of rare conversational powers; queenly in manners, and kind of heart; but they are scarce, and the number can be counted without using any number beyond the digits.

There is to be a fashionable crush or reception at the Cabinet minister's home. In order to keep it within the bounds of mathematics cards of invitation have been issued. Is it possible that a Cabinet minister means to pack his house so densely? Every available inch of standing room is occupied. The stairs resemble seats in an amphitheatre, with its tier of heads, one rising above another. The lights in the showy chandeliers burn with that dim blue flame sometimes noticed in mines down deep in the earth. There is a faint, deathly odor of undying perfumes. The music sounds as though it were afar off in the heavy atmosphere. If the mansion were a prison, and the inmates therein wretches of high and low degree, could the imagination picture a more horrible situation? But let it be remembered that this medley is made up of silk, satin, lace and jewels, snowy shoulders and distinguished men. Everybody is polite and refined; wit sparkles, women laugh, and if one must be pressed to atoms, no more charming death could be devised. Did the Cabinet dame invite all these people to her hospitable mansion? Nay! Never! She scattered abroad a suitable number of invitations. Some of the people who received these cards took the liberty to ask a friend, or perhaps more; and thus it will readily be seen that if many of the invited guests take such liberties the company is doubled, and sometimes quadrupled by the

license usurped by what is called "fashionable society in Washington." The writer has known of an instance where a member of Congress and his wife received cards for a Cabinet reception. They attended, accompanied by nine guests by their own invitation. The time will come when such entertainments must be done away with. None but men of immense wealth can accept such positions unless they have the fearlessness to emulate the simple life of George S. Boutwell. And yet how can an honorable, high-minded man accept legions of civilities and never have anything to offer in return?

The social fabric of Washington is reared upon the foundation prepared for it by George and Martha Washington. It was good and excellent for those days, when the wise and prudent Martha, and the wives of the Cabinet ministers, could return the visits of their friends in a single day. More than three-quarters of a century have gone, and society after that style is ready for the sickle. Last winter the wives of the Cabinet ministers met in solemn council and decided that visits would not be returned for the reason that the sun and moon could not be made to stand still, and the days were not long enough for the hundreds of demands made upon them. The most beautiful, gifted, and accomplished woman in Washington shortened her days in order to meet the insane, exorbitant demands made upon her by the tyrant Fashion. Mrs. Belknap once said to the writer: "It would not matter so much if I omit visiting a Senator's wife, but it would pain me exceedingly if any person thought they were neglected on account of their obscurity. If I get well, this matter must be explained, and I know the people will understand it."

Heretofore the ladies who move in what is called Washington society, with the exception of Mrs. Grant, have been expected to return their calls. For the first time in social history, the Cabinet dames, who are a law unto themselves, have decided otherwise. In a little time

the wives of the Senators will enact the same law, for they are already beginning to feel their chains, and some of the boldest assert that life is too solemn and earnest to be wasted in a giddy whirlpool of dissipation.

Among the accomplished women no longer seen upon the topmost wave of society may be mentioned Mrs. General Williams, better known as Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, and the elegant wife of Senator Sprague. Both have known what it is to reign as "Queen of Beauty and Fashion," and both have retired before the noon of life to the substantial comforts and enduring peace to be found only in the smooth waters of domestic life.

The most perfect entertainments of the winter have been given at the handsome mansion of Senator Chandler. A card reception at a Senator's residence partakes more of the nature of a private party, consequently painfully crowded rooms are avoided. For this reason the finest toilettes of the winter are brought out, because they can be worn without danger of serious damage. The costliest dresses of the winter have been sported by Mrs. John Morrissey and Mrs. Fernando Wood. Mrs. Morrissey wore a black thread-lace dress, over heavy white moire, with solitaire diamonds only for ornament, at the Corcoran ball. Mrs. Morrissey has never been seen in general society in Washington. A party given by the Chinese embassy, and Mr. Corcoran's entertainment planned to complete the Washington monument, as well as to make the beau-monde merry and glad, are the only social places known to the writer where the Hon. John Morrissey and his pretty, unobtrusive wife have been seen.

The rarest dress noticed this winter has been worn by Mrs. Fernando Wood. Take up your finest collar, my lady reader—"old point," by the way. Now imagine a whole dress, with any quantity of ferns and palms running over it—waist, sleeves, skirt, all complete—with pink silk underneath. Could anything more exquisite in

the shape of a dress be conceived? Stop a moment. Let us see! It certainly bears inspection. Let us move away and examine it as one would a picture. We are writing for a newspaper, and the truth must be told. It looks at this distance as if Mrs. Wood had rolled herself up regardless of expense in one of her own parlor window-curtains.

It is true that silk is worth its weight in silver the world over. We might as well talk of cheap silver as cheap silk. When we buy a heavy dress for a small sum of money we are paying for dye-stuff, and the dye-stuff we buy very soon destroys the silk. But costly as the article is with which we love to decorate ourselves, it is within the reach of every industrious single woman in the country. It is worn as every-day apparel by the fashionable women of Washington. When a dress becomes too well known, or has lost its freshness, it is taken for every-day wear. This is a great mistake for more than one reason. By making silk so common it detracts from its elegance and beauty. The only difference between a woman in full dress and when she is not—in the first instance she wears a clean garment, and in the latter, one that has seen the vicissitudes of life. Oh! blessed are the charms of the laundry. Better all cotton than all silk.

Because silk is so common, fashion has decided that the superior excellence or elegance of a woman's wardrobe must consist in her rare and costly laces. But against this extravagant innovation good taste has set her face. A moderate amount of lace adds additional charms to a handsome dress, but when we come to make the entire garment of the material the effect is lost. Queen Augusta, of Germany, who ranks next to Eugenie in matters pertaining to the toilet, prefers tulle dresses to wear over her silks and satins. Sometimes these are ornamented with field grasses, at least this was the case in her

younger years. In latter days her tulle garments are trimmed with pearls. The most exquisite taste delights in simplicity. The more barbarous a nation the more it revels in gorgeous and costly ornament; but when every American woman lays her earrings aside forever the tranquillity and peace of the Republic is assured.

OLIVIA.

## MEETING OF OCCIDENT AND ORIENT.

### Reception of the Imperial Embassy of Japan by President Grant.

Washington, *March 4, 1872.*

Another interesting ceremony has taken place which marks an epoch in the civilization of the world. To-day the Occident and the Orient has an official greeting. The fluttering petticoats of the East have bowed before the scant, ungraceful pantaloons of the West, and history records the performance. The event was stately and solemn, and nothing occurred to mar or disturb the feelings of those present, except the cold and disdainful way in which the press was treated. These scions of republican royalty were kept outside, whilst such crumbs of information fell to our lot as the powers that be chose to bestow.

Before the magic hour of 12, for the royal time of day was chosen, ten of the Japanese highest in power, accompanied by Mr. Mori, the Japanese minister, descended from their carriages and in single file marched slowly into the Executive Mansion. Previously everything had been prepared for their reception. The broad halls and the great vestibule had been reduced to excruciating neatness. The air was laden with the odor of tropical exotics. Above the central part of the great ottoman, in the Blue Room, arose a pyramid of flowers composed of Japanese lilies, birds of paradise, and the long, dreamy, pendant leaves of the Eastern fern. Daylight, which was not considered quite good enough for such an occasion, had been carefully excluded, like the press, but, like this mighty engine, it managed to struggle in, or at least enough of it for all practical purposes.

Whilst all these things were in preparation Secretary

Fish came rushing in and seized an unfortunate servant, who had accidentally put the right flower-pot in the wrong place. This was quickly adjusted and the Secretary left the place. Then Mrs. Secretary Fish, swathed in pearl-colored silk, trimmed with the costliest lace, sailed through the rooms. A lackey followed her with fear and trembling. As near as could be ascertained in the distance, the hair on his head stood upon end. All at once dulcet sounds were heard, "Take it away." The servant stood terror-bound until the lady said: "Too much mignonette. We cannot be too careful. Perfume is a good thing in the right place. The danger is, everything is becoming too common." The flower-basket was removed, and the rooms were pronounced all ready for the ceremony.

First of all Secretary Robeson sailed in, and following in his wake were the heads of the Navy Department, in their brilliant regimentals. As these were not the men who distinguished themselves in the late war, the people have no care to hear about them. But their shining shoulder-straps and other finery helped to make the occasion brilliant, the same as a shoal of dolphins at sea on a hot summer's day. Secretary Robeson looked as handsome and happy as could be expected.

Then came Minister Boutwell, in white choker and pale pearl-colored kids, closely followed by that interesting old greenback known as General Spinner. Then Spinner was brought up by the heads of the Treasury Department, and they stretched out until it seemed as if it was intended they should represent the "crack of doom."

Then came the handsome Saxon Secretary of War, with his officers, followed by Cresswell and the Post Office, and Attorney-General Williams and his "heads." The heads of the Attorney-General's office are men who have blossomed, fruited and now ought to be gathered and put in the cellar for future use. Delano, of the In-

terior, was there with his force, the most dignified magnate present.

Spilled around promiscuously were Judge Holt, Cameron, Casserly, with nose at an angle of forty-five degrees; Banks, with a new shade to his hair, called "Paris in Ashes;" Professor Henry, with any amount of electricity in his pockets; Speaker Blaine and Colfax—dear Colfax! who came out and said he felt sorry for the press; he knew how it was himself before greatness was thrust upon him.

And last, but not least, the Japanese. The President had fixed himself in the right place in the East Room. To his left were the great men of his Empire. To his right were the ten Eastern representatives. The first five stood a little forward of the other five, because they preceded them in rank. The first five were dressed somewhat different from the remainder. They wore garments which are never allowed to be upon their persons except in the presence of a ruler of a great nation, and when engaged upon the highest diplomatic duty. This dress consisted of a blue silk skirt, embroidered with white, which reached almost to the floor, just allowing the queer, sandaled feet to become visible. This was surmounted by a black silken tunic fastened at the waist, which did not allow the arms to be of much use. The head was covered by a courtier's hat of device indescribable, with a long metallic ribbon-like streamer falling down the back. A stranger costume can hardly be conceived. Those of lesser rank wore the same skirt and tunic, but the headgear seemed to be made of patent leather, banded with soft white material, an excellent invention for a masquerade. The great ambassador, in a sing-song way, read from his parchment, whilst General Grant and all the others listened. Then our President read something to the Japanese, Mr. Mori standing and looking quietly on. Then President Grant introduced his Cabinet. There

was no handshaking. The Americans snapped their heads in the usual jerky way, but the Japanese gave them the graceful salaam of the East. An Oriental only knows how to bow.

After everything official was concluded, then the Japanese allowed their hands to be touched by the Western barbarians. The Cabinet at this point offered their arms to the fluttering silks, and each Minister took a Japanese into the presence of Mrs. Grant, where the press had no desire to go. We claim there are certain inalienable rights. For the preservation of these we will endure all that heroism requires, and for comfort and support we look to the people. OLIVIA.

## THE PUBLIC GREET THE JAPANESE.

### Under Adverse Circumstances Eastern Royalty Is Welcomed.

Washington, *March 6, 1872.*

It has already been truthfully stated that several thousand dollars of the people's money have been set aside with which to entertain our Oriental guests. Last night's experiment proved to be a superb success. The Masonic Temple's insignificant proportions were dwindled to Lilliputian size in the vain effort to make it resemble some gorgeous Eastern landscape. In the vain pursuit of this Quixotic dream General Myers purchased pink and white tarletan by the rod and furlong; carpenters nailed it to the ceiling, to the roof overhead, and to every other available spot worth mentioning. Where there was no place for tarletan, the gallant general plastered the stars and stripes. A couple of fountains were placed in the upper part of the room, and it was said Japan in miniature was represented on its watery surface, but no persons present would have found it out unless they had been told previously that this was the original program. Hanging baskets were attached to the ceilings by long strings, a threatening menace to the brains below, whilst birds in cages were suspended in such a way as to cause serious alarm as to personal safety. Then cards of invitation were issued, calling the faithful together between the hours of 9 and 11 o'clock. At 9 o'clock the writer stood within the enchanted hall of the Masonic Temple. The sight was sorrowful if it was not imposing. The imperial chandeliers had not been lighted. Carpenters were hard at work nailing tarletan to finish out the eastern sky. Workmen were hurrying with tables and flower pots and other et

cetera of the landscape. Humbler hands were scrubbing the floor, whilst one or more men were finishing up the corners with an unpoetical mop. In the centre of all this grandeur stood the Secretary of State, supported by General Banks; only a short distance from them, to the left, were the wives of these distinguished officials. As the landscape was to be heated after the Esquimaux style, that is, by hanging lights and the warmth of human bodies, the damp floors had to be dried by opening the windows of the magnificent temple. Through these yawning holes came the Arctic blasts. Mrs. Fish wrapped her royal ermine mantle around her; Mrs. Banks drew the folds of her opera cloak close. It had previously been agreed that those ladies who had elected themselves "to receive" should get to the temple precisely at half past 8 to put the last half dainty touches to the brilliant surroundings. It was a few moments after 9, and only Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Banks and a newspaper intruder, who was bound to tell the truth, unless she chose the majesty of silence!

A new actress in the drama—all ripples, laughter, and girlish abandon—Mrs. Colfax—came bouncing into the "eastern scene." She had thrown aside her wrappings in the dressing-room, and appeared clad in rich white silk court-train over a black silk petticoat, and a white pompon in her hair. Her neck and arms were bare, and in through the open windows came the biting winds. The lithe, elastic frame shuddered like a jaunty yacht caught in the jaws of a terrific nor'wester, but succor was close at hand in shape of covering, and the pearly shoulders disappeared from view. Next came Mrs. Governor Cooke, magnificently arrayed in filmy lace and light green. If the fountains in the corner had been larger and she had been more sylph-like the play of Undine might have been performed.

At last the tarletan was tacked, the last pot of flowers planted, the floor mopped, the last bird-cage hung, the gas-jets lighted, and the reception ladies had disposed

themselves on the sofas. Let it be remembered there were no other seats in the room. The door swung open on its noiseless hinges, and in walked the precious Japanese men, who had got themselves up in "Melican fashion" to please us rude barbarians of the West. How poor, weak, and shammy everything must have seemed to their almond-shaped eyes! Flower-pots and pink tarletan, a bit of bright carpet, a cold, damp floor, a wintry atmosphere faced them. As they walked through the narrow path which opened in the throng and led to the upper end of the hall, they saw seated before them women no longer young and some of them far advanced into that period which is called the "sere and yellow leaf of age," with shoulders exposed below the point of modesty (if there is any such place in that delicate region), arms bare above the elbow! What a lesson it must have conveyed to our visitors! And yet these women tried to look beautiful!

The foreign ministers, with their wives and daughters, had drawn themselves into the usual diplomatic knot. There was the tall and queenly Lady Thornton, elegant in pink silk and Chambrey gauze; and Sir Edward Kingly as a knight of old; and pretty Madame Roberts, the wife of the Spanish minister, in quaint costume, regardless of expense; magnificent Mademoiselle Freyre, the daughter of the Peruvian minister, who was the most gorgeously and costly appareled of any woman in the temple. A moderate fortune of diamonds nestled in her hair, whilst bust, arms and ears sparkled like the cave wherein was caught unfortunate Sinbad the Sailor.

About the banquet? It fell below the "Oriental landscape" attempt. It was spread under the directions of A. G. Jiraudan. We never heard of this man before, and yet he will be remembered for his stale boned turkey and hard crusts. In place of ice cream we were treated to doubtful frozen custard. The salad might have been made of lamp oil, judging by its flavor. The coffee was such as contractors furnished the army during the late war,

and water was denied the last resting place of a goblet. We drank it from the humble plebeian glass in the shape of a mug without a handle.

Fancy Sir Edward Thornton carrying this cup to his aristocratic lips at an entertainment given to royalty! Will not motherly Philadelphia or her sister city New York open the doors of hospitality and retrieve Washington from her niggardly disgrace? Not that the people of the capital are in fault, but a grave charge lies somewere. Let exposure do its work. OLIVIA.

# SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

## Memorial Services Held At The Capitol.

Washington, *April 17, 1872.*

Because we have no Westminster Abbey, or other royal sleeping place when genius passes away, we have memorial services held at the capital of the nation, under the shadow of the dome and the Goddess of Liberty. No man since the Saviour was born has ever had such obsequies follow him to the grave as the plain citizen of a Republic who has just passed away. The ceiling of the House of Representatives had been pierced, and numerous wires were seen suspended from the wall, and these ended below the Speaker's desk, where an electric instrument was placed that transferred to those present that throb of sympathy which alone makes the world akin. The voices of seventy cities of the Union were heard speaking in the Hall of Representatives, for Professor Morse had given to each a tongue of flame. Click, click, click; from the bed of mighty waters came the sob of the Old World. London sent her condolence, dated many hours subsequent to our time. April the sixteenth was dead and gone in England, but on the wings of the lightning came the intelligence of an unborn day. From Europe, Egypt, China, flashed sympathy with this nation because a simple American citizen had gone to his eternal home. In the self-same spot where all this tribute was paid to his memory he had once stood—poor, obscure, and alone, working out the solemn problem which should revolutionize the world.

On the floor of the House of Representatives might have been seen political strength, the judicial ermine, poet, painter, scholar, and humble citizen, and from the gal-

leries looked down the womanly element of the Republic. First of all came President Grant, with his square, immovable face. At his side walked Secretary Fish, whose comeliness will ever furnish a theme for song and story. Then came Secretary Belknap, with a presence sufficiently warm and attractive to keep the whole Cabinet from spoiling for the want of caloric; then clear-cut Secretary Boutwell. Behind the Cabinet might have been seen the ponderous Supreme Judges, and their presence proved that the Creator worked regardless of material when he constructed these excellent men. On the Speaker's stand stood the men whose speeches were to honor the great man whose memory was to be embalmed. Speaker Blaine sat in his accustomed seat, with Vice-President Colfax at his right hand.

Speaker Blaine touched his desk with his gavel, and silence fell upon those congregated there. Then softly upon the ear sounded the silver voice of Professor Morse's aged pastor in solemn prayer, a simple petition, such as men utter when their feet have almost reached the other shore. After the Marine Band had been heard, Sunset Cox made some remarks, and these were followed by a lengthy biography from Senator Patterson, which was altogether too long to be read when so much that was equally interesting was to follow.

Fernando Wood gave the most interesting account of the struggle and despair, but final triumph, of Professor Morse in his attempts to make the Government aid him in his undertaking. Mr. Wood is the only man in Congress who was a member of that body at the time the inventor was pleading his cause. Professor Morse first laid his plans before his own Government, and they were rejected. He then went abroad, was absent two years, going, as did Columbus, from court to court, obscure, unheard, unnoticed. All undaunted, he came home, to try for the last time to bring his wonderful discovery before the world. It was this period of his life that the Hon. Fernando

Wood brought so vividly before the audience. With the mind's eye the vast congregation could see a threadbare, dejected man traversing the streets of Washington, modestly attempting to electrify Congress with a flash of his own genius. At last, when he was slowly settling into the depths of despair, he had the supreme happiness of learning that in the very last hours of a session a modest amount had been appropriated to carry out his apparently insane undertaking.

Facing the speakers of the evening hung a portrait of the departed. It was surrounded by a white groundwork, inlaid with an inscription in green letters: "What God hath wrought." It was the picture of a man in the winter of life, with hair and beard of snow; a face not classically made, but with fine, manly features, that must have glowed with indestructible beauty when lit up by the enthusiastic genius within.

Samuel F. B. Morse has gone the way of all the earth. He lived to know that his name had been spoken by the intellectual world from pole to pole. No more honor could be bestowed upon his ashes; and his memory is embalmed in the soul of his country.

One of the speakers of the evening said that Professor Morse was born the same year that Benjamin Franklin died, and the lives of the two men seemed like joining a broken thread. And this reminds the writer of a man who might have been seen in that audience who to-day is trying on the same field to get Congress to help him to demonstrate to the people that wires and batteries and Atlantic cables are only so much waste matter; that from given points anywhere on the world's surface that same lightning which Franklin brought to earth with his kite can be harnessed to do his bidding. He has got his patent, his invention, and his faith. As with Morse, Congress is afraid to "establish a precedent," and so another inventor goes begging his way, perhaps to immortal fame.

OLIVIA.

## ON THE PROMENADE.

### A Saturday Holiday With Its Strollers And Equipages.

Washington, *April 22, 1872.*

Spring, though laggard, has at last smiled upon Washington. Once more the bosom of Mother Earth has yielded up the frost and the baby vegetation wears a smiling face. No longer the cold, bitter winds smite the wayfarer, for the king of the season has tempered their edge. Saturday afternoon at the capital is a holiday. Congress usually adjourns from Friday until Monday. Not always the Senate, but the House, which is a much harder-worked body, necessarily must have a short respite for breathing time, although it is claimed by the members that the last day of the week is the hardest of them all. A Senator who holds his position for six years can afford to take more or less ease; but a member who has only two years to serve, if he has any ambition or talent, is about the hardest-worked man in the nation. He has the superhuman effort to perform of making himself felt in Congress; at the same time he must manage to keep the peace at home. The majority of them know there are men in their districts as gifted as themselves, who are working out the problem of rotation in office. So when Saturday afternoon comes they try to forget their troubles whilst riding up and down Pennsylvania avenue, with the smoke of cigars issuing from their lips; but only the women suffragists envy this deceitful happiness.

Smoothly the carriage moves over the faultless pavement. Some of the members are wealthy enough to own their own "turnouts," but these seem to have simply been purchased for their comfort, for there is scarcely any-

thing about them suggestive of display. The carriage of Mrs. Secretary Fish is of the plainest and most comfortable description. It might have belonged to some Knickerbocker relative of a past generation, so prim and respectable it seems. Even the wheels have an aristocratic roll, entirely unlike the little plebeian satin-lined concerns of the *parvenues* which have been called into existence in the same way that Cinderella's fairy god-mother changed the nut-shells and mice.

When the Avenue was first lined with Nicholson pavement the carriages of the "first families" were seen rolling over it. In those days the "thoroughbreds" belonging to the President were seen stretching their graceful limbs in contrast to the fast-trotting bays owned by Sir Edward Thornton. The carriages of the foreign ministers were then displayed in all their glory. The most magnificent were usually occupied by the South American ministers. The representative of Peru could be seen in the daintiest affair, lined with white satin. The body of the carriage is rounded and the top opened in the centre, and when thrown back it seemed to disclose a huge bird's nest, and the white satin in the distance bore a striking resemblance to eider down. Altogether it looked like a portable nest filled with the rarest birds of a tropical clime, whilst coachman and footman in the most gorgeous livery completed one of the handsomest pictures of a Saturday afternoon.

Another elegant establishment might have been noticed —a luxurious carriage, with its light-bay prancing thoroughbreds attached. On the creamy cushions, with their costly white lap-robe, was seated a solitary woman in the earliest stages of the winter of life. She usually wore a white carriage costume—nothing but white from the snowy ostrich tip to the Paris kids that encased her slender fingers. Who is it? A wealthy New York widow, too wise to be ensnared by fortune hunters, and not a remarkably shining target for arrows of the other kind.

In those days not so very far remote the carriage of Senator Chandler might have attracted attention, especially if the superbly dressed madame and her accomplished daughter were securely inclosed within. But, alas! alas! the *creme de la creme* no longer patronize the Nicholson pavement. This is given up to the blonde-haired beauties, fast youths, and tipsy Congressmen. The sunny side of the Avenue has become the fashionable promenade. What a changing human kaleidoscope!

Here comes Secretary Robeson with his substantial bride. One feels like lowering the mainsail of conversation in time to salute the jolly consort and tender as they go sailing down the river of human life.

This is the Hon. Eugene Hale, of Maine, with his graceful new wife. Would the ladies know how the richest heiress in Washington is attired? In plain black cashmere and a simple straw hat.

And this is the Hon. Benjamin F. Butler, one of our most famous citizens, but so changed for the better that his nearest friends scarce recognize him. The time has been when General Butler was dubbed "belligerent," but this must have been when he was in the active fermentation of life. To-day the dregs have settled to the bottom. The froth and scum were all whisked off in that last Massachusetts campaign. Nothing but the rich, generous body remains. Even the famous Don Piatt can find no peg to hang a fault on; besides, the General is growing handsome, for the beauty of the spirit lights up the countenance, and this is the truest type of perfection.

A slender and exceedingly graceful man hurries by—a gentleman whom the wicked types made us call in our last letter "Sunset Cox." We never applied any such appellation to this gentleman, and for this reason we call attention to this correction. We have no personal acquaintance with the Hon. S. S. Cox, but men, like greenbacks, pass in Washington for just about what they are worth. There is nothing about this Congressman to remind one

of sunset, unless it is the brilliant coloring of his mind. This is the term which envy and malice have fastened upon him; and this uncourteous term cannot be made to foreshadow his decline. Although he has not reached the noontide of life, he is one of the readiest debaters, one of the most eloquent and pleasing speakers, a fascinating writer, and in every sense of the word an accomplished man. If this is "sunset," may we have a little more of it in Congress, for we believe in men instead of parties, and when women vote we shall not stop to ask "Is he a Republican?" "Is he a Democrat?" but we shall propound the awful question, "Who is the man?"

Yonder comes Mrs. Cresswell, clinging to the arm of the Postmaster-General—a pretty, petite woman, but not quite strong enough to stamp her impression on the age. And yet women who have only social qualities upon which they can rely are remembered long after their thrones are crumbled into dust.

To-day Mrs. Crittenden, of Kentucky, has her shrine in Washington. Her manners are quoted like the speeches of Clay or Webster. "Tell me," inquired the writer of an elderly lady who was blessed with an excellent memory, "what made Mrs. Crittenden so famous?"

"I am sure I cannot tell, unless it was because she treated the poorest slaves as though they were ladies and gentlemen."

OLIVIA.

# CHARLES SUMNER.

## An Interview in the Workshop of the Veteran Statesman.

Washington, *April 15, 1873.*

This article is not written with the attempt to portray that which makes Charles Sumner the central figure of the American Senate. No woman possesses the gift to explore his mind. Yet there may be those who read *The Press* who feel an interest in the material part of his nature, and who would like to know something about his every-day life—how he looks, how he appears, and the impression he makes upon the womanhood of the day. The so-called gentle sex are convened in secret now, and men are not supposed to hear what we say. We will examine Charles Sumner in the same way that we would a picture, whilst his fine house and exquisite surroundings may be called the frame. Stand a little way off, because light is needed, and remember he is seen to the best advantage in what he terms his "work-room."

An easy chair high enough to support the head is drawn before the open grate, and its capacious depths reflect the majestic figure of Mirabeau, but the face was designed by his Maker expressly for Charles Sumner. It is one of the best living pictures that foreshadows the exceeding grace of autumn. The sense of harmony in its highest embodiment is fulfilled; but the vision is neutral-tinted with all the scarlet glory left out. Even the long dressing-gown with its heavy tassels is soft, bluish-gray.

In scanning the features you realize that the artist has been trying to follow the classical order of art. You see it in the royal head crowned by its abundant gray hair, in the oval face, and the clear eyes which, if you watch

closely, you can catch a glimpse of the soul within. Observe the Greek nose, and finely moulded lips, which are never used except to make the world wiser and better. Now add the manners of an English lord and an improvement on the polish of the Chesterfieldian age, and we have the picture of the simple American gentleman.

The difference between spending a morning with Charles Sumner or learning about him through the newspapers is like quenching our thirst at a fountain at Saratoga or procuring some of the elixir at a drug store. It may be that your apothecary is honest, and that you are imbibing genuine Congress water, and then again perhaps you are the victim of misplaced information. With his permission, let us make a visit to that model "workroom," because Charles Sumner will take us into the company of the famous people of the world. He will tell us about meeting George Eliot at a dinner party, or about his being on the same ship with George Sand. Then we can say to him with enthusiasm: "Tell us about this wonderful George Eliot. How old is she? Whom does she look like, and don't you think her the greatest intellect represented by the womanhood of the present day?"

"I think her a great woman, perhaps the greatest, but time must decide all things connected with fame. I have a picture amongst my engravings very much like her, so much so that it would answer very well for her portrait."

The picture is found. It represents Lorenzo de Medici, and is ugly to the last degree.

"Not like that. No! It cannot be possible that her face is as wide as it is long; that these are her eyes, that her nose, that her mouth—why, this is the face you see looking out of the moon!"

"It may be a plain face," says Mr. Sumner, "but then it is so strong and noticeable, a face once seen that will never be forgotten."

"But her hair is cut short like a man's."

"That is a matter of taste. You see at a glance that she

lacks vanity, which is another sign of a great woman. I also met Mr. Lewes, her husband, at the same time. He is noted for his German studies, but he is not so eminent as his wife."

"About her age, Mr. Sumner?"

"That is a very hard point to settle, but without flattery I should think her beyond 50."

"Beyond 50, and still writing the best love stories that the world enjoys?"

"Why not? Genius never grows old."

"But about George Sand?"

"I met this famous woman many years ago on a steamer. We were going from Marseilles to Genoa. Among the passengers this woman in particular attracted my attention, because she held by the hand a very beautiful child. I have never observed such hair on a child's head. It was the real gold in color, and fell to his knees, not in curls, but in waves. The lady wore the Spanish costume. I now recall her Spanish mantilla. She was short, we might call her thick-set, not handsome, yet holding her child by the hand. I had a curiosity to find out her name. She was accompanied by a tall, slender gentleman. They kept aloof from the other passengers, and seemed to find society enough in each other. Upon inquiry I found her to be the celebrated George Sand. At that time she was a topic of conversation everywhere. She made a very distinct impression on my mind. She was comparatively a young woman. On board the same ship I was interested in two other passengers. This time it was quite an aged couple. The old gentleman carried his gold-headed cane and bustled around as if it was his mission to entertain everybody. One would almost think that he thought himself in his own house and the people around him his guests. His aged wife was at his side, helping in the good work. I noticed a respect shown them which age alone cannot always command. I soon learned the man to be one of Charles the Tenth's Minis-

ters, I am not quite certain which, but I think his minister of finance. I shall always remember the extreme courtesy and politeness of these old people and their endeavors to make everybody happy around them."

"Did they talk to George Sand?"

"No! for the lady and her cavalier kept to themselves, and did not seem to need any exertions in their favor."

In the conversation about the private lives of writers, a query came up of this kind: "Will a woman of good judgment marry a man fifteen years younger than herself?"

"I shall have to refer you to Mr. Disraeli. I know that to have been a very happy marriage. I met Mr. Disraeli and his wife at Munich, when they were on their wedding tour. At the principal hotel we met at the breakfast table. Mr. Disraeli sat by the side of his newly made wife. He might have been, or at least looked, about 30 years old. His intensely black hair smoothed to perfection. At that time he had become famous as an author. Everything seemed noticeably new about him. Mrs. Disraeli appeared like a kind-hearted, middle-aged English woman, and Disraeli seemed the one to carry the idea that he had drawn the prize. Time has shown how devoted they were to each other. In the last few months we hear of his walking by her side and supporting her tenderly. She must have been nearly, if not quite, 80. In my opinion Disraeli is one of the most remarkable men of this age when we remember the obstacles he had to overcome to reach the position he occupies in England. The prejudice which exists there against his Jewish faith alone is enough to chill the most ambitious."

A book was drawn from a side table which had been printed in 1460. It was in the German language, and, with one exception, it is as perfect as a book published yesterday. Its binding would shame our best modern work.

"This," said the man in gray, "reminds me of a con-

versation I once had with Macaulay, as well as an incident of my school-boy days. The master once said to the scholars, 'Can any of you tell me in which year printing was invented?' No answer. 'Remember, children, it was the year which contains the figure 4 three times.' The small brains were greatly puzzled. At last one little fellow answers '1444.' When I grew older I tried to ascertain the proof of this; but I have never been able to find which year printing was invented. It was somewhere about 1450, and, from all I can learn, I am inclined at times to think the Dutch instead of the Germans made this discovery. I remember a long talk I had with Macaulay on this subject. I was on the side of the Dutch; he was for the Germans. At last he proposed that we should adjourn to the British Museum and search the authorities, and have this weighty matter decided. I did not go, but I have always regretted it. We all remember Macaulay's Essay on Milton. I think it ranks with the best of his writings; yet he told me that he regretted nothing so much as its publication; and this proves the incompetency of authors to judge their own works."

We spoke about the changing seasons of human life, and the writer asked the statesman a question which lies very near to every woman's soul.

"Is beauty confined to one period of our existence? Infancy and childhood are only promises; the summer is something more; but give me the golden reality of October or the bracing chill of a December landscape if the intellectual powers are not on the wane."

"I have known beauty to go with the years, but this I fear is the exception, not the rule. One of the handsomest women I ever knew was the mother of Lord Brougham. At the time I met her she must have been over 80 years of age. I was then quite a boy, and abroad for the first time, and met with the kindness to be invited to the castle of this nobleman. The manners and figure of Mrs. Brougham betrayed none of the decrepitude of age. I

never shall forget her extreme kindness and efforts to entertain a young American. I remember that amongst other things she brought the bag which her son wore at the time he was Lord High Chancellor. This bag is worn around the neck of this exalted officer of the British Government. It is an elaborate affair, made of silk, gold lace, and embroidery. When the Lord Chancellor goes into the official presence of his sovereign this bag rests upon his breast, and it contains the petitions which the loyal subjects desire to be laid before the throne. Every new Chancellor must have a new bag, and these are always retained as the precious heirlooms of the family. The great seal of England is always kept in the bottom of this bag. Lord Brougham's mother related an incident connected with this small affair of silken embroidery:

"'When my son Henry was in the presence of the King this bag was crammed full of petitions, and he became very tired taking them out. At last he said, 'I hope this bag will soon be emptied.'

"'"Empty it of everything except the great seal of England," said his majesty.'"

But the picture which illustrates the man is not completed, and newspaper letters must come to an end.

OLIVIA.

## WOMAN'S INFLUENCE FOR GOOD.

### Shaping Legislation for the District of Columbia.

Washington, *April 29, 1873.*

Before the present form of government was inaugurated, Washington, in every respect, resembled a gambling or watering spa. A session of Congress might be termed "the season." It was called a city through courtesy, because in reality it was only a straggling, awkward village. The brute creation traversed its streets, whilst forlorn pedestrians picked their way over disjointed sidewalks. The greater proportion of its people were made up of "birds of passage." The citizen proper, if caught, was found to belong to one or the other of the two extremes of the social scale. He might be of the line of Lord Baltimore, with the blue blood of a foreign aristocracy coursing through his attenuated frame; but the chances are that he was some poor artisan or shopkeeper, who picked up a precarious living existing on the double-distilled crumbs which fell from Uncle Sam's table.

Washington had no such electric life as Philadelphia enjoys, imparted to her by her commerce and manufactures. When Congress expired, the city, like a lazy bear, snuggled down to its long, snoozey sleep, and when waking-time came, like poor Bruin, it found nothing left but its claws. In its famished condition it took a great many strangers and Congressmen to fill the aching void. But gone are the lawmakers and Credit Mobiliers! Vanished the bare shoulders and Paris frippery! But Washington, newly baptized and regenerated, takes her place in the long line of sister cities whose foundations are securely laid by the strong hands of her permanent citizens.

Yesterday our new legislature met for the third time.

The hall consecrated to the delegates and members of the council was filled with well-dressed, fine-looking men, adorned with shining beavers and immaculate boots. They occupied all available space on the floor; they poured over long flights of stairs, and spread out in a broad expanse of human life on the pavement below. "These," said a bystander, "are taxpayers of the District," and the response came quick, "This is the real Washington, wide-awake!"

In an upper room of the same building at the same hour the council meet. This nice little body is called together by the governor, a president is then elected who presides during the session, and altogether considerable honor is evoked from a small outlay, and in the meantime the siestas and summer comforts of the principal heads of the government need not be disturbed.

Below, in the house of delegates, the excitement deepens. The opposing candidates seem to have equal strength. The fight is all within the limits of one party. The three Democrats look around as innocently as if they were not inwardly praying for the fate of the Kilkenny cats to overtake their opponents. Two women are seen, each with a delegate fastened securely by the buttonhole. They are both genuine ladies—one being the wife of a leading United States Senator, the other known in Washington and elsewhere for her disinterested labors in behalf of the poor and unfortunate of her own sex. What does it all mean? One of the gentle lobbyists is interrogated:

"We have two men up as candidates for speaker; one is a good husband and father. He is with us in all our works of reform. He believes in doing as much for women as for men. The other is bad—just as bad as he can be. He loves women because they are women."

"Isn't that every man's fault?"

"Oh, yes! but just look at him. He believes in keeping

us women down, denying us the rights which the Creator designed for us."

"If we are to judge men by their looks I cannot see where the other candidate has the advantage. They both look as if they didn't exactly realize the difference between women and peaches."

The woman continued: "I know one to be a good man, and I am going to work for him. Excuse me, here comes one of the doubtful delegates. I must speak to him."

The delegate is arrested in his onward flight, and proves to be one of the ablest men in the house, as well as an accomplished gentleman.

"I learn, Mr. H——, that you are going to desert us?"

"Desert the ladies?—never!"

"I mean that you are going for Shepherd?"

"That is another thing. I have thought the matter over seriously, and whilst I don't approve of all the deeds done by the board of public works, upon the whole I must give them my hearty support."

"But you know my candidate is a good man."

The tall, handsome biped looked down on the little woman, and his eyes twinkled whilst he said: "We are all good men."

At this moment the other candidate came up—the poor, bad man who had no woman like Mungo Park to bring him milk and grind him corn.

"You know, Mr. Shepherd, that I have opposed you from the start. I have been doing all I could; I don't deny it."

The great, sharp, white teeth close over the red under lip, as if a laugh must be strangled regardless of consequences.

"I know it; but I cannot understand your opposition. I love the ladies; I always have."

"That may be; but you opposed our movement. When you were editor of the *Republican* you made fun of me."

"But you must know an editor cannot oversee everything that goes into his paper."

"But the tone of the paper I complain of."

"I do not oppose the movement of reform, but I earnestly object to the manner in which you intend to bring it about! but I must go. I hope you will think better of me," and the jolly figure and winning face disappears.

The delegate who spoke so earnestly in favor of the board of public works pauses to be introduced to the Senator's wife. As he is about to depart the writer asked his opinion in regard to woman coming to such a place to influence "legislation."

"I rather like it."

"Do not let your gallantry get the better of truth. For my part I oppose it, for this reason, we accomplish nothing. Every Samson on this floor ought to have had his ambrosial locks sheared before he came here. Would the old Scriptural giant have held still in public whilst that sly puss, Delilah, was engaged in her artistic work?

"I cannot think of anything that would tempt me to be found here to influence legislation. I came with my pen to make a picture for *The Press*, just as I shall go to the Virginia hills, with my pencil and portfolio, when the weather becomes fine."

"This is a serious subject; but I am inclined to ask the women to go with us wherever we are obliged to go. I have had a good deal to do with politics since the new government was inaugurated, and we have had some pretty stormy times. We have had our meetings broken up with howls and hootings, and it seemed as if anarchy had come. One night we called a meeting in one of the worst wards of the city, where we had all along been able to accomplish little or nothing. I knew something out of the ordinary way must be done. So a short time before the call was made I gave out that upon such an evening there would be a meeting at a certain church in the neighborhood; that a portion of the gallery would be set aside

for the ladies. The colored men were especially invited to bring their wives and daughters. I then called upon my political friends and told them how matters stood, and urged them to tell their wives what we were trying to do. The ladies, God bless them! put on their Sunday bonnets and good dresses and came out; the colored women did the same, and the meeting in that ward was the event of the season. Everything passed off pleasantly, and we went home better men."

"According to your story, not quite all of you are good men."

"Yes; in the presence of some women we are all good men; the night I have been talking about proves it."

All this took place before the gavel sounded. When the last blow fell, Edwin L. Stanton arose in his seat and called the assembly together. From various directions came twenty-two men differing in race, color, condition, and servitude. The tall, haughty Caucasian, with his thin nostril and flowing beard, was followed by the inky African so lately held in bondage; but the procession was finished by the chain which the Almighty has forged to bind the white parent to the black one in the shape of a man in bronze. In the solemn stillness a semi-circle was formed, and twenty-two right hands pointed upward whilst Justice Carter administered the oath to support the Constitution. Whilst the Judge was reading, the circle began to melt, and when he came to the part which relates to the taking of bribes in exchange for votes, every white man and black man had disappeared. But that most solemn obligation was to be subscribed to by a solitary mortal who stood like a fixed star in his place. Down on your knees to the man who stands by the *right!* God help us! It was the man in bronze.

OLIVIA.

# THE KING REUNIONS.

## Attractive Gatherings of the Nation's Celebrities.

Washington, *February 11, 1874.*

On a vein leading off the great artery of Seventh street may be seen a modest mansion of four stories, yet better known and more highly appreciated in this curious city than far more pretentious piles of brick and mortar. For more than a quarter of a century the occupant of that point of the compass has clung to this spot and proved to the country that the character and qualities of an American citizen, independent of his opinions, decide his standing in the community. Belonging to the old Democratic regime, yet always opposed to slavery, like President Grant, he conceived the idea that it was best "to unload to save the party." When a member of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, he wrote a letter to Secretary Toucey, which should be printed to-day, to show the people that the country is safe in the hands of men of high character, irrespective of race, color, creed or politics.

Let us modestly ask what draws the intellectual cream to the modest house 707 H street? The press, artists, scholars, travelers, the President, members of the Cabinet, and the portable brains of both branches of Congress; the real heads of the Departments; the cultivated and most highly appreciated of our Washington citizens, go there as the "faithful" enter a Mahommedan mosque. The eye is not dazzled with satin and ebony. The feast or collation is invisible. Would you know the secret, reader? The master and his daughter are the magnets, and this is the explanation. A certain human quality is possessed by the Hon. Horatio King unlike the usual gems which comprise our national crown jewels. He is the only in-

stance of the kind since our Government was founded where a man began with the lowest clerkship, salary $1,000 per year, and was promoted step by step, without political influence, simply by the force of integrity of character, until he stood on the last round, a full-fledged Cabinet minister. It was his mind that moulded, in a great measure, our foreign postal relations as they existed a few years ago. In manner he reminds one of the late William H. Seward, possessing in a remarkable degree the same simplicity, dignity, and grace. Now add the courtliness of the English nobleman without the condescension, and the role is filled. This delightful compound makes the highest title a citizen can win. It is called the true American gentleman.

And the daughter, Mrs. Annie King, for though a widow she retains the family name. Who remembers Miss Harriet Lane when she presided at the White House, her regal manners, her queenly beauty, her high tone of character? The sun by day or the moon by night would as soon be a subject for the scandalmonger as the accomplished niece of the President. Have we any such women left in Washington? It is true they are rare, but they are here, just as diamonds of the first water are found in remote parts of the earth. The portrait of Mrs. King bears a striking resemblance to those of Miss Harriet Lane taken when she was "the leading lady of the land." Mrs. King is the favorite "American lady" with the foreign legations. Her residence abroad made her familiar with the French language, which she speaks as fluently as English. Some great writer has said "that all we have to show for the civilization of five thousand years is the difference between a wigwam and a lady's parlor." Let us beg to differ with the man who wrote that. At least, before the writer gave such a final decision about civilization, he should have come to Washington and attended a President's levee, a Cabinet crush, and then beached himself high and dry at 707 H street.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, the French painter, Gerard, who was a resident of Paris, opened his salon and held what he termed "reunions." To these gatherings came all that was refined, elegant, and distinguished at this gayest of capitals. Gerard's salon consisted of a floor of four rooms, with an ante-room. At 12 o'clock he gave his guests a cup of tea and the same everlasting cakes, says Madame Ancelot, the whole year round. Monsieur Gerard had no help from his wife so far as the entertainment was concerned, for she took her seat at a whist table and kept it until the last guest was gone. But Gerard's "reunions" became known all over Europe, for the man had the talent to draw all that was celebrated in literature, science, and art to his humble headquarters. "From Madame de Stael down to Mlle. Mars, from Talleyrand and Pozzo di Borgo down to M. Thiers, there were no celebrities, male or female, that during thirty years (from 1805 to 1835) did not flock to Gerard's house, and all, no matter how different might be their characters or position, agreed in the same opinion as to their host."

Monsieur Gerard termed his modest entertainments "reunions," and this must be the original from whence the Hon. Horatio King took the name. Transplanted, it flourishes at our own crude capital.

At the last Saturday evening "reunion" Grace Greenwood in her inimitable way, gave us dramatic readings in costume. Her personations exceeded anything the writer has seen either on the stage or in private life. Charlotte Cushman, Fanny Kemble, Scott Siddons, last but not least, our own Grace Greenwood, make all the stars of the first magnitude that we have now in this particular heaven of genius. Attorney-General Williams says that "he looks upon Grace Greenwood as the best writer and the most gifted woman in the country." This decision is legal, and may be considered final. Years ago the great and good Horace Mann said that she was not only the

most gifted, but that she was "the most beautiful woman he had ever seen;" and his passion for her in youthful days was as pure as though she had been a disembodied spirit. It is so rare that beauty and genius are wedded to one soul. In the opinion of the writer, Grace Greenwood is a handsomer woman at 50 than in the "long ago." It is the difference between the budding green of April and the garnered glory of September. If her portrait was taken as she stands before us to-day and hung in the Corcoran gallery, the spectator would say, "This must be a Roman matron who lived before the pall of the Middle Ages darkened the earth." How does she look? A brunette of the purest type, with clear-cut features, sorrowful, inquiring eyes, that shine as though a quenchless flame burned somewhere in the solitude of her own soul. There are some pictures which are burned into the human mind. We shall never forget her personation of "Over the Hills to the Poor House," one of Carleton's poems. The poverty-stricken outfit, the worn carpet-bag, the iron-bowed spectacles, the gray hair. When the propriety of "readings" was canvassed at Plymouth Church, Henry Ward Beecher said, "Object to it! I never object to one of the best sermons that can be preached." From the highest to the humblest of that goodly company scarce a dry eye was to be seen. Then she told us what Miss Tattle, from Buttonville, saw at a "Rejective Session of the Senate." This was followed by that which proves man to have been the only "created laughing animal."

Among those who enjoyed the delightful evening were Mrs. Senator Stewart, the daughter of ex-Senator Foote, as all the world knows who reads the newspapers. Mrs. Stewart has recently returned from abroad and brought back with her the polish of Continental Europe. Perhaps she has returned with only that which she took away, for she has the same frank, winning address that used to distinguish Madame Slidell, and which is seen in the highest state of perfection in Madame Le Vert, who was also present.

What is that quality which makes the Northern and Southern women so unlike? It cannot be tasted. It cannot be described. It is the same kind of difference which exists between a white, mealy Northern potato and a Southern yam; a Baldwin apple and a banana in the Northern woods and Southern jungle—but only a man's descriptive powers can do this subject justice.

Mrs. Attorney-General Williams was there, most talked about, most superb woman, in some respects, in Washington. One of your Cleopatras. Such a creation requires a separate paper, just as some gems must have a solitaire setting. And there was Mary S. Nealy, so well-known in letters and art at the capital. There was Mrs. Ames, the amiable and accomplished daughter of the Secretary of the Interior, as well as the widow of the late Admiral Dahlgren, who by the way, is fast earning a place in literature by her perseverance and talent. Possessing an ample fortune, a leader in the fashionable world whenever she chooses to reign, yet, like Lady Jane Grey, she chooses the solitude of the scholar, and delights in the labor of her pen. But newspaper letters must come to an end, because there is no space to write what might be said about the gentlemen who were there. Attorney-General Williams and Senator Stewart alone are as much as one newspaper can carry, if all their good deeds are related. So this will end with a little paper which Mr. King read between the "acts." He said it had been "picked up in the hall," in all probability where he dropped it.

"THE GRACES.

"By grace divine we come together here,
To pass the time in pleasure and good cheer;
To study all the graces that adorn
The maiden fair or widow 'all forlorn,'
The grace of speech, of music, and of song,
The grace of conversation, short or long.
But name the *graces*, these and all the rest,
*Grace* Greenwood is the grace we love the best."

OLIVIA.

# CARL SCHURZ.

## A Field Day in the Senate and Stellar Attractions.

Washington, *February 26, 1874.*

Yesterday was termed what is called a "field day" in the Senate. The opposing forces which go to make up the intellectual aggregate of this highest legislative body met in combat, and the whole nation is wide awake as to the result. Two men, both claiming to be Republican Senators, both as ambitious as the Evil One when he led Christ to the mountain-top, engaged in an intellectual hand-to-hand fight, but let it be recorded that Senator Morton alone lost his amiable temper. But who ever saw a chained tiger that did not lose his temper? Physically speaking, no two men could appear more dissimilar. When Carl Schurz is seen sitting in his seat he does not impress the spectator with the idea of a tall man. But when he rises you wonder when his head will stop going up towards the clouds. After he has "towered" to a certain altitude, and all the links and kinks and hinges seem straightened, he gives his shoulders another twist upward, as much as to say, "Shades of the mighty Schiller! if one only could touch the top of space!" Then there is a shake of the long, brown, curling locks as a lion tosses his mane, for all the royal animals of creation use similar signs and symbols. The mouth opens. It is not a growl. The ear is greeted with the sweetest and softest strains of the human voice. Who has ever read Oliver Wendell Holmes' description of those velvet and flute-like tones that ravish the soul like the heavenly melodies of Beethoven? Carl Schurz has a voice like the wind sighing through the sugar cane, and his classical English

floats in a sea of rhythmical measure. In manner this distinguished German orator would not attract notice for either awkwardness or grace. The personality of the man is lost, because the mind is fully engaged in following his subtle thread of argument, which is fairly embroidered with pearls of thought. "I love America! I believe in her people! I have faith in her great future! But America must be honest. She must be true to everlasting principle. Parties, fashions, men, pass away, but incorruptible integrity, whether applied to nations or individuals, remains the same in all ages, from the beginning to the end of time."

These words, as near as the writer can remember, were meant to bear upon the inflation of the currency. He wishes to have our greenbacks fixed upon a foundation so that our money will have a permanent value. In other words, he says a dollar of the national currency is worth eighty-eight cents to-day; six months hence it may be worth seventy cents value in gold or silver. He believes that a nation like this ought to fix our money in such a shape that the people cannot be at the mercy of the sharpers of Wall street and Boston. Why should the great American Republic have a fluctuating currency? Is it because our greenbacks are only promises to pay, and that the Republic may become a defaulter in the end, therefore the nation's notes are in a certain way just like the private citizen's? This mighty problem of finance requires a kind of statesmanship which has not been brought into the arena of politics during this session of Congress. Carl Schurz says if we make more currency that which we already have will be depreciated.

Whilst Carl Schurz was addressing the vast audience, Senator Morton had turned in his seat so that he sat facing the orator. Not a word that fell from the speaker's lips were lost to this highly gifted product of the great State of Indiana, most noticeable and in one sense the most interesting member of the United States Senate. We

have all read the story in the "Arabian Nights," where the men of a certain city had become so powerful and so very naughty that the genii had to do something that would not destroy the men for all usefulness yet would prevent any outbursts of wickedness or folly. So he touched them all with the enchanter's wand at some point below the shoulder blades. Instantly the men lost the power of locomotion. Whilst the upper part of their persons were alive, the lower became black marble. But what Senator Morton has lost in one extreme, he has gained in another, for to-day he is the strongest man who attempts to lead in his faction of the Senate. There is something about his head which bears a striking resemblance to the portraits of Webster, and he is thought to be one of the most forcible speakers in the Senate. His arguments are hurled at his opponent as cannon balls fly to kill the enemy. But if he has a hard, rugged, sharp side to his intellect, there is another as fascinating as that said to be possessed by Aaron Burr or Mirabeau. Men may not agree with this opinion, because they never can see that point of his character which is revealed to women alone. Men see only the surface of men. It is left to women to go down into the depths and bring up the pearls and coral.

About the audience that listened to Senators Schurz and Morton. There was a large delegation from the House, composed of those who have apparently taken the deepest hold of the slippery question of finance. Benjamin Butler was there, flushed, worried, and apparently somewhat worn in his encounter with the committee of Boston, Massachusetts.

He had just had a conference with them in regard to the collectorship of Boston in his committee room, and told them "hands off," and yet he was not happy. They, too, had come over from the House to listen; sharp, keen Puritans, determined as so many bloodhounds. But the nation realizes that when Massachusetts is torn by her

own intestine broils the rest of the world is safe, the Centennial will flourish, and no possible harm can follow.

Few men have attracted the notice of the Senate and secured that close attention as did Carl Schurz in his effort of yesterday. Even Senator Sumner laid aside his pen and pushed back his large pile of papers, apparently giving himself up to the fascination of the hour. Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, sat leaning back upon a sofa in a distant corner. He had resigned his Senatorial seat for the time to benefit a prominent member of Congress. As he appeared, with the gorgeous walls of the Senate for a background, no finer picture could be found for an artist's copy. Tall, elegant, and graceful, with a singular purity of complexion, his head crowned by a glory of chestnut hair, such as the ancient painters used to delight to transfer to their canvas, large deep blue eyes, such as Raphael gave his Madonnas. "Fell into trouble with women," said the newspapers. Will water fall when the clouds are moist? Will labor seek the neighborhood of capital? Alas! Will a duck swim? Senator Mitchell is not to blame because he is the handsomest specimen in the Senate. He did not make himself. Suppose he made mistakes or committed mischief before the sense of right and justice was crystallized in his mind? Who knows anything about the temptations placed before Adonis? What did Adam do when Eve gave him the apple and told him it would do him good? It is true the Oregon legislature have never discussed the subject of apples, but they sent Senator Mitchell back indorsed by the highest authority of the State, and he has only to take hold of legislation with heart and soul, and live the same pure and consistent life that he has in the last few years, and the country will honor him as one of her most distinguished sons.

Who is that leaning back in all that negligent abandon so becoming the occupant of that particular chair? It is the silver Senator of Nevada—the successor of Jim Nye. "Why, the man that wants my place," says Jeems,

"has a silver mine; do you think I can beat that?" Well, there he is, the monarch of the silver mine, watching with closest attention the eloquent speaker. Everything about him looks as if it had a standard value. If he should happen to trip and fall a metallic ring would be heard, just as if a new coin was thrown upon the pavement. A fine-looking man, rather below the medium height, but the most perfect specimen of high and costly living to be seen in the Senate. One can imagine him looking at the world and saying, "I am bound to get all the comfort. My house shall be a palace, my bath shall be champagne!" As yet he has done nothing to make himself felt as an integral part of this august body, but is prized at the capital because he is pleasing in manner, he is a United States Senator, and last but not least, he is a dashing widower with a silver mine attached. OLIVIA.

## ON CAPITOL HILL.

### A Visit to the Navy Yard—The Carroll and Butler Residences.

Washington, *September 24, 1874.*

The exclusive aristocracy of Washington is found in that part of the city known as Capitol Hill. Upon the emerald heights crowned with gardens and flowers, the proud old families of ancient lineage occupy their ancestral acres almost under the dome of our beloved Capitol. Whilst standing on the brow of "the Hill," if the eye is directed southward, the baronial home of the Carrolls scourges the vision with its monastic severity. A wall as round as the arm of beauty encircles the extensive grounds, and the haughty old castle within is a perpetual aggression to the paint, parvenu, and pretence that spread itself at the "West End." The spirit of holiness seems to envelop this elegant home. At certain hours of the twenty-four the dainty occupants emerge to go upon their rounds of daily charity. Like so many nuns, yet a part of the world, they bear the same relation to modern society at the capital as the old French regime to the Bonaparte reign. Earlier blossoms of the family tree have worn the proudest coronets of England; and these lovely silver-haired sisters are characterized by the same courtly refinement and queenly grace. To the north, but within a stone's throw of the Capitol, may be seen the pile once known as the city home of General Washington. Within the remembrance of the child of a dozen summers it remained as the great statesman left it, except it had succumbed to the gnawing tooth of Time. The high plateau upon which it was built had in a great measure crumbled. The windows were mostly broken and the

chimneys were beginning to fall. But the hand of modern Progress seized it and a pretentious building, made up of the old walls, now marks the site; too large for a boarding-house and too small for a hotel, destitute of kitchens and servants' quarters, useless as a mansion, but splendid as a tomb. But nothing in the great laboratory of Nature is lost, for the ghostly brick and mortar serves to mark the hallowed spot sacred to the memory of the Father of his Country, and no Mount Vernon corporation can pen cows within the precious enclosure and peddle pale fluid at so much per gallon or so much per glass.

On Capitol Hill may be found Christ Church, where Washington and other early Presidents worshipped. The bricks of which it is constructed were baked on English soil and tossed over the stormy Atlantic. The antique building has none of the fancy airs of the modern cathedral, but it is built square and unpretending, an outward emblem of the spirit of those who gave it birth. It was made as a defence against the elements whilst the inmates were holding communion with the Most High. In the large, square pews sat Washington and Lafayette, whilst the gallant Hamilton held the slip-door that the "first lady of the land" might enter there.

Scarcely three blocks from the church is situated the navy yard, in many respects the most attractive point in Washington, because it is the great headquarters of the maritime power of the Republic. Inside the grounds the visitor is treated with a sight of wonderful naval trophies. Here are the guns captured off Tripoli when boarded by the brave Decatur, and here not long ago might have been seen some of the same kind of iron pots with the lid on that went down on Cape Hatteras with twenty poor fellows aboard. Holmes, Whittier, Longfellow, ahoy! Who will give us the story of the *Monitor?* the triumph in the James River? the tragedy off the stormy cape?

At the navy yard the great war vessels come in on pur-

pose to go into dry dock and have all their corporeal troubles removed. The most majestic object in nature is the awful face of the mountain. The most sublime picture in art is a great war vessel lifted from the water and placed on the land. Look at the enormous hull, with its ribs of oak, sheathed with copper; the lofty masts almost piercing the clouds; and yet these little pigmies, scarce six feet high, put her points together. Certainly one is not to blame for asking if the Lord is as small in proportion to his created works. What artist will give us a picture of the great war vessel that was driven four miles inland by a tidal wave, at the Island of St. Thomas? Think of a ship buried on the land, just as though it were a mortal, and had a soul to be saved! "Cut the ropes, and every man for himself!" rang out the shrill command of the captain above the roar of the elements. "In an instant," says an eye witness, "the solid wall of water was upon us. Oh, moment of supreme and mortal horror; we felt we were going into the jaws of hell!"

The last ship which left the navy yard, most beloved by the writer, was the ill-fated *Polaris,* of Arctic fame. It seems but yesterday since the decks were trod by those who will see her no more. "Taste that pemmican," says Captain Hall; "don't it melt in your mouth like a peach? There is nothing better after you cross the circle unless it is a tallow candle. That is the place where the Esquimaux will sleep, small quarters, but everything is packed, even to the ice, as you go towards the pole. This is my snuggery room for two. That is for the doctor or a companion in case I don't like to be left by myself. I want you to see the nose of the ship. Seven feet of solid wood, finished with iron, to munch the ice. See the extras that have been sent us. That parlor organ is just the thing to cheer the men in winter quarters." "Have you no fear, Captain?" "I am going to find the open Polar Sea, and Captain Buddington will take care of the ship." As he said this a grave shadow flitted over his

face. There was a vacant look in his deep blue eyes, as if the soul had stepped back from the windows of vision. At this moment all that was mortal of the ill-fated explorer was photographed on the memory forever.

The navy yard covers about 37 acres, and, besides the workshops, contains the officers' quarters. The newspapers announce that the fashionable festivities of the season are to be inaugurated the first of next month by a series of Monday morning hops at the navy yard. Can anything be more bright and attractive? Imagine the smooth-shaven sward dotted with historic relics of mighty achievements, and ornamented with the same cannon balls that Henry Ward Beecher seduced into his boyish hat, the darling "middies" in bright buttons and smart blue coats, with all their delightful ocean pranks. Is it a wonder the girls' hearts are gone before they are quite sure they have any? Besides, a sailor makes love in a different way from an ordinary landlubber. Time is short on shore, and the moments must not be spent in dallying. It is a kiss and a blow, and the blow means matrimony; and God help the woman who has a sailor husband or lover. A person was once heard to say, "My parents were married twenty-seven years, and my father was a commodore in the Navy; twenty-two of those years my mother spent alone on the land, for in those days no woman was allowed on a United States war vessel. When I was a little child, I remember a tall, bearded, rough-looking man, who used to come once in a great while to our house, and mother would call, 'Children, come and see your father!' The only time I was glad to look at him was when he brought us a parrot."

Leaving the navy yard, you stroll to other parts of Capitol Hill, and soon become aware why the noble Capitol was planted on the heights, and why the adjacent grounds towards the east were chosen as the homes of the early aristocracy. Here Nature has lavished her most precious gifts. Our magnificent Capitol is the public

building which dwarfs all others by comparison. Its superb front faces the homes on the hill. Its rear, from polite necessity, must be forever turned towards that western end, where speculation runs riot, and fortunes have been made in a single night.

One never tires writing about the Capitol. It is pronounced the finest architectural creation in the world, and the most costly, with the exception of a palace in Lisbon. It represents the accumulated grandeur of human taste, as it has been handed down in stone through the centuries. From the Egyptian Pyramids it borrows its overpowering massiveness, chastened and etherealized by the tone of the Greeks. After the Roman Temple of Jupiter Stator it takes its pillared porticoes, Corinthian in order, but here the resemblance to ancient architecture ends. The antique temples were open courts, and the porticoes were the useful part of the building. Before the letters of the alphabet were invented philosophers stood on the portico of the temple and taught the people. We have covered our open court with a roof, and put our instructors and lawmakers inside. What have they done? They have abolished the franking privilege, and wrested from the Government their back pay, but they will not send the public books to the people, therefore our modern Jupiter Stator is a fraud. One-half a million volumes have to-day accumulated at the Capitol. The vaults of this stupendous building are packed tier upon tier until space can nowhere be found. Already the broad aisles are choked, and the great highway is becoming impassable. Books! books! like the madman's fiends, are above, around, and everywhere. Twenty bags full were sent to Congressman Dawes last week, and they are no more missed than so many leaves from the forest. In a brief time the Capitol will be stuffed with its own garbage, like a huge turkey in Christmas time, and the economical Congressmen will be driven to the porticoes out-

side. Then will return the pristine glory of ancient Rome.

We have no Anaxagoras or Petrius, but we have General B. F. Butler, a greater Roman than them all. As a last leap up the ladder of fame, this distinguished Congressman has decided to become an aristocrat and an old settler, and to this purpose he has bought a delightful site on Capitol Hill, and is building a residence worthy of the constructor. This costly creation may be called a stone triplet, as three houses will be born at the same time. The first faces the east, but its northern side salutes the Capitol. It is said this is intended for a grand "club house," but the gambling will be exclusively confined to politics. All this is in anticipation of the grand hurdle race which will probably come off in 1876. The second house remains a mystery. The last has already been rented to the Coast Survey for a library. Henceforth Capitol Hill claims General B. F. Butler. He is our Congressional cloud by day and our political fire at night. There is a great deal of legislative chaff, and only a few grains of wheat. Capitol Hill has drawn her solitary ration and is satisfied. OLIVIA.

## GEORGETOWN ARISTOCRACY.

### The Bells, Madame Bodisco, Mrs. Southworth, and Governor Cooke.

Washington, *October 20, 1875.*

Recently some stones have been unearthed in Georgetown of great value to the student of antiquated taste. These slabs bear a date so remote that most of the letters have been eaten away by the teeth of Time, but sufficient remains to identify the Bell family, who occupied Georgetown Heights in the early part of the last century. Far back in the shadowy past the clear ringing tongue of this English Bell might have been heard as it poured its melody in the ear of an Indian princess, who soon after became his wife. The first nest of the young pair was a tent; afterward a quaint English cottage snuggled on the woody heights. Below them moved the silvery waters of the solemn Potomac. To the east stretched their vast possessions, which embraced all the land within the scope of vision which lay between the cottage and the rising sun. Here Madame Bell, attended by her pale-face consort, led the fashions without rivals and with none to dispute her sway. Over the stormy Atlantic came the winged schooners, bringing rich brocades for this dusky queen. Her costumes were half enlightened, half barbaric, like many of the styles of to-day. The descendants of these ancient Georgetown aristocrats have been slowly undergoing the bleaching process, and the past hundred years had almost obliterated the last trace of Indian lineage, and yet within the memory of the present generation "white trash" have been noticed in this vicinity bearing the name of Bell, and carrying in their lithe forms and eagle eyes the last superb touch of the

grace of Indian origin. But, true to the savage instinct, these were the first men to seize the deadly musket in the Southern cause, and the late battlefields of the South are made richer by the bones of the last of the first aristocracy of Georgetown.

After the Bells came the Peters, a haughty Virginia family, whose slave call was answered by hundreds of inky men. Georgetown Heights in those early days was called the Tudor estate, in memory of the royal line of England. Tudor Place stretched itself between the Heights and the Washington Navy Yard, but in the course of time this vast estate was broken up. This was prior to the Revolution. The Peters family were related to the Washingtons and Lees. Washington Peters is the most prominent descendant of this aristocratic family, but the last fragment of the estate has passed away from him, and he lives at Ellicott's Mills, on a farm, a man almost eighty years of age, the last to retain the haughty bearing of the proud old family, the last of his race whose hand has rested on the yoke of a slave.

The shifting panorama shows us Protestant Thirkel, who, through the influence of Archbishop Carroll, of Baltimore, gave the extensive grounds now occupied by the Georgetown College and Convent to the Roman Catholic Church some time during the latter part of the last century. Little is known of the social standing of the Thirkels, but they were a family of wealth, and their tombstones are institutions of learning.

Coming down to the last fifty years, we find the aristocracy of Georgetown strongly flavored with merchants and tradespeople. The Linthicum mansion, which is said to be one of the finest, was built and owned by a hardware merchant, but he, too, has passed away like all the old residents who gave tone to the elegant society which ruled during the administration of Polk and Buchanan. During the Presidential reign of these two men

the social queen of the capital lived in Georgetown, the city of her birth and education. She was the daughter of an obscure but highly respected merchant, and was married at the early age of sixteen to the Russian Minister Bodisco, whose diplomatic position at once lifted his lovely wife to the highest round of the social ladder, whilst his vast wealth was used to give this wifely jewel the most costly setting. From over the sea came the flashing gems that had adorned the savage throats of a hundred generations of Bodisco Russians—diamonds only eclipsed by those of world-wide fame. In those somewhat primitive days the working people used to line the roadway to see Madame Bodisco pass from her mansion to the White House on occasion of reception or levee. If the weather permitted, she was visible to all in her open carriage—far more beautiful than the famous Eugenie, and with the same inimitable tact and grace. Creamy white satin and costly old lace was the favorite costume, and when adorned with jewels worth more than a million, mounted policemen followed in her train. The poor people said, "Old Bodisco is afraid some one will steal his wife," but he was simply protecting her, Russian fashion. But this American girl was something more than a figure to be adorned with stones. With that superb tact which only a Josephine knew how to practice, she united the contending social elements. She thawed the frozen ocean of diplomatic ceremony and bade the foreign fortress open its doors to her countrywomen as well as herself. It is true she had standing at her right hand the incomparable Harriet Lane, of the White House, who held the last royal scepter of this extinct line. History rarely records the fact that distinguished leaders are beautiful, but popular acclamation gave to both these women the fairest crown. Alike in style of type, both opaline blondes, perfect in form and feature, with Titian-tinted flesh and golden hair, such as the old masters gave their beloved Madonnas, they held their

emblems of power with a firmer grasp than did Marie Antoinette, a woman of the same mould. In the days which marked the magnificence of the Bodisco and Lane regime, beauty and grace were not punished as under the Grant dynasty. George H. Williams, of Oregon, would have been Chief Justice of the Republic to-day had his wife been one of the "ugly sisters." "They pared their heels and they pared their toes," but the Prince did not dare defy the "Sisters." Underneath the political drift lies the stony social strata which decides the character of the products above.

With the coming of civil war a society mildew fell upon Georgetown. Neighbors and old friends looked upon each other with mutual distrust. As a general rule most of the fighting element rolled southward. In a few instances a house might be found divided against itself. Once a Georgetown mother appeared before Abraham Lincoln to beg for the life of her son, who had been caught as a guerrilla with arms in his hands. "My eldest son," said the mother, "is a trusty officer in the Union army; my youngest, my darling, was one of Mosby's guerrillas." "Miserable mother!" said the great President. "God help you, for I cannot. I know who you are! This is the third time your boy has been caught; mercy is beyond me!" and the man with streaming eyes supported the faltering steps of the wretched woman beyond the threshold. At this period social life was dead, apparently beyond resurrection.

Mrs. Southworth, the noted novelist, and a prominent resident of Georgetown, nailed the stars and stripes over the front gate, saying, "Whoever comes to my door will have to pass under that." With patriotic zeal she gave her only daughter, Lotta, to be the wife of a gallant Union captain, and her only son, who was studying and not strong enough to go into the field, was attached as medicine boy to one of the hospitals. But these deprivations were not enough sacrifice. Either in camp or

hospital she caught the smallpox. "I cannot prevent the soldiers from taking the smallpox," said the great novelist, "but I can suffer with them; there is some consolation in that."

Alas, the social wave has receded, apparently never to return. Weddings, even, were under the ban; but with peace came a violent reaction which threw the sediments of society to the surface, and Henry D. Cooke, first governor of the District, came prominently into view. It was never intended that he should be anything but a figure-head for governor. When he was relieved from the cares of state it was but natural that he should turn to a field of action where there would be little or no competition. A leader of the *ton!* Why not? Old issues were dead; besides, if he traveled in this path Shepherd and Babcock would let him alone. Only a few moons previous to his being crowned governor his station in life was as humble as that of Sancho Panza—a modest clerk at the capital, with no higher aim than to make his salary cover the family needs. But at this particular epoch in our critical history Salmon P. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, thought he spied an open way to the White House. "Money," said the statesman, "much money will pave the track." So he gave the enchanted keys of the people's pocket to his distant kinsman, Jay Cooke, and together they were to cook the political pie. It would take the pen of Victor Hugo to describe the huge financial bubble which hung so long suspended by a single hair. It made the little clerk first governor of the District, united with the fact that he was "Shepherd's man." "He won't give us trouble," said Alexander, and Grant broke a solemn pledge which he made to the people of the District to give him a crown. Politically Governor Cooke had no more weight than an Alaska Indian, but socially the resident governor gave Georgetown a new lease of life. But the few dying snails of the old aristocracy drew coldly within their shells like the monarchists under the

Bonaparte reign. "Who is this *parvenu* and his upstart wife? Who are the Cookes?" said the proud old spirit. The question was soon answered. In one of the grandest of the proud old mansions might have been found the new governor, surrounded by all that was costly and luxurious in nature or art. The atmosphere of the large drawing-rooms was heavily laden with the fragrance of choice exotics, and foreign birds sang in the cages which hung in the emerald bloom. The richest Axminster covered the floors; silk, satin and embroidery ornamented rosewood and ebony; pictures and statuary were all as profuse as they were costly or extravagant. If refined taste did not prevail the defect was covered by Oriental splendor. Two thousand dollars per month was put into the hands of the steward to furnish this small private family with ordinary marketing, and this did not include the wines and staple groceries. Every day the courses were laid as if for a dinner party, with preparations for any number of the ordinary unexpected guests. Fleet horses stood in the stable, with coachman and footman awaiting call. A son of the illustrious house was married and a railroad car is chartered to bring the distant guests, and this, added to the expense of the wedding breakfast, costs the aristocratic governor the sum of $10,000, a large fortune for any young man of 21. An official reception is given in mid-winter, and $1,500 is paid for the single item of roses alone. Is not this truthful history as wonderful as any tale found between the covers of the Arabian Nights? From the narrow walls of a cheap tenement and sixteen hundred a year to all the gilded trappings of royalty! Yet only one-eighth of the profits of Jay Cooke's concern was received by the governor as his share of the public plunder. The old, old story—the few robbing the many. The "court" traveling with its paint pots and the working men left to starve. Henry D. Cooke can no longer be called the "social leader." His title has been taken away, and he has given up the mansion, but

he has saved enough from the wrecked concern to establish his son and namesake in the banking business. The son of the President is a member of the firm, whilst Mr. Sartoris has just stepped over to England to raise the wherewith to join this "national" enterprise. Mrs. Cooke is also independent for life. The passerby of Fifteenth street, opposite the Treasury, can almost any day see a portly, jolly man lounging like a genteel loafer. That is Henry D. Cooke, late clerk, governor, banker, and leader of the fashion of Georgetown. OLIVIA.

## SENATORS EDMUNDS AND CARPENTER.

### Some Insight into Life Senatorial—Safeguards of that August Body.

Washington, *April 7, 1876.*

To-day the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, accompanied by other New York citizens, will appear before the House Foreign Affairs Committee to urge the adoption of the bill to incorporate the United States International Commission, and provide for the same being held in the city of New York in 1883. The bill had already been introduced in the Senate by Senator Kernan, and championed by Senator Wallace, of Pennsylvania, who always looks after legislation which will benefit the Pennsylvania Central Railroad. Senator Carpenter argued that it was in violation of the Constitution for Congress to aid a corporation in any such way; that it was a precedent which would entail any amount of trouble in the future. Other great cities would come up with their projects, asking Congress to assume responsibility and bestow financial aid. Senator Wallace argued that it had already been done for the city of Philadelphia; which was answered by Senator Carpenter in his own inimitable way. Leaving his seat, a step brought him into the broad aisle, where he stood directly in front of the Vice-President, and raising his voice to a key which penetrated all surrounding space within the Senate walls, he replied, "Stealing has precedent after precedent; but shall we argue for this reason it is right to steal?" After a brief but ringing appeal in behalf of the assaulted Constitution, this superb and polished orator left the floor. In many ways Senator Carpenter is one of the most able men in Congress, with the mark of genius more pronounced, or

rather, more noticeable in his case, than in any other man in the Senate. One of the surest evidences of genius (for genius is God-given whilst talent can be acquired) is the carrying through the years to the last all the qualities of each period of existence—the blind enthusiasm, the winning folly of the child united to the grand powers of maturity. In genius the character never crystallizes. It is changeable, yet strangely invariable, and in many more ways resembles the indestructible elements. Senator Carpenter has a way of tying his collar, crushing down his hat, and bounding into the Senate with the same kind of abandon which resembles the action of a boy, while his laugh has all the music of youthful glee. His life has been a prolonged enjoyment of the admiration of women, because in him all ages, from romping girl to icy age, find something to adore. A handsome man when in perfect health is Senator Carpenter, but at present he is a good deal of a shadow as compared to his former self. Upon the principle that a high-pressure engine sooner wears itself out, so these men made on the Carpenter plan rarely live to old age. It is the fret and wear of the invisible organization that finally wrecks the physical, and there is no earthly picture so painful as these men who have reached the snow line, when the sun of life, according to the years, should be in full meridian of glory. Turning to the Congressional Directory, it is recorded that Senator Carpenter has reached the age of 56, not so young after all. Is it the boyish mask that has deceived; or have Blaine and Edmunds been afflicted with the weakness which is always pardonable in woman, and recorded the wrong figures? Can it be possible that he is a half a dozen years in advance of Blaine, and nearly the same in regard to Senator Edmunds?

But here are two Senators whose lives are passed on the same high-pressure plan, for such is the penalty which exalted ambition must pay. Not a solitary measure passes the Senate that is not licked into shape by the insinuating

tongue and all-prevailing mind of vigilant Senator Edmunds. Others may toil like the marble-cutters on a statue, but when the breath of life is to be blown into the nostrils, the great artist must be on hand to pinch a soul into the inexorable stone. The casual observer would not pronounce Senator Edmunds handsome according to the Greek or modern standard, but he has the exact appearance which one, in imagination, would picture a Roman Senator before the empire was in its decline. We can realize in this Senator the highest ingredient of New England civilization. His solemn visage seems a reflection of that sombre landscape, the savage grandeur of the sea, the majestic mountains tipped with snow. His sleepless efforts to keep the Senate records clean embody the Puritan's idea of justice, that rarest product of the seed planted by the *Mayflower*. It is that awful something which nerves the hand of the fisherman on that stormy coast united to the most intellectual culture condensed into a single blade, and it is keen enough to cut a ship's cable or a single hair. When Belva Lockwood, the woman lawyer, was trying to reach the bar of the Supreme Court through the Senate, her fear centered on Senator Edmunds. She said, "I know I shall 'pass' if I can win his support." So she sent a messenger to plead her cause. "My vote," said Senator Edmunds, "will not be recorded against Mrs. Lockwood because she is a woman. I think her a very poor lawyer! If I had my own way, only those thoroughly trained in the law should be admitted to practice in the Supreme Court."

Senator Edmunds has a social record at the capital without a flaw, which proves that men can live pure, clean lives like women; or else do the next best thing—conduct themselves in such a pious manner that they are never found out. But in taking the moral estimate of a man his avoirdupois weight should be carefully taken, and he should be judged in a great measure by the way it is divided. These bloodless New Englanders and fiery

Southerners in Washington should be tried by judges capable of tempering justice with mercy upon the principle that tears are in the eyes of the court when he sentences a starving man for stealing a loaf of bread. Senator Edmunds treats women in the most refined and courteous way, just enough frigid to be dignified; but if he chooses to descend to a limited quantity of small talk, everything he says is valuable enough to be printed in the newspapers. This man has been made selfish and otherwise spoiled by the "buzzing of the Presidential bee." If he should ever reach the White House, of which there is not the slightest danger, no one would be half so astonished as himself. He has reached the highest point of his ambition—to be the leader of his party in the Senate, to fill to the fullest measure the idea of an American Senator; and whilst like the late Charles Sumner, he can grasp the great legislative matters of state, unlike him he can take up the little things. Not a sparrow could fall on the Senate floor without his notice.

But the saddest sight is apparent when a brilliant member is torn up by the roots in the House, and is immediately transported to the Senate. It is like removing a plant from the heat and moisture of a conservatory to an atmosphere found almost anywhere in the temperate zone. Senators Dawes, Lamar and Blaine are striking examples of this kind of transubstantiation. Who can ever forget the brilliant career of Senator Dawes when he occupied the proud position of "leader of the House"? In this branch of Congress, argument, wit and repartee have a specific value, and enable the possessor to mount the ladder of fame; but in the Senate oratory is at a discount, whilst wit or argument may be compared to a clown at a funeral. Speeches are looked upon as talk to distant constituents, to which the Senators must listen in order to make them "official." The Senate chamber during a "speech" is a subject worthy of study. An air of resignation is born into this cold, selfish world, des-

tined to last until the torture is over. Usually most of the Senators make their escape temporarily. Burnside and Anthony generally retire to the committee room of "Revolutionary Claims," a snug nest right under the eaves, where the sparrows build their homes. This dainty spot is presided over by Major Ben: Perley Poore, clerk of the committee, and one of the daintiest morsels to be found at the Capitol done up in manly form. There is a cupboard in the Revolutionary room, which is the exact opposite to "old Mother Hubbard's." Lest the reader forget, the poetry is quoted in full:

> "Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
> To get her poor dog a bone;
> And when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
> And so the poor dog got none."

In this far-away, almost forgotten nook, where the musty archives of the old Revolutionary war lie mouldering, this solemn sepulcher is made alive by the spicy odors of fast-evaporating fluids, or the delicate aroma of pineapple cheese. Sometimes, during the lunch hours, crabs and oysters go there without any volition of their own. About the same time the courtly old Thurman becomes so revolutionary that he wends his way to the radical snuggery under the roof. He will probably be joined on the way by Don Cameron, the young Scottish chief, but this combination may be a union like the late Electoral Commission, to produce a lasting peace. But it is astonishing to find how sweet and delicious these old Senators become when they are almost ripe enough to fall from the legislative tree. To go to the committee room of Revolutionary Claims is one day to kill the time during a "speech." Sometimes the Senators adjourn to the cloak rooms, throw themselves on the luxurious sofas, and steep their crippled senses in well-colored meerschaums or a choice cigar. Others, more nervous, repair to the marble baths, the like of which have never been seen since Rome had her fall. So far as the writer can ascertain, a Senatorial bath has never been witnessed by

the reportorial eye. It is the only sublime spectacle which has eluded the correspondents. The old Roman Senators employed the most skilful artists to portray them associated with the baths, and this will probably follow in due time in the great Western empire. If a Senator remains in the chamber during a speech, he is deeply absorbed in reading or writing.

How can a man make himself felt in the Senate? His voice only reaches his constituents or those who have a personal interest in the measure or man. His fine oratorical efforts fall as those of Demosthenes on the turbulent sea. He must stand, like Senator Edmunds, for years at the mouth of the pit, and watch that nothing goes in dangerous to the liberties of a free people. He must watch the aggressive encroachments of an infamous lobby. The great railroad and other gigantic corporations have their paid agents here to buy up all the small-fry Congressmen, as well as to notify the monopolists all over the country of any adverse legislation in advance. A paid Indian lobby is always here to keep the Indian affairs from being turned over to the War Department. The War Department never employs a lobby. An army officer has never been known to ask for the Indian business, except in the general protest that the soldiers should not be sent out to be scalped and mutilated for the crimes committed by the Indian agents. When a Senator is found to be faithful to the trust confided to his keeping, we should guard him as the apple of our eye. We should protect his good name from the assaults of the malicious, for when a Senator is found immovable the lobby attempts his destruction. It will be remembered that it was the lobby thugs that tried to strangle Senator Blaine on the eve of the last Presidential nomination. The storm is gathering again, but how can a man defend himself against his invisible foes? It is not because Blaine is hated so much; it is because other men are preferred so much the more.

OLIVIA.

# HOME LIFE OF MRS. GRANT.

## Characteristics of the Lady of the White House.

Washington, *December 13, 1879.*

Wading through a mass of newspaper correspondence concerning life at the White House during the administration of General Grant, it is invariably found that language most vivid and eloquent is used alike by friend and foe. The admirers find everything to order for highest praise, whilst the enemy finds nothing too dark and threatening with which to paint the pen pictures. By figures taken from authentic sources, it is shown that the expenses incurred for supporting the White House, irrespective of the President's salary, was increased $27,550 per year on the average under General Grant in excess of the amount consumed under Abraham Lincoln. This vast yearly sum was not used for decorative purposes, unless the military staff with its brass buttons may be considered that way. General Badeau was the historian whose duty it was to save the sands of history, act as chief custodian of the Presidential literary preserves, and at the same time keep all poachers away. Military rule was as rigidly enforced as in the tented field. It not only surrounded the President, but wrapped the whole household in its starry fold.

It seems but yesterday since the writer stormed this peculiar citadel to gain an audience with "the first lady of the land." After passing the skirmish line of messengers and doorkeepers, the first real lion encountered was General Dent. This gentleman has often been described as made of "fuss and feathers," a "military martinet," but the writer found only a genial, pleasant gentleman. Most of his military life had been spent on the frontier,

and what seemed "fuss" was only the embarrassment which came from being transplanted from almost obscurity to one of the most trying subordinate positions at the White House. He was not only high chamberlain, head usher, but also brother-in-law to the President, and this last position made him the target for more witty newspaper paragraphs than any other member of the Presidential household.

"Want to see Mrs. Grant, do you? What for, just to pay your respects?"

"Not altogether for that, though the respects will be included."

"Newspaper woman! eh?"

"Sometimes."

"I don't think Mrs. Grant wants to be written up in the newspapers. She ain't that kind of a woman."

"I beg your pardon, General! I shall take no advantages of Mrs. Grant's courtesy or kindness, but the people will wish to know something of the 'lady of the White House,' and how can I make up one of the 'pictures' unless I am permitted to dip my pen at the fountain head?"

"Can't you see her at her receptions? I think she sees ladies Saturday afternoons."

"I never describe dress. I want to tell the people something about the woman inside the clothes."

"I shall have to turn you over to General Badeau!"

At this moment a bell was touched and a lackey, minus the military buttons, appeared.

"Show this lady to General Badeau's room."

Over the tufted carpet, through vestibule and broad hall, until the right door was reached. A smart knock, which was answered by "Come in!"

The man with the military buttons looked up from the mass of papers at which he appeared to be at work, and the servant at my side simply said:

"I am requested by General Dent to show this lady to your room." The servant immediately disappeared

through the open door. General Badeau glanced at the writer from head to foot, his eyes instantly reverted to the papers, and his mouth, which had never opened, seemed fastened like those of the sphinx. The situation to the writer became extremely painful, not knowing whether to retreat or advance; but in an instant it was decided to stand firm without flinching a muscle, and await the enemy's fire. At this moment General Badeau's assistant kindly inquired if the lady would "have a seat?" The seat was occupied and the foreign sphinx kept at work on his papers. In the meantime the photograph of this foreigner was burned into the writer's brain. Short and thick set, with the animal neck of a gladiator squatted upon his square shoulders, every visible point about the man indicating his peasant origin, the grim, gray complexion, the small, dead, steel-blue eye and neutral color of hair, a nose which had just escaped a hook, and a mouth which nature denied lips, but left it an ugly slit in the face, like a wound which could not be made to heal.

The embarrassment became almost unendurable, the silence horrible, but the writer sat with folded hands "determined to fight it out on that line if it took all summer." As a cannon swings on the gun-carriage, the bore of this military arrangement was brought to bear upon the countenance of the writer.

"Did you wish to speak to me?"

"No, sir; I came to the White House to see Mrs. Grant. General Dent has consigned me to your care. What are you going to do with me?"

"You wish to see Mrs. Grant? That is not so easy a matter. Would you allow me to know the nature of your business? We do not allow Mrs. Grant to be subjected to annoyance."

"I have not the slightest intention to annoy Mrs. Grant. I have no favors to ask, or axes to grind. I should never have ventured over the threshold of the White House had I understood military law. I was ac-

customed to meet Andy Johnson as though he were still an unpretending citizen of the Republic; and Mrs. Patterson allows the intimacy of a personal friend."

"What shall I call your name?"

A card was handed the General and he read aloud "Mrs. Emily Briggs."

"Allow me to say a word," said General Badeau's assistant. "If I am not mistaken, I think this is 'Olivia,' correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* and other prominent newspapers."

The writer bowed in simple recognition. The General raised his eyebrows with another supercilious glance at the writer's person, and without the slightest notice of the interruption simply answered, "In that case I shall have to turn you over to General Porter."

Some more footfalls over the tufted floors and the office of General Porter was reached, but the change was like that of the living skeleton into the fat woman and mud into polished marble; of charcoal into diamonds.

General Porter was standing in the council chamber which leads to the room where the immortal eye sees the invisible throne. It is the executive headquarters; where may be found during business hours the American citizen who sways the sceptre over all that is superbly important on the Western Continent. General Porter stood, the central figure of a group of young officers, all handsome enough for a tableau scene in a church charitable performance, with a grace of manner which seemed meant purposely to obliterate the remembrance of the ferocity of former experience. General Porter inquired how could he serve the lady "who had honored him with a call?" The business made known, "Certainly," said General Porter, "I feel at liberty to say that Mrs. Grant will be pleased to see you. Possibly she may not be engaged at present." A messenger was despatched and soon returned with an answer. "I must show you the

way myself," said General Porter, "and if you have not met Mrs. Grant I must introduce you myself."

And this "open sesame" was never changed during the eight years that General Grant occupied the White House. Owing to some difficulty with her eyes, Mrs. Grant was obliged to have a private secretary attend to her letters and assist her in any work which would be impaired by defective vision, and having married into the army a soldier secretary was preferred to one of her own sex, who might in the beginning prove to be a perfectly seaworthy vessel, but after all, without any warning, spring a leak.

During these days a gentleman in New York made up his mind that he would publish a book with the high-sounding title, "The Ladies of the White House from Washington to Grant." The writer was sent a communication, asking for a paper on these subjects to contain personal reminiscences, etc. Under this stimulant the author of the forthcoming papers called upon General Dent to make inquiry about the early life of his sister. On his recollections the incidents were put together, but before they were mailed Mrs. Grant's presence was sought, the manuscript spread out for reading and correction. Mrs. Grant listened with a most amused expression on her face. At the conclusion she remarked, "Did brother Fred tell you all that?"

"He did, Mrs. Grant?"

"Then brother Fred does not know me! Let me tell you about Fred. You know I am a Southern woman, was born and brought up on a plantation. Our brothers were much older than we three sisters, and as soon as they were old enough father sent them away to school. We had a governess at home. Our mother directed our education, took a deep interest in everything we learned, just as I believe every mother should who has daughters. When the boys used to come home at vacations we used

to hide our dolls and playthings, for the boys would break them up. Brother Fred finished his education at a military school, and was sent away to the frontier on duty, and has had such a hard life that I prevailed on Mr. Grant to let him come and be near father and the rest of us for a little time. Father will not be with us but a few days longer. Now, don't send that manuscript away, because it is not my true life. This brother knew nothing about me the years when he was away."

The book was never published, possibly because some of the papers never reached New York.

After Eugenie was deposed from the throne of fashion as well as that of the empire of France, *The Press* requested that the writer should ascertain where the ladies of the capital would look for future models. The subject was one of interest, because Madame Demorest was trying to set up the golden calf in the great emporium of New York.

"I think," said Mrs. Grant, "that the American ladies are capable of inventing their own fashions. How this is to be brought about I don't exactly know, but I am quite sure I shall never set the fashions. Mr. Grant is a poor man. Ask the ladies of the Cabinet. Mrs. Fish has remarkable good sense."

Another time the writer had heard Mrs. Grant lament her inability to use the eight sewing machines which had been sent from different sources to the White House; what to do with all the patchwork quilts wrought by humble hands.

"I do not feel it is right to give them away, but where can they be stored? Only last week Mr. Grant had a leather picture sent all the way from Oregon. Senator Williams presented it in person. There is no place for it on the walls. I am sure I never saw a leather picture before. To keep it from being harmed I have had to put it under the bed."

A very warm friendship existed between Mrs. Grant

and Mrs. Wilson, the wife of the Senator of that name from Massachusetts. Mrs. Wilson was one of the noblest and most angelic of characters. A soldier who had been one of the staff officers of General Banks had excited her deepest sympathy. He had been dangerously wounded in five different battles and his case was on record in the surgeon-general's office as a marvel that under the circumstances the man could exist. Mrs. Wilson took his case in hand for advancement in some direction and reported the case to Mrs. Grant.

"There is nothing I would not do to help the soldier," said the President's wife, "if it lay within my power, if my word or my efforts would effect it, but I made a resolution that no circumstance should arise which would induce me to ask Mr. Grant for an office. Isn't Mr. Wilson one of the pillars of the Senate? Mr. Grant is worried all day. There must be one place where he can have quiet."

This last incident the writer relates as written down from the lips of the late Mrs. Wilson. Mrs. Wilson said at the time: "Mrs. Grant is right, and I mean to let Henry alone after this."

When the only daughter (Miss Nellie) attended school like other young girls of a dozen years of age, the afternoon came and her lesson was unlearned. The carriage came to the door for the incipient young lady, but the teacher dismissed it with the request that it should return at the end of a half hour. The half hour came and glided away with the lesson still unlearned. The carriage came again and was dismissed. At the end of the second half hour the lesson was committed, and Miss Nellie was permitted to go. The next day at the usual hour the young lady arrived, accompanied by her mother. The teacher began to fear she had lost her most cherished pupil, but Mrs. Grant came to thank her for performing her duty.

"Teach her," said Mrs. Grant, "that she is only plain,

simple Nellie Grant, subject to the same rules which govern all the scholars. This course will have my sincere approbation."

Through the wife of Rev. J. P. Newman, the pastor of the church which the General and Mrs. Grant loved so well, the writer learned of the unostentatious charity, the benevolent deeds which this pure-minded woman has kept from the world. Mrs. Newman said: "This material should be used after Mrs. Grant has gone, when loving friends can speak of these truths without wounding her delicacy." But how can a paper be made up for publication of Mrs. Grant's life in the White House and leave out the key to one of the most perfect and lovely of womanly characters. From the historic days of Martha Washington no woman called to this highest social position has wielded the sceptre with more dignity, good sense and grace. Amidst the clashings of the female cabinet, which in every sense of the word has as much significance as its counterpart, as the result is often the loss of an official head, Mrs. Grant was as serene as Victoria on her throne—not sustained by birth and traditionary precedent, but upheld by the noble qualities which makes the American woman in her highest perfection the peer and often the superior of every reigning queen on the earth's surface.

OLIVIA.

## THE GREAT REAPER

### Gathers a Number of the Beaux and Belles.

Washington, *December 31, 1876.*

Within the space of three brief years society at the capital has entirely changed in tone and character. The great drawing-rooms that were thrown open to receive guests from all parts of the civilized world are now closed forever, whilst a new set of people are pressing forward to blaze in the social sky as stars of the first magnitude. Glancing at the banquet halls, deserted, one sees with astonishment the path cut by the reaper Death. It requires no stretch of the imagination to call to mind the grand old home of the "West End" so long occupied by Admiral and Mrs. Powell (the latter lately deceased), where all that was most cultivated and refined in what is known as "Washington society" gathered to do honor to this late American queen. Mrs. Powell was the peer of Dolly Madison, the bosom friend of Mrs. Polk and Mrs. Tyler, and her remarkable vivacity and piquant wit lost none of its charm in advancing years. This made her old age just as attractive to youth as to people in the full bloom of life. So it may be truthfully said that this society belle never saw her scepter waning. It is true that only the ladies connected with the Army and Navy have the opportunity to officially perpetuate their reign. Our Republican court is so constructed that no matter how much a woman's success may prove to be, like her husband, she must "step down and out," sacrificed on the guillotine of "rotation in office."

The closing of the Steele mansion, which became for a great many years the "headquarters" of elegant hospi-

tality, was caused by the death of both Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Steele within ten days of each other.

Mrs. Wise, the daughter of Edward Everett, made her home most attractive to the elite of the capital, for, in addition to inheriting to a large degree much of the talent enjoyed by her gifted father, a long residence abroad had given her the advantage of every social acquirement. But she, too, has joined the "innumerable throng."

Capt. Carlisle Patterson, late head of the Coast Survey, was a gentleman whose hospitality was boundless, so much so that his fortune at his death was found to have melted away. But whilst he lived what a grand good time he had.

The Myer mansion, for so many years occupied by the English legation, but purchased by the late head of the Signal Bureau, was closed by the last summons of its master. During his life this fairy dwelling, with its works of art, was thrown open and enjoyed by those who feel they "ne'er shall look upon its like again." No doubt finer houses will be built, and the Bonanza kings will import the ancient ruins of Greece and Rome, but every year our receptions are growing colder, and our "drawing rooms" resemble those held in the monarchical palaces of the Old World.

Coming back to the closed habitations, the homes of Justices Hunt and Swayne pass before the mind's eye—the first closed by affliction, the latter by death. And long will linger in the minds of our old residents the unostentatious hospitality of the late George W. Riggs, banker, and whose "business house" was felt to be the safest in Washington, though avaricious. Mr. Riggs was known to be clean-handed, and he inspired the public to believe that his bank was as solid as the foundation of the earth.

And who will forget the kingly hospitality of our late Mayor Wallach, so superbly assisted by his accomplished wife? The death of the ex-mayor, followed so soon by

the death of Mrs. Wallach's father, closes this mansion indefinitely.

Coming to the houses occupied by what is termed in Washington "official society," deserted within the time specified, memory recalls the costly dwelling occupied and owned by the late Senator Chandler. "Old Zach," as he was familiarly called, had no taste for society proper, but he had great respect for his wife's feelings, and when she gave the order that he should stand in the proper place with his huge hands encased in white kid gloves and welcome the coming guest it was done with the same vim and audacity with which he would conduct a campaign. One grasp of his solid palm would put the visitor at ease, if the ardor could be made to last through the cooling process of passing the gauntlet of the handsome hostess. Mrs. Chandler conducted society matters on the Victoria plan, everything perfect, superb and grand, but the thermometers always indicated the freezing point, unless "dear old Zach" was around to warm matters up and infuse a little life and spirit.

Senator Carpenter, with all his faults—the mould was broken when he went away—on the floor of the Senate could be a statesman, but in society he had all the rollicking abandon of a school boy. Who can forget the charming Carpenter home, the little spinning-wheel in the parlor, at which sat the sole daughter of the house, with the flax slipping through her slender fingers? Ah, pretty tableaux! Gone, never to return!

Nailed to the stony turret of the celebrated Shepherd mansion floats the yellow flag of the Orient. Within its rocky battlements may be found that which represents in the highest sense Imperial China. The solid walls around this legation must remind the occupants of the famous one of their native country. It is very painful to those who have basked in the prodigality of the Shepherd hospitality to find them gone, and the magnificence usurped by Eastern pagans—one hundred thousand dollars' worth

of furniture, carpets and "silken hangings." It would take the space of a column to describe this modern dwelling from cellar to turret, and leave out the terrapin, white grasses and champagne. "Boss Shepherd," rather Alexander the Second, just now is in eclipse. We can afford to wait until "Batipolas" has been well stirred up, then the Shepherd will return to his flock, who, it is said, were once well sheared. But in the meantime our wool will grow, and if we must have a king give us one of the Shepherd kind.

From one of the most elegant and superbly furnished Washington homes the "Bryans" departed, to form new associations in far-off Colorado. At the Bryan fireside used to gather the most distinguished people known in science, literature and art. The only daughter of the house is one of Healy's most promising pupils, and it is safe to say that Miss Bryan is the finest portrait painter of either sex of her own age in this country. This compliment is not paid her by the writer, who is unable to judge upon so important a point, but it is the decision of men who have studied art, both at home and abroad. The only son, a very young man, is already a successful lawyer, and serving his adopted State in her legislature. These instances are given to show that children reared at the capital amidst the surroundings of the most luxurious wealth need not necessarily be spoiled.

The closing of the "Kilbourne mansion" and the departure of the wife and two beautiful daughters to foreign lands, which happened in the interim, like the flitting of the Bryans, created a loss which has by no means been repaired. "The Kilbournes" have returned, but not to the classic home which grew stone by stone under the supervising eye of its late artistic mistress. Beneath its hospitable roof, evening after evening, were gathered the elite of the foreign legations, with members of the Army and Navy and others most distinguished in the world of literature and art. A landscape painter of no mean abil-

ity, and a writer such as would secure her a position on any of our leading newspapers, Mrs. Kilbourne made her elegant home the most attractive to journalists beyond any other at the national capital.

Whilst death has been so busy with our own people, the diplomatic circle has not been spared. Count Lita, the "society man" of the French legation, has passed away, and his place remains vacant. Count Lita owed his position to the relations which his sister-in-law sustains to the present King of Italy, the husband of the beautiful Queen Margharita. Instead of keeping quiet upon such a delicate point, it was a matter of great pride with the late count. It seems the sister-in-law looks after what might otherwise be an obscure and impoverished family. Whenever the newspaper correspondents have touched upon the theme "foreign legations," we are reprimanded by the officials of the State Department and given to understand that these people are not a part of our body politic, but is that a reason why they should be permitted to be social slivers in our flesh? The late Russian minister, who got into debt at Newport, and then yelled for the Russian flag to protect him from his milk woman and the butter man, came to Washington and Mrs. Russian Minister asked why she was so neglected socially by American women. She was told that American ladies would not call upon the "lady of the White House" if it was public belief that she was living with the President without the marriage ceremony being performed. Mrs. Minister straightened up, saying, "I am illegitimate, my husband is illegitimate, our children are illegitimate. Now, what are you Americans going to do about it? Is it any of your business?" She was informed that American women would not accept the situation socially if the Czar should issue a ukase, so she gathered up her "illegitimates" and has disappeared, whilst the imperial dominion of the Czar at Washington is unbroken by woman's voice, except the little pipers of the small attaches.

The late home of the Freyres, the Peruvian minister, was noted for its superb hospitality. The family was composed of Senor and Senorita Freyre and the four daughters; but it took eight cooks to provide for their wonderful table. Whilst six would be hard at work in the kitchen the other two would be scouring the markets of the capital to secure terrapin, reed-birds, canvasback and all other dainties for which this famous locality is noted. As a natural consequence, they grew so enormous in size that only two could occupy a carriage at a time, so it took three carriages, or a funeral procession, to land the family in church, and they were all such devoted Catholics that no religious rites were omitted. The very baby of the family weighed over three hundred pounds. But it happened, as it always will, that too many reed-birds brought this family to grief. Sickness seized the father and eldest daughter and both died within a very short time of each other. Whilst the father lay on his death-bed, he sent for an American lawyer who had once been a Cabinet minister of General Grant, to help him make his will. After devising ample fortunes to his wife and the four daughters, he began: "Five thousand Spanish dollars to my son Don Manuel;" five thousand to another, giving the name; five thousand to another, until eleven sons and daughters had been remembered. He then brought this astounding will to a close by saying, "These are not the children by my wife, but my children, by my God." One of our citizens would probably have died under the same circumstances and bravely kept his lips closed to the last. So let us honor the sincerity and courage of the man. His widow has lost her vast fortune by the late turmoil in Peru and is now living very quietly in Florence, Italy.

Our last diplomatic scandal relates to Victoria's new protege, the English "envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary," the Hon. Lionel Sackville West. If he were not Victoria's "Knight of the Garter," it would not

be so sad. Now it appears that when Lionel went to Spain as a young attache he became desperately enamored with a ballet-dancer. "He loved not wisely, but too well." The proud Sackville-Wests would have none of it. They declare to this day that Lionel is a bachelor Simon pure, and so he is inscribed on the awful book of the peerage. It is not understood whether the ballet-dancer has put on angel plumage, but it is known that she left a brood of little chick Sackville-Wests, which the Honorable Lionel is willing to gather under his wings as a hen doth her chickens. His eldest daughter is with him—his acknowledged child—and here lies all the trouble. If he would only ignore her, or wait, as the Peruvian minister did, till he hears the toot of the last trump, Victoria and "Washington society" would wink at his little "escapades." But the British minister shows that he has a will of his own and a mind of his own, with the Prince of Wales to stand between him and his virtuous sovereign. The capital is becoming alive with men who manage to elude the snares of matrimony, whilst the foreign legations—words fail not because the source is exhausted, but newspaper articles must come to an end.

OLIVIA.

## CLOSING SCENES IN THE HOUSE.

### Pen Pictures of Blackburn, Garfield, Randall and Lesser Lights.

Washington, *March 4, 1879.*

Prematurely crushed before half its most important work was performed, the Forty-fifth Congress of the Republic has ceased to live. Its dying hours were marked with scenes of almost riotous confusion, reminding one of the exciting days of "secession times." It is only when each great party has almost an equal number of combatants in Congress that a hand-to-hand battle takes place. To-day the men whose official career ends for the present in the House were the plumed leaders in the strife. In the advance were Foster, of Ohio; Hale, of Maine, and Durham, of Kentucky. To carry out the idea of death, flowers were strewn on the desks of departing members, and on the Speaker's table uprose a pyramid of floral display. Not an inch of standing room was visible. Even the diplomatic gallery contained an unusual number of distinguished foreigners, whilst that part designated as the "members' gallery" was crowded to overflowing by the acknowledged leaders of the social world of which politics make a part.

On a front seat in a central position sat Mrs. Hayes, conspicuous among the silks, satins, and jewels by the extreme simplicity of her attire, and lack of pretense of all that pertains to the aristocratic and exclusive. The black and shining bands of hair were drawn close and prim over the temples; the large gray eyes that warm or freeze according to the will of the possessor; the shapely nose above the cold, thin lips, finished with a chin indicating strong points of character.

Neither natural roses nor lilies bloomed in the members' gallery. Pale, sallow, worn-out women came who proved to the lookers-on what a season of fashionable folly will do if permitted to have matters all its own way. But if real charms were lacking, the loss was fortunately replaced by wise manipulations of the artist. The "paint pots" so vividly pictured by the immortal Vicar of Wakefield had been brought into requisition, and Olivia and Sophie were as well prepared as ever for future triumph and conquest. The diplomatic gallery was graced by the Brazilian, Dutch and Belgian ministers, and by the pretty, modest daughters of Secretary Evarts, attended by some of the handsome officials of the Department of State. Asia was represented, half and half, in the person of Yung Wing, of China, and his American wife. What a strange pair? He is a genuine son of the land of Confucius, with his dark-yellow skin drawn smooth like parchment over his dome of thought; inky hair and eyes, and with all those strange hieroglyphic signs of mystery stamped on his sphinx-like face. Madame Yung Wing seemed to enjoy her novel position, as she leaned back enveloped in all that finery which her marital captivity enables her to wear. This mingling of the races, to the honor of American women let it be recorded, happens only in the extremes of our social system—among the very highest or lowest—the diamonds or the dirt.

The gallery to the right of the Speaker is a study for the artist. Every part of this broad land is represented. The Boston girl is there, with a voice that reminds you of the higher notes of Ole Bull's supernatural violin. The most beautiful women of the continent spring from the land of the setting sun, descendants of the belles of the "blue grass region," grown and ripened under the cool sun and peculiar atmosphere of Colorado and California. There they sit, mothers and daughters, as luscious to the eye as a basket of their own inimitable pears and transparent grapes. The women of the Sunny South were

there. Slender, willowy creations, that remind you of Damascus blades. As full of passion as a fagot of wood with sticks, each one carries an invisible goad to prod the statesman if he even thinks of "compromise." Stronger than ever are the women entrenched in the rulings of the House. Opposite the Speaker might have been seen Africa—reflected from the seats in all tints, from ebony to "Alderney cream." Ever since the gallery doors were thrown open to this race the space is occupied. The cushioned seats have been removed, but day after day of the session sees the same row, as though the House were a great school in which the spectators are pupils. Few colored women are to be seen, and the crowd seemed made up of those who have no employment, but who go to Congress to bask in the artifical heat and enjoy the tropical magnificence to be felt on every side.

The gavel falls on the Speaker's table like the blacksmith's blows on the forge. A muttering silence follows. General Butler has left the Republican side and rolls over to the Democratic. He glances down on the diminutive figure of Aleck Stevens in his rolling chair, pauses a moment as though he were going to speak, apparently changes his mind, passes on, then sinks into a chair with a staunch Democrat on either side.

The semi-silence is broken, and the Honorable Charles Foster, of Ohio, is on his feet. His face is very white, but his black eyes burn like the wolf's in the cave when it was pursued by General Israel Putnam. No man in the House commands more respect than the one who has the floor. "Hear! hear!" In a moment the House was made to understand that Charley, as usual, had a political panacea to apply to the blistered situation; but his plan is hurled back by Atkins, of Tennessee, and then the struggle to fasten the responsibility of an extra session begins.

Rapidly the hour hand describes the passage which marks the circle lying between 11 o'clock and 12. "Only

a moment," begs Atkins, "to put myself right before the country!" Hale, of Maine, intercedes for a moment in which he "may set the Republican party all right, and fix the responsibility for all the calamities which may follow future Democratic legislation." Anxious eyes glance at the clock. Only twenty-five minutes left. A voice is heard pleading that the crowd of ladies, composed largely of those who include members in the "family," be permitted to occupy the floor. Speaker Randall asks if there is any objection. None being raised, in an instant the doors become sluiceways through which pour a flood of feminine humanity. This element spills itself in every direction; sinks into crevices made vacant by retreating forms of members. In vain Speaker Randall asserts "the ladies are not to occupy the chairs within the circle." The timid ones slink back, but a few charming ones stick, and strange to say the members seem to like it. Conger, of Michigan, beckoned his pretty daughter Florence to a seat beside him. In an instant the vinegar and aggressive spleen disappeared from his countenance, proving that the ugly face he wears in Congress is only a mask. One aged sinner, at least one old enough to know better, slipped his arm around the back of a chair, and though no apparent damage was done it was enough to prove the crookedness of the legislative mind. The flirtations on the floor occupied very little time, and divided the space consumed in receiving messages from the Senate. All at once a tall man rises in the gallery, and says audibly to the people around: "A half dozen men on each side do the business; all the rest are drummers!" After this mercantile speech, the stranger subsides. In the midst of the excitement a burly form is seen entering a doorway, and a face lights up the surroundings as a beacon flame flings its beams far out on a turbulent sea. Haul down the canvas; let go the pumps; it is ex-Secretary Robeson, at last safely beached. Republican sympathy

clings to him because he has no money, and thought it his duty to repair our war vessels so long as the port holes showed no signs of decay.

Leaning carelessly back, but in an attitude of inimitable grace stands Joe Blackburn of Kentucky, the "blue grass" boy who will be entered in the coming session for the Speaker's race. Possessed of remarkable points of physical beauty, few men in Congress in this respect can be called his peers. Tall and slender, made up entirely of bone, nerve and muscle, he seems the embodiment of life's fiercest forces. The energy of his mind is in keeping with the casket, and his chances for the Speakership at the present time seem best of all.

General Garfield disturbs the stifling air by offering a resolution of thanks to Speaker Randall, who receives it with that becoming modesty he knows so well how to assume. In a voice tremulous with emotion, in a few well chosen words, Honorable Sam. Randall announces his labor and his arduous duties done; and for the last time the gavel descended, the curtain fell, whilst the Forty-fifth Congress entered that silent bourn from whence no traveler returns.

OLIVIA.

## A MATRIMONIAL REGISTER.

### List of Eligibles of the Senate and Cabinet.

Washington, *December 24, 1879.*

"They don't propose! They won't propose!
For fear perhaps I'd say yes!
Just let 'em try it, for heaven knows
I'm tired of single blessedness!"

At the moment of writing the waters of social life are becalmed in Washington. Very little is doing in matrimonial business and mothers with marriageable daughters are advised to hold on to the stock in hand (unless there is danger of spoiling), as an advance is expected as soon as a batch of single Congressmen arrive, and this interesting event will probably happen soon after the holidays. General Ben Butler is already here, and though he has shed his late Congressional skin and is no longer interesting on this account, he still has the chance to be governor of Massachusetts; but aside from this honor, any respectable matrimonial agency would give him a clean bill of sale the moment the right kind of a purchaser can be found. It is said the gallant General has a "blind eye," but even with this fact in a woman's favor it will be necessary to approach him as carefully as though he were gunpowder or an "infernal machine," and be well prepared for the explosion which would be sure to follow. But it must be remembered that all the valuable things of the earth are obtained at great personal sacrifice and often with loss of life. Just as the biggest pearls are fished from the deepest waters, the greatest men are brought to the right point with a corresponding loss of female vitality.

Senator Sharon! "Lo! the conquering hero comes"

on the breath of the wind, at the same time hitched behind a fiery locomotive. He is already done up in broadcloth and fine linen, and is probably at this hour sleeping in his own "special car" as he rushes over the steel roadway with which dear old Oakes Ames spanned the continent. What a picture of Oriental magnificence, with his almond-eyed, dark-haired daughter at his side! What a flutter among the dames of the grand West End! In his presence a small bore of the Army and Navy, a "swell" of an upper clerk, or even an obscure Congressman pales as the stars are wiped out by the effulgence of a full-blown sun! "But he ain't handsome!" Shut up, you ill-bred child! Handsome is that handsome does! Didn't Senator Sharon spend $40,000 on the Grant reception, and owns a house so large that people get lost in it? It takes as long to explore it as it does the Mammoth Cave! "What does he come here for, mamma?" "Why, to show his heathen Chinee, and see if his glass shoe will fit any Cinderella at the capital." "They pared their heels and they pared their toes," but the special car goes back to the Pacific slope empty and tenantless, in one sense, as it came. The ripple subsides, to rise at each approach of the "special car," and so the play goes on.

Senator Booth, of California, is another matrimonial venture worth looking after, but he has already been toughened by several winter campaigns in Washington, until it is declared by those that ought to know that a sigh drawn fresh and pure from the deepest and most capacious female bosom and applied to the right place will have no more effect than a Holman liver pad administered for lockjaw, whilst a glance from the most brilliant eye falls like a sunbeam on an alligator's back. Managing mammas have given up whist parties on his account, because he is far more "whist" than the count. But the Senator is in a tolerable state of preservation, considering the number of sieges he has endured, and bids fair to return to the sand lots of California no worse for the

tender wear and tear to which he has been so cruelly subjected.

If there are any tears to shed, prepare to shed them now! Step softly! blind your eyes! This is Senator Ferry, of Michigan, he who has convulsed the heart of woman, lo! these many years. Mothers have plotted, widows intrigued, girls have cried for him, all to no purpose. It has taken subtle cunning to elude the snares spread for his gentle, trusting being, but Senator Ferry has been equal to the trial and has come out of the fiery flames handsome and jubilant as ever. Whilst the years come and go and at the same time snatch the hairs from his brother Senators' heads, leaving crowsfeet all along the track, Senator Ferry defies the "Old Man of the Sickle," and is just as capable of cracking a young girl's heart to-day as when in the morning of his manly strength, before the stars sang together. As soon as Congress assembles a committee will be appointed to investigate the source of his mighty power, as it is not intended that one red-bearded Senator shall get more than his share. As Senator Ferry usually buys up all newspapers which print advertisements of him, this is intended as a cheap way to get rid of a solid edition of *The Times,* but the article will only call for the usual liberal rate which it pays to its most valued correspondents.

The next names registered on the books of the matrimonial register come under the head of "twins," and such a pair of twins have never been seen since Gemini and Pollux took their places in the heavens in order to chase the "big bear" around the polar star. Possibly Senators Burnside and Anthony have been condensed into twins, because Rhode Island is too small a State to hold them singly and apart. At one time Senator Burnside came very near scaring off all the girls by wearing a gray nightcap in the daytime, but he immediately rallied and gave a lunch party and explained to the "wee darlin's" there wasn't the slightest danger in it. The girls remonstrated,

but without avail, until Senator Anthony declared that he wouldn't be twin to a night-cap, even though it was the color of the side-whiskers, unless the gender could be changed. There is always an incipient battle going on between the two, similar in object and manner as those in which the late Siamese twins indulged, but this is done simply to amuse each other and at the same time keep the thoughts of the female sirens out of their united minds; besides it takes Senator Anthony all his spare time to keep Senator Burnside out of mischief. Since the Senatorial night-cap has been laid aside all sorts of mental eggs have been hatching in his brain, and some time ago one of these eggs turned into an immense black horse and two-wheeled vehicle, adorned by a real tiger skin. This chariot was driven by a Jehu black as the wings of night, and had not Senator Burnside sat by the sable driver the people of the capital would have believed that the whole contrivance was a phantom, such as Washington Irving used to paint with his magic pen. "I told him," said Charlie Foster, "that he must not drive so fast. That his black beast was a dray horse and not a 'roadster.'" But the immense black animal, the two black wheels, the sable driver, with the tiger skin flying, thundered up and down the Avenue, a target for the witty Stilson Hutchins, whose paragraphs on the subject were looked for in the *Post* with keener relish than the most aromatic coffee. Thin-skinned Anthony could stand it no longer and the black horse disappeared from Congressional history. It has never been ascertained whether it was a real horse or one of those uncanny creations "conjured" by means of the "black art," but as everything about it was black and all in the highest style of art, it is safe to pronounce it black art until a better word can be invented. Just as long as Senator Burnside is in the Senate Senator Anthony will have his hands full. In the meantime matrimonial schemes will be laid over as unfinished business, and this is peculiarly trying, for the

loss to some fair woman in not being allowed to cling to Senator Anthony is more painful than pen can describe.

As altogether too much space of this valuable paper has been given to the irreclaimable old single-tops of the Senate, it is high time the gay and festive "House" should be reached; but, alas! if this is done, the "catchables" of the Cabinet will be overlooked, and what will Mrs. Hayes say? The writer knows very little about General Devens, but it has been ascertained that he was not imported from England, but belongs to an entirely different breed, whilst President Hayes claims all the honor of original discovery. At any rate, it is well known that he was picked up on the codfish shores of Massachusetts in a remarkable state of preservation. General Devens is blue-blooded to the last degree, and it is claimed that a large portion of the fluid that runs in his veins was imported in the *Mayflower,* and this accounts for the small quantity of it. Whilst there is enough for all Cabinet purposes and to occasionally amuse Mrs. Hayes, the illuminating power seems to require some such tinker as the hero of Menlo Park to bring it to the required point of perfection. Like Edison's electric light, though it "shines," there is very little heat, and a girl complains that in his presence she always has a cold nose, but it is declared that he shall not go out of the Cabinet on this account, and the probabilities are that he has come to stay.

Listen to the mocking-bird! Trills, quavers, semi-quavers, demi-semi-quavers, a flute, a flageolet, a dulcimer! It is only the voice of Carl Schurz, but it is a whole opera concealed in his throat. Creation has contrived a few voices whose intonation in speech is the highest and most triumphant music. Such sounds come out of the mouth of a shell. It is heard in the patter of a fairy cascade. It is the hissing ring of the rain as it kisses the bosom of the dimpled deep. Nature's pure, sweet, unadulterated chimes—not spoiled by "foreign master" or any other training. Born in a castle, the son of a game-

keeper; half aristocrat, half peasant; haughty as a king; humble as the lowliest who seek his favor; least understood because his intellect includes both large and small gifts culled from the whole vast domain which governs the law of humanity—daughters admire him, mothers fear him, fathers hate him. Why? Because he is not only a man, but somewhat more! During office hours he attends to business precisely like other Cabinet officers, with even more accuracy and attention, but, his work done, the uncanny orgie begins. He has the power to draw the most weird and unearthly music out of his piano. The yells of the cats before they were made into "strings" are revived with added ferocity. All the sounds of nature are imitated. He is never weary and never lies down, but he has been seen to uncoil, throw his head back, open his lips and show his white, glistening fangs. Then somebody is sure to get hurt. When Mother Nature begins to pull the string to let down the curtain of night, a dark, slender horse, bearing upon its back a tall, sinuous form, may be seen flying in a northeasterly direction. Nothing more solemn and ghoul-like can be imagined. To the awful northeast lies "Edgewood," most sentimental of earthly pilgrimages. Cemeteries here and there blot the highway. The lonely road stretches on, unlit by flash except a "Jack o' lantern," which leads the way for the dark horse of the smoking flank. Once Senator Conkling was taking an airing in this direction for his poor health's sake and met the "horseman." It was more than his nerves could bear. Edgewood is now deserted, the cemeteries are all quiet, and the "vision" is left to its own mad career. Any woman who meditates "designs" on Carl Schurz should first cultivate a love for sulphur and practice with an electric battery every day.

The House may safely be called an ocean of matrimonial possibilities. When mothers say "there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught," they have di-

rect reference to the House, the lurking-place of so much that is sweet, shy and forbidding. Here, at almost any hour of the Congressional day, may be seen "sporting" a whole shoal of bachelor Greenbackers; but their backs are no more green than their fellow members, unless the verdant tint may be noticed with which all Congressmen are more or less afflicted. Here bachelor Le Fevre spouts like a great sperm whale; and one speculates on the quantity of oil he would "turn out," and feels sad to think he was not discovered before the coal oil regions, for in that case he would have proved of vast service to the world. At present he is ostensibly engaged in storming the departments to find places for his constituents, but the real truth shows that he is only exhibiting his handsome person to the Treasury girls as a target, and each one is allowed a given number of shots at the mark. As the space allotted by *The Times* to its most valued correspondents has been filled to the brim and just a little slopped over, it is announced that the next article will take up dear, precious Charley O'Neill. It will treat of the sentimental damage wrought at the capital by this "broth of a boy," for if all his "doin's" could be made visible to mortal eye, the old Keystone State would blot out the memory of its late Centennial glory and at the same time give General Grant a rest. OLIVIA.

## BACHELORS AND WIDOWERS.

### Congressmen Speer, Clymer, Ackley and O'Neill.

Washington, *January 15, 1880.*

"Birdie, oh, come and live with me;
You shall be happy—you shall be free."

Contrary to all precedents of the past, the coming of Congress has had little or no effect on the matrimonial market, although it is confidently believed that Charley O'Neill is holding a vast amount of "stock." Notwithstanding the danger and difficulties of carrying this weight, he has decided to enact the role of the immortal Don Quixote, and has already planted the banner of his famous predecessor on the soil of the capital of the New World. But lest Philadelphia take umbrage at this unnatural exploit, as it looks like spurning the city of his beloved soul, he wishes it understood that had he fixed Philadelphia as a starting-point he would have been confined by the meshes of the Camerons, whereas Washington, being the centre of civilization, offers facilities that cannot be breached until the farthest limit of the whole country is reached. As matters now stand, there isn't a maid or widow at the capital whose heart is not pit-a-pat, and even married women are providing against a morning of storm which might close in perpetual sunshine. Already the first celebrated battle has been fought, and contrary to the usage of ancient chivalry. But as this is a different age, and bottom side the globe as to Spain, it must not be expected that ancient rules will be followed. When Charley O'Neill attacked the windmills the other day in the House it was found that he had hit Sam Randall in disguise. When he learned that he had got

the wrong pig by the ear, he soon scattered his forces and comforted himself by thinking, if he had not destroyed a windmill of which Philadelphia would be well glad to be rid, the skirmish at least had been fought in the "Cave of the Winds," and if not up to the standard of "knight errantry," had sufficient of the Quixotic flavor to answer every modern purpose. For the present he has decided to save the expense of a "Squire," unless Congress will make an appropriation. Besides, Sancho Panza would be in the way if he were the true metal of the Spanish sort. But to remove this difficulty a private secretary has been found who will open his tender missives; escort distressed damsels to the theatre; gorge himself at "society lunches," and sigh like a "lying trooper" when the proper parties are around. Charley O'Neill wants Philadelphia to know that most of his mischief is performed by proxy, and when he returns he will be none the worse for wear. On account of the slippery pavements he will not be provided with a "Rosinante," but not to disappoint his constituents he has determined to get upon his "high horse" on the floor of Congress whenever a pestiferous Democrat shows his hand. A magnificent belle of the "West End" has offered him a plume for his hat, but he disdains such marks of frivolity and declares that he will appear only in the simple armor of an American citizen. This consists of a clean white shirt, a neat broad-cloth coat—which under no circumstances can be "swallow-tail"—Wanamaker pantaloons and patent-leathers. The hat—a soft felt hat—capable of almost any expression. When he enters the Capitol in this harmless disguise the sensation would be indescribable if the attention was not divided by the roar of Kelley, he who has played the role of lion ever since his celebrated interview with Bismarck, which settled the bi-metallic squabble in both hemispheres.

The editor of *The Times* is notified that a column could be furnished concerning Charley O'Neill, the Quaker

City's favorite son, and the article would be as crisp and tender as young radishes in spring, but will it pay to build up a reputation that will last as long in the future as Don Quixote has in the past? Whilst *The Times* is solving the important problem, the dainty and delicate Acklen shall be served up. Congressman Acklen, of Louisiana, is one of the youngest and handsomest "bachelors" in the House, and whilst attending strictly to his Congressional duties he has been fortunate enough to get mixed up in more "scrapes" in which women have a part than any half dozen members put together. Last winter he figured at Welcker's in what might be termed a "celebrated case," or would be if the bottom facts could be found. His partner in the melee was a beautiful golden-haired widow from New York. Telegrams flew all over the country; there was a suspension of the rules of the House. The principal witness, an army officer, who appeared to have conscientious scruples, fearing an "investigation," escaped to Canada. The widow published a card in the papers, announcing that Congressman Acklen had "offered" to marry her, but she refused to be comforted in that way. This performance healed the young widow's reputation. Mrs. Welcker published a card also, saying nothing of the kind ever occurred at her house. This saved the honor of the hotel. At the same time a kind of Chinese din was kept up, which proved that the army officer left suddenly to avoid "a debt of honor," whilst the widow ran away to California and set the whole Russian fleet on fire, which happened to be temporarily stopping in the San Francisco harbor. In the meantime Congressman Acklen occupied his seat in the House, "the observed of all observers," looking as innocent as a Thomas cat whose whiskers are scarcely bereft of the cream. He had all the sympathy of his brother members, because they felt certain he would learn their caution in time; but, sad to relate, he had hardly set foot in his beloved New Orleans before he tripped and fell

into another "scandal." It would consume too much of the valuable space of *The Times* to record this part of his history, but it can all be found in any of the files of last year's Louisiana papers. But he is here again, as clean and bright as ever, and to prove his restoration he has left the unhealthy moral atmosphere of the "West End" and rented a mansion on the pure heights of Capitol Hill, where every spot is hallowed by the virtuous Father of his Country. To be away from temptations of all kinds he has taken an aged widow for housekeeper, with her two beautiful grown daughters, just to keep the sex in mind. In this way he puts down scandal, and he is never seen going to his own house except at the proper hours of the day. Just as the banana and the orange, by their lusciousness, show their tropical origin, Congressman Acklen proves by his appearance that he is the "Son of the Sunny South." Hardly beyond the middle size, beautifully moulded, with raven hair and scarlet lips, he impresses the beholder with his curious intensity and concentration, just as the diamond flashes out its liquid fire; but he is a real "lady-killer" in the longest, broadest, deepest sense of the word, and he is only 30 years old, and refuses to be sobered by the holy bands of wedlock; but the edge of his wickedness is being borne away by the attrition of national notoriety and the fast-increasing fastidiousness of his own taste, and yet his reputation rather endears him than otherwise to fashionable "society."

Pennsylvania has more bachelors in the House than its proper quota as compared to other States; but this may be the harmless way which the "Old Keystone" takes to get rid of her extra rubbish. Hiester Clymer is here, apparently cold, hard, and indestructible as Allegheny granite, and he strikes those with whom he is brought in contact by the same feeling awakened at the touch of rugged sublimity. The grandeur of the mountain! The solemnity of the sea! Who would dare to laugh and jest in his presence? The writer has been informed by

some of his brother members that he has a remarkably sweet and winning manner to the few privileged to occupy the chambers of his soul; and we should remember the rough, brown husk of the nut is no indication of the kernel. High-toned and kingly in manner on the floor, always the right word in the right place. For nearly if not quite a dozen years, for we write from memory only, his stalwart form has been a landmark in the Pennsylvania delegation, or a sort of Democratic wharf against which the spray and foam of the Republican ocean has madly dashed in vain. In reputation, so far as women are concerned, his character is the reverse of Congressman Acklen; but suppose he had been contrived on a sugar plantation, done up in a creole skin, forged, as it were, under the very eyelids of the tropics? What then? Shouldn't Pennsylvania get down on her stony old knees and thank heaven that her Congressmen are not made like Southern men?

As if to correct the acidity of the delegation, Congressman Herr Smith is added on, just as the last lump of sugar is put in to perfect the coffee cup. Whilst having all the virtues, he is believed to have none of the vices, and his moral character at the capital is always quoted No. 1; risks few and readily taken. Society knows little or nothing about him, but the quantity, small as it is, may be set down to his decided advantage. He has the reputation of being rich, but there is little show or ostentation. He is always in his seat, always at work, apparently with nothing but his constituents' interests at heart. It would be better for our sex if it were otherwise, but no delicate-minded woman would think of disturbing the serenity of his soul, and he keeps so far away from the other kind that an accident never can happen. No one doubts but at some period of his life the ocean of sentiment in his bosom has been traversed by gulf streams of romance, and he, too, like Whittier, can sing: "The saddest of all, it might have been." Blessed be the spiritual hand that touches the human heart-strings only to awaken the di-

vinest melody, and thrice blessed is he who knows how to avoid those pits in the soul whose black depths reflect bitterness, satire, and irony. Side by side in every great mind the Creator has ranged the awful caldrons of good and evil. Congressman Smith knows how to thread the mazy way with pleasure to himself and honor to all concerned.

As it has been the intention to give the South the same fair showing, apples and oranges, hardy roses, and magnolias, Georgia comes in with a Congressman who, though never a "bachelor," is a festive widower of five months' duration. "Emory Speer, Athens, Georgia," is engraved on his cards, and considering what should be termed his "recent grief" it would seem very wrong to embalm him in the papers. But he gives public parties at his hotel, leads off in the "german," flirts with the girls, and is not that sufficient reason to believe that he is not the kind who enjoys the luxury of grief without some sort of mitigation? Possibly he may have taken this dashing way to cover his sorrow, but the young ladies believe that he is in dead earnest, and if it were not for his five children and lack of permanent fortune he would be considered already one of the "catches" of the season. He was a Confederate soldier when only 16 years of age, served all through the late war, studied law with Ben Hill and became his successor when he was promoted to the Senate. Singularly handsome in person and winning in manner, volatile and boyish to the last degree, he is not to be judged by the hard, stern law to which we cold-blooded Nor'westers bow the knee. At any rate, he is sincerity itself, and probably he may be a big child in disguise. Who knows when the threshold of manhood or womanhood has been passed? There is a character in Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" always supposed to be romance. But here in Congress is the case that fits it. Who dare sit in judgment on a fellow-mortal? He that is wisest is the most humble, and those who are dearest will give us a rest. OLIVIA.

# THE BOTANIC GARDEN.

## Some Side Glances at the Expenditures for That Institution.

Washington, *January 18, 1880.*

Although a fraction only of the single men in Congress have cut a figure in these papers, a little deviation takes place this week to show the people what it costs to keep Congressmen armed with bouquets, for these are the weapons in modern use which bring down the game which is best worth bagging. But it must not be thought by the reader that the vast greenhouses at the capital, kept in being at government expense, are appropriated entirely by the bachelor Congressmen. On the contrary, married Senators and members leave their orders through a page. This has been proved time after time by a Congressman's wife receiving a bouquet with a card attached bearing another woman's name; but as her husband's, in fact no male signature of any kind appears she immediately seeks her mirror in proof of another conquest. True, she realizes that her youthful hey-day is over; that mutton has taken the place of lamb-chop (Ben: Perley Poore is the authority for declaring that "all men prefer it"), but she knows that some mutton always stays tender, and when this kind can be found even Ben: Perley Poore or Senator Conkling will not disdain it. But coming back to the national greenhouses, which are as distinct from the Agricultural Department as the different Cabinet portfolios; in other words, the Botanic Garden sustains the same relation to Congress as the conservatory of any mansion to its solitary owner. The Republic furnishes another garden and immense conservatory for the exclusive use of the White House; and when it is seen

how hundreds of thousands of dollars of the public funds go for the luxury of flowers alone, it will not be wondered that the growth of "imperialism" is going ahead with breakneck speed, for it is very sweet and lovely when all jobs and bills can be squared by an "appropriation."

A spectator standing on the western terrace of the Capitol sees an innocent tract of land enclosed by a most costly fence. Broad avenues and romantic walks disturb the monotony of the closely-shaven velvet sward; while trees rare as oriental sandal wood have been brought from every portion of the earth's surface to adorn this domain of republican royalty. Almost hidden by the fence and far removed from the vulgar eyes of the common herd outside, the magnificent Bartholdi fountain spurts its fair life away. Instead of putting this exquisite fountain at the intersection of Pennsylvania avenue and Seventh street, or even at the foot of the Capitol, now turned into a graveyard by the mouldy genius of Admiral Porter, it has been smuggled into the low grounds of the Botanic Gardens for the exclusive use of romantic Congressmen who, when wandering slowly with women who incline to be fast, turn their modest faces toward the genius of Bartholdi in the hope that the soothing play of the immortal fountain will at once arrest any demonstration not of the straight-laced kind. To the rear the greenhouses assert themselves with a grandeur of architectural beauty which the Government funds alone can bestow. To get a foretaste of Paradise, or to recall the glory of the Garden of Eden, it is only necessary to wander through the mazes of lovers' paths with which the Congressional greenhouses are profusely intersected. From the foot of the most northern crag kissed by the fiery aurora borealis to the molten girdle that clasps Africa's burning waist the vegetable glory of the earth has been wrested to minister to Congressional comfort. In the pursuit the trackless sea has been plowed alike by war

vessels and merchantmen. The most interesting spot connected with the greenhouses is the "propagating garden," where all sorts of curious experiments are tried. Not content to let each flower produce after its own kind, all sorts of horticultural black art is invoked to produce mongrel types, which come from a curious propagating performance, which even a Congressman cannot understand. Sometimes the gardener succeeds in doubling the leaves of a single flower, to the loss of all sweetness and perfume, just as we have seen the thing happen when the flowers were human instead of vegetable. Striped roses and lilies are obtained in place of the good, old-fashioned solid colors. To produce these freaks, or to make old Mother Nature change her every-day program, appropriations are made that would astonish the people, considering the surroundings of most of the Congressmen before they are born into official life.

In 1836, or nearly half a century ago, the beaux in Congress concluded it would be a good thing to have bouquets fashioned for their buttonholes at the public expense. Flowers in those primitive days were obtained with much trouble and expense, so the initiatory steps to free flowers was taken by an appropriation of $5,000 to be used in this way: "For conveying the surplus water of the Capitol to the Botanic Garden, making a basin, and purchasing a fountain from Hiram Powers." Before the year was ended it was found that $5,000 would not relieve the Capitol of its surplus water, and an additional appropriation was made the same year of $3,614.04. From 1836 to May, 1850, nothing was taken from the public funds for flowers. In place of nosegays to tintillate the Congressional nostrils these rough old forefathers used snuff, but this was also provided at Government expense and the modest snuff-boxes on either side of the Vice-President's chair, and those to be found in the House, will remain for all time as simple reminders of the habits of our modest ancestors in comparison to

the ravages of the Congressional greenhouses as they stand in the pillory of public opinion to-day. With the departure of dear old Thurman the last of the old-time snuff-takers disappears. The last wave of his ancient bandana heralds the Senatorial coming of one of the most aggressive movers on the stronghold of all the appropriations. In 1850, $5,000 was taken from the public funds and in 1851, $750 only. A rest came here until 1855, when $1,500 was taken to build a house in which to store the plants brought from Japan, and during the same year $12,000 was taken at one time and $3,000 at another to fix up the grounds of the Botanic Garden and put them in proper order. In 1856 the grounds still wanted to be fixed to the amount of $5,650 at one time and $11,000 at another of the same year, and the "grounds" hardly a scant half-dozen acres in extent; in fact, only two squares long, but not two whole squares deep. Following up the official figures it is found that $6,000 more was expended on the Botanic Garden, taken from another appropriation, making for the year 1856, $22,650. This it was claimed was paid for "draining the grounds in the vicinity of the national greenhouses." In 1857—$2,600 at one time, $5,000 at another, but all the same year, and from another appropriation $3,360, making in all $10,960 for the year 1857. In 1858, $2,600 at one time, $3,360 at another, making the round sum of $5,960. The years 1859 and 1860 only required a thousand each for the bouquets, and during the war, to the credit of Congress let it be recorded, not a dollar was sunk in the Botanic swamp so far as can be ascertained in the Congressional records. But in 1866 the rage for flowers broke out afresh, and it required $2,500 to stop the wound, which continued when the vast sum of $25,057.90 was required to build the bouquets to the right proportion—a sum which exceeded the President's yearly salary the same year. In 1867 it took $35,000; in 1868 $41,-

784.05, etc., etc. The figures alone stretch out until the crack of doom. Let it be understood that such men as that pure statesman Garfield held the strings of the public purse and helped on these appropriations. General Garfield is promoted to the Senate; Thurman, the statesman, remanded to private life.

In 1874 the last of the large appropriations was made, and this represented $16,925. About this time the Republican party began to weaken, and with it the innocent taste of lovely flowers. It must not be understood these vast sums represented the flowers at so much apiece; but it always happened that the Botanic Garden was crying for tools, more greenhouses, fertilizers, brick walls, iron fences, glazing and painting. Its pathways were in a constant state of eruption; its gates always hanging on broken hinges. Seneca stone was constantly giving out and always in peremptory demand. The substantial fences were always going out of fashion and needed to be replaced as often as a woman's headgear. The call for "tubs, pots, packing materials, labels, seeds, envelopes, grading, repairing, sewers, horse hire and manure," ascended to heaven like the cry of the young ravens for food. Could Garfield, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, withstand these demands on the public funds? During these historic days of fat appropriations the Woodhull sisterhood attempted to establish a "colony" at the Capitol. Brisbane, of pneumatic fame, succeeded in getting a $15,000 appropriation to sustain life whilst he should dig a ditch from the Capitol to the Government printing office. The colony was being planted, the ditch was being dug all at the same time, and extra flowers were needed for the Christian statesmen in Congress to reclaim the "colony," or at least make it so fragrant that the citizens of the District could endure the new innovation sustained by Congressional influence and protected by the sacrifices of the Christian statesmen. Flowers in the missionary cause were needed, and Parson Garfield,

chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, stood at the mouth of the public purse and dealt out the shining thousands as Aladdin showered the sequins brought him by the genii invoked by his wonderful lamp. To the credit of a Democratic Congress let it be recorded that no vast sums have been "appropriated" to keep the bouquet business in full bloom. If the Confederate brigadiers wear the "society" bouquet, they pay for them as they do their cigars. It is declared by those who ought to know that the Botanic Garden is on the road to swift decay; that it has little or no support, except from the water which flows from the Congressional baths, and considering the source, it is astonishing what excellent results have been achieved. Sam Randall declares that so long as the greenhouses can be made to flourish in this way he will not "object" to the cleanliness if it will prevent an "appropriation;" besides the bouquets derived from such a source are almost sentimentally equal to the flower which the maiden sent her lover that had been "watered with her tears."

For many years the luxurious accessories of the toilet have been on the free list in the Senate. Thousands of dollars are invested yearly in soap, tooth brushes, infant powder, perfumery, brandy and whiskey, combs, Turkish toweling, lemons, and tea. And this is one of the safest investments of the public funds. What right has the nation to elect Senators if they cannot afford to keep them clean? Isn't cleanliness next to godliness; and isn't this purity of the body about as close to the Creator as the average Senator attempts to reach? Free flowers have been the only free luxuries in which the less aristocratic branch had the same right, and is it a wonder that it required more than $41,000 in a single year to make the sweets go around? OLIVIA.

# WHITE HOUSE RECEPTIONS COMPARED.

## Customs Prevailing Under the Lincoln, Grant, Hayes and Johnson Regimes.

Washington, *February 6, 1880.*

A residence at the national capital which spans the social rule from the days of queenly Harriet Lane to the present "first lady" at the White House affords an opportunity to note the different changes and peculiar innovations inaugurated by those whom fate or accident has called to wield the most powerful social scepter to be found upon the face of the globe. The public need not be told that the wife of our President has more real political power than Queen Victoria. True, she does not ride "in state," drawn by eight cream-colored horses to open Parliament in person, but she waits carefully in an ante-room, and when Cabinet sessions are over seizes upon the head of any of the Departments, and then and there, like a Catharine or Elizabeth, makes known her command. Mrs. Abraham Lincoln inaugurated this excellent plan of doing business, because the exigencies of the war wholly occupied the mind and time of the President, and it became necessary for the "first lady" to look after the minor affairs of the country at this particular date. To prove exactly what the writer means, the case of the first Commissioner of Agriculture is called up. Several crafty men put their heads together and decided to call into being a "Bureau of Agriculture." Its different departments were to be "run," each one by its particular head, independent of the other. It was to be a cluster of little kingdoms with a nominal head that should be empty of ideas, possessing only one requisite, that of managing Mrs. Lincoln and the appropriation of the public funds. These

shrewd men made the good old Quaker Newton believe that he was among the greatest men of the universe, and while he was busy talking "spiritualism" to our "first lady," escorting her with his old time chivalry and grace to the humble homes of the "mediums," the head men of his department were scattering the worthless seeds broadcast over the country and making up those absurd reports which have brought ridicule on one of the most important branches of the public service down to the present time.

One of the most impressive and gorgeous receptions which the writer ever attended was given by the President and Mrs. Lincoln toward the last of this important term. The White House looked old, worn, and dingy, for this preceded the golden splendor of the Grant regime, but the brilliancy and magnificence was made up by the scarlet uniforms of the Marine Band with the gilt buttons and shoulderstraps of the brave defenders of the Union, who clustered about the capital in those historic days. The same struggling tide of humanity inundated the doors of the Executive Mansion, but at every turn a soldier was stationed to keep the crowd within the limit of Mrs. Lincoln's law. Bayonets glittered over the daintily dressed heads and bare shoulders of the beautifully dressed ladies who declared that "mob law" was now inaugurated and "they should never visit the White House again, until a change." But if the guests felt insulted at the presence of the bayonets what was their astonishment upon going into the "presence" to find a genuine crown on Mrs. Lincoln's head. It was made of gilt, but looked precisely like those which are found on the heads of those distinguished women about whom we read in Agnes Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England." The stones or gems were wanting, but the tinsel and gilt were all there. There was only time allowed to note that dear old Abraham looked down at the little "bobbing" woman at his side as he might at a frolicsome kitten, then

a cold steel bayonet pressed the writer's shoulder, while the military gruff voice added: "Pass on! pass on!" Afterwards is was ascertained that the "crown" was a harmless head-dress invented by a Philadelphia milliner, and that Mr. Lincoln ridiculed it so severely that its debut and withdrawal all took place the same night. It was Mrs. Lincoln who arranged that a division of society should be made after the guests have entered the White House. She had a door set apart for the Judges of the Supreme Court, Senators, Army and Navy, and foreign ministers. Members of Congress were herded with the common people, and actually forced through the same door. When Mrs. Julia Grant succeeded to the sceptre she realized that any distinction of this kind would make any administration unpopular; so she decided that all persons who entered the front door of the mansion were entitled to the same social privilege, and all doors should be alike to the guests. But to get over the difficulty and please royalty as well as democracy, Mrs. Grant discovered a side door, a sort of sneak entrance, where those who wished to avoid the crowd could pass in, take up their positions in the rear of the "throne," and glare upon the struggling crowd of humanity as it passed by in single file.

With astonishment the writer learned by personal experience that Mrs. Hayes has revived Mrs. Lincoln's law as to the aristocracy of the doors. Last Saturday for the first time at a public reception the writer entered the White House. Seeing an immense crowd struggling to go through one door, and kept back by the police, while at another in close proximity only now and then a few were permitted to pass, upon inquiry it was learned that a door was set apart for the privileged few. As the hour was about to expire and it was found that if we waited our "turn" with the crowd there would be no view of republican royalty that day, at least, it was learned that a fat man in another part of the mansion had the power

to let even a common person slip through the aristocratic door, and by means of that bribery which the "minions of the press" know so well how to bestow, access was gained the "presence" and a picture was hung on the walls of memory, to last us as long as the soul floats down the great river of eternity. In the same room the writer had gazed at a wonderful kaleidoscope. Instead of bits of colored glass, it was men and women shifting about in the hands of Time, beginning with the rare beauty and unstudied grace of Harriet Lane as she stood by the side of President Buchanan, followed by Mrs. Lincoln and her tinsel crown, succeeded by the daughters of Andy Johnson, who said, "We are plain people from the mountains of Tennessee; too much, we fear, is expected of us." Then Julia Dent Grant, who possesses the wonderful power of conciliating all the distracting elements which help unite social and political society.

It is a historic fact that the White House is modeled after the palace of the Duke of Leister. This accounts for the lofty walls so decorated and beautiful in frescoes that they resemble in intention, if not in genius, the noble creations wrought by Raphael and Michael Angelo. As the eye descends from the ceiling it rests upon the inlaid floor, but this is covered with carpeting so thick that the tramp of a regiment would be noiseless as phantom wings. Ebony furniture with richest satin upholstering, candelabra which reach from floor to mantel, holding waxen candles all ready to light, pictures on the walls, huge baskets of flowers, with decorated pots of greenery scattered everywhere. In a row, like school girls in a class, stood the wives and daughters of the Cabinet officials, with Mrs. President Hayes at the head. That it was strictly "official" was proved by the order observed in their positions. Just as the departments are ranked the women stood. State, then Treasury, War, Post Office, Interior and Attorney-General. Mrs. Hayes may safely be called a "handsome woman," and there will none be found brave enough to dispute the palm. A brunette of the purest

type, with large, brilliant eyes that convey the idea of surface but not depth—like a transparent window that opens into space—a rather low, Greek forehead, over which is banded that shining mass of satin hair. If the glossy coronet could be improved by wave or bangs; but the dark, rich brunette complexion forbids this modern fashion, and Mrs. Hayes is an artist in one or more ways. Clad in rich, ruby satin and silk combination, the corsage square and low, as Pompadour invented to call attention to her charms, no fault can be found with Mrs. Hayes, for her dress is as costly and showy as any worn by the celebrated beauties who flourished in the Cabinet during the Grant reign. Mrs. Hayes has invented a way to shake hands which ought to be known to the official world, as it saves this useful member from crushing annihilation. Never give your fingers to the crowd, and, instead of allowing your own hand to be seized, grasp the unruly enemy by the hand as far as the unfortunate thumb will permit you to go, one vigorous squeeze, and the torment is over. All this is done on the same principle of a collision at sea. It is the vessel that is hit that sustains all the harm.

A plain, dignified, matronly woman stood next to Mrs. Hayes. A lace cap—Quaker-like in its simplicity—rested on her snowy hair, a self-trimmed black silk dress (for Mrs. Evarts has not wholly discarded mourning for a beloved son) made one of the simplest toilettes to be found in the crowded throng. A whole head and shoulders above Mrs. Evarts stood Mrs. Secretary Sherman—one of those creations which can be compared to the lilies of the field in purity of style and stately grace—occupying the middle ground between blonde and brunette, her tawny hair, with its natural wave gathered in the low, Greek coil, without comb or ornament of any kind. A simple black dress, relieved at the throat with illusion ruchings, she seemed the personified embodiment of one of Tennyson's poems:

"Tall and divinely fair."

Not a beautiful woman, but one created with so much harmony that the whole mortal statue would have to be pulled apart to remedy the defect. Mrs. Sherman would make a most admirable "first lady"—the very best of all the candidates now in the field—for in all the years of her husband's official life at the capital her unostentatious charity, her kindly deeds to the worthy and deserving, have enshrined her as a patron saint in many a widow's heart.

Imagine an English duchess who has inherited the rare beauty which descends with hereditary rank. Why are the English nobility the finest specimens of personal beauty? It is because its members leave nothing undone to perfect the physical proportions of the race. Of English origin, Mrs. Ramsey brings to the Cabinet any amount of that material which this administration lacked most. It has already been whispered by those who ought to know that Governor Ramsey was not called to the war office because of his bloody record, but it was made necessary by the deficiency in the social Cabinet, for while a large number of these society leaders were equal to handshaking, they were not quite strong enough to prevent masculine yawns between the courses at official dinners. The coming of Mrs. Ramsey into the field, even at this late day, if it does not win the battle, will at least prevent a complete rout. Mrs. Ramsey's long residence at the capital, her superior intelligence and winning ways, is doing much to retard the criticism which ended with the retirement of her predecessor, for it is openly declared that Secretary McCrary was hocus-pocused into a "jedge" because "Mrs. Hayes could stand it no longer."

Next to Mrs. Ramsey stood Mrs. Postmaster-General Key, who, in the language of the Emperor Napoleon, would be pronounced the greatest woman, as he told Madame de Stael "it is she who has the largest number of children." And yet Mrs. Key is robbed of her laurels, for while she has only ten olive branches, Mrs. Evarts has

eleven, or did have when the Hon. William M. Evarts became Secretary of State. Mrs. Key is large and substantial-looking, without any particular genius in the style of dress, as her trying gown of red waist and yellow sleeves sufficiently proved. It is only youth and beauty that can wear theatrical costumes with becoming effect, but when a middle-aged woman can be found to take the risk her courage should be applauded and her wounds artistically dressed.

Just beyond Mrs. Key stood Miss Agatha Schurz, the eldest daughter of the Secretary of the Interior, rather more than pleasing in form and feature, but entirely destitute of that indescribable something which makes her father one of the historical characters of his time. The youthful girl who stood by the side of Miss Schurz might have been the niece of Attorney-General Devens, but as there is no proof on this point the subject is omitted.

It was Mrs. Grant who first invited other ladies to receive with her, and in those primitive days it was often the wives of the army officers. Mrs. General Babcock was almost always at her side. Mrs. Grant was very "near-sighted," and Mrs. Babcock had the faculty of relieving any embarrassment which might come from this misfortune. Ladies whose husbands had never been in public life, except in the different professions, were seen by the side of Mrs. Grant or artistically grouped a little way off. The receptions of Mrs. Grant reminded the beholder of the picture of "Eugenie and her maids in waiting." True, Mrs. Grant did not possess the beauty of the charming Spaniard, but her "suite" would compare favorably in dignity, beauty, and grace with the same number of women found near any throne in Europe. Mrs. Grant grouped her assistants as exquisite flowers of different color and perfume are gathered in a bouquet, making a tableau worth spreading on canvas. Mrs. Hayes stretches a straight line, that reminds one of a Bible class in a Methodist meeting, or would if it were not for the

Pompadour corsage and canary-colored sleeves, and yet all this is permissible in the strictly fashionable churches of the day.

Is "society" improving at the capital? Alas, no! There are no social centres where gifted men and accomplished women meet to exchange original ideas. A few literary societies flourish, where a few friends gather to listen to some worn-out "theme" and bitterly complain of being "bored" afterwards. The brilliant men like Webster, Clay and Calhoun, Ben Wade and Thad Stevens have no genuine successors. Why? Because politics takes the place of statesmanship, and our public men have to work so hard to keep their heads above the muddy pool there is no time to gather and disseminate the rich fruit of thought, consequently there is a short crop and the inevitable famine. OLIVIA.

## VICE-PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

### How He Wields the Gavel of the Presiding Officer of the Senate.

Washington, *April 1, 1880.*

It is a day of indescribable excitement in the Senate, vividly recalling the stormy times of secession, Andy Johnson's impeachment, or the famous Electoral Commission. Standing-room on the floor or in the galleries can nowhere be found. Even the vast lobbies are crowded with a struggling mass of humanity, such as rarely gathers in the national temple which glorifies Capitol Hill. A face new and strange to the Washington public surveys the throng from the Vice-President's chair and taps with uncertain hand the official gavel. The private secretary of the late Vice-President stands at his left to prompt him as to the names of the Senators he is to recognize, for as yet he has not had time to become familiar with their features or names. At his right may be seen one of the trusty clerks of the Senate to make sure that no official commission or omission shall follow. It is apparent to all that only experience is necessary to make Vice-President Arthur a model presiding officer. Except a little perplexity, there is the ease and grace of a man instead of the noiseless machinery which constitutes a well-preserved fossil. What the yellow, juicy, rosy-cheeked peach, with the fur rubbed off, jolting to market, is to the vegetable world, Vice-President Arthur sustains the same relation to the fruit of humanity. There is something about his presence suggestive of strawberries and cream, and yet this fact seems to be completely ignored by the Senate, for the turbulence goes on just the same. He sits in an attitude of grace worthy the painter's brush or the

pen of the poet. Fully six feet in height, broad-shouldered, but rounded and smoothed into curved lines which not only rival but excel those of Cupid. A cold, haughty face is often seen, but warm, proud features are rarely found; but here we have the exception. A high forehead towers above the brown velvety eyes; a nose a little too short for classic perfection; but a firm, manly mouth, with plenty of decision stamped on it, with a width of jaw that means business in any work it undertakes. Never since the days of Breckinridge has so handsome a man wielded the Vice-President's gavel, and whilst this fact may have no significance in a political sense, in a social way there is no estimating the heights to which it may aspire or depths where it may be cast down. It is a great comfort to be able to rest the vision on a diamond that has few, if any, flaws, and these not perceptible except to the finest judges of the gems.

In a direct line, exactly opposite the Vice-President, may be seen Senator Conkling, more winning in personal appearance than of yore. The gorgeous tints or high colors of early manhood have been toned down, softened, and spiritualized. Tranquillity is pictured on the bosom of the river, but we all know the channel is running at the same rate per minute and no time will be lost in its motion toward the sea. Stronger than most men, stronger than women, it is the inexorable law that the larger absorbs the smaller quantity. The kids that would not be eaten must keep out of the way. He glances now and then at Mahone, who sits only three chairs away, as a spoiled child might at "puss in boots," whilst this little man, apparently all hair and claws, helps carry out the perfect illusion. Let us look at this "balance of power," as the other Confederate brigadiers politely call him. At the first glance it seems altogether probable that the hair has been snatched off seven-tenths of the Senate to crown this one small man. His beard in length and density might be mistaken for that of the Wandering Jew. He has ob-

tained the clothes of a much larger man, and they constitute a series of wrinkles from shoulders to heels. He does not inspire the beholder that he is a fraction of humanity, but that he is an uncanny contrivance, which, if not opened with the greatest caution, will work irreparable damage to those nearest concerned. There is neither joy nor comfort on the face of the Republicans as they survey this new addition to their ranks, while there is calm submission, if not positive elation, on the Democratic side at the situation.

Don Cameron appears weary, as if tired with it all. A man must have a peculiar organization to thrive in the Senatorial atmosphere. It is a gladiator's ring, where intellectual combat is the order of the day. Woe to him that is not endowed with weapons of the keenest and most polished kind. Though a Senator can pipe his slogan on a thousand hills at home and carries a bonanza mine in each pocket, it will not add a feather to his Senatorial strength. Men endowed with business talent, even of the highest order, can find neither congenial nor agreeable work in the Senate. Only a natural orator or debater like Blaine or a great lawyer like Edmunds find their native element in the stormy waters of the Senate; and even Blaine was far more at home in the other wing of the Capitol, where his talents at all times shone as a star of the first magnitude. It is no sign of the lack of ability because a Senator does not rank high, but rather a lack of the peculiar and exceedingly rare qualities which make Senatorial success secure.

Of the new Senators Pennsylvania must be awarded the prize in point of beauty, for Senator Mitchell bears away the palm without a dissenting voice. In the grounds of one of the nabobs at Saratoga there may be seen the statue of a Roman gladiator, such as lived in the times of Nero. It is "stalwart" to the last degree. Imagine the old statue Americanized—that is, toned down in its roughest corners, smoothed away—a little less muscle, a

little more nerve, daintier, with a dash of Greek symmetry, and you see the handsome Mitchell of Pennsylvania. His hair is abundant, his eyes a twinkling hazel that rise and set with the arrival and departure of the dry goods in the gallery, but with a modesty that is simply indescribable.

Conger, dear old Conger, is here, cooled down to the polite frigidity which constantly pervades the Senate. He wears a white choker of such elevated height that it grinds away at his ears in the same way that a horrid glacier wears away the face of the mountain. A new suit of the finest broadcloth, of satin sheen, conceals limbs of the Adonis kind, though this last statement is more a matter of faith than actual proof. That "horn" which the wicked Stilson Hutchins was so fond of attacking with cruel squibs in the Washington *Post* appears to have gone where the woodbine creepeth, for it is heard of no more. It is rumored in private circles at the Capitol that Senator Conger is one of the most romantic and sentimental of men, and Governor Foster declares that it is the only case on Congressional record where a man is known to be madly infatuated with his own wife. When Mrs. Conger would enter the gallery of the House it was immediately known that Mr. Conger would soon attract all eyes by his graceful motions and mellow "horn." Some wretch of a Congressman would call out: "Now, boys, we are in for it," and there have been seen no such scenes of suffering chivalry since Don Quixote attacked the windmills in behalf of his beloved Dulcinea. But far be it from the head and heart of the writer to mock at this pure and exalted flame. Rather let us stand in the presence of this man with uncovered head who brings to our aching vision a new Garden of Eden, when Adam was good because there was but one Eve, and the serpent did the mischief.

In the gallery assigned the families of the Republican Senators sits Katharine Chase Sprague—cold, stately, and

statuesque as a lily, or a bit of marble in human form. The heavily fringed waxen lids fall over the sorrowful eyes—those large, dark almond orbs, such as glorify the Orient. There are faces all around, but she seems as much alone as Cleopatra in her barge floating down the dusky Nile. A blue turban with a single bird's wing for an ornament sits jauntily on her auburn hair; not out of place, because youth, beauty, and sweetness still linger in form and face. There is not the slightest attempt at display in her simple toilet—a dark dress, severe in its simplicity, a scarf of scarlet silk folded gracefully around her throat. She has given no thought to her personal appearance, but has come evidently to observe the intellectual combat which has drawn together so large a percentage of the citizens of Washington. The writer recalls the impeachment trial of Andy Johnson when "society" appeared in the Senate galleries and when Katharine Chase Sprague was the acknowledged queen. Her toilet is recalled for the readers of *The Press*, and to-day it may be found recorded in the old files of this paper, for the writer was one of the "staff correspondents" at the time, whose duty it was to make "pen pictures" of the day. A Parisian suit of royal purple velvet, perfect in all its appointments. The detail escapes our memory, but the bonnet never will. It was made in Paris to accompany the suit, and when placed on her head it conveyed the idea of a single Marguerite. Imagine a purple violet large enough to be placed on the head, the leaves bent in bonnet shape. At the time the writer felt that her eyes rested upon the most graceful, distinguished, and queenly woman that she had ever seen in the Capitol or elsewhere on the face of the globe. The writer has no personal acquaintance with Mrs. Sprague, but described her then, as she does to-day, as she would a picture or a poem. When it was published in the newspapers that she was engaged during the Senate session sending notes to a Senator on the floor the writer sat in the gallery, but saw no notes

given to a page or delivered on the floor. Year after year the writer has noticed this accomplished woman sitting in the gallery from time to time, apparently deeply interested in the debates, without the slightest levity or the smallest departure from the most rigid decorum. In later years she is rarely seen without one or more of her children. History is full of martyred women who have been used to crush obnoxious men. When Katharine Chase Sprague was the daughter of the Chief Justice and the wife of a United States Senator she appeared in the social heavens with the calmness and precision of a fixed star. Sunshine friends have deserted her, but the star does not waver in its course. It is the same haughty Katharine, despoiled of her throne, as true a woman to-day as when surrounded by her fawning flatterers. It is the flatterers of the Tuilleries that have changed, and not the Empress Eugenie.

Outside the Senatorial circle of chairs may be noticed "a sea of upturned faces." A dash of bronze reflects the last representation of African blood on the floor of the United States Senate. In the Darwinian political aggression the weaker must give way to the survival of the fittest, and the feebler race will be heard no more. Among the dusky faces in the "men's gallery" may be seen Pinchback of Louisiana, excluded from the floor where Patterson of South Carolina stands. Pinchback tried to obtain a position with other distinguished men on the floor, but was remanded to the gallery among the scores of black men that compose the dark cloud that is always to be seen sou'west just above the Senators' heads. It angered him beyond conception. Fierce passion flamed on his burning cheek and darted in lightning glances from his keen black eyes. Could he have invoked the power to turn himself into a huge stiletto he would have buried himself to the hilt in the Senate breast. Oh! the blessed relief of responsibility! His Creator made him, endowed him

with the elements of fearful wrath, subjected him to scorn, because his white soul is wrapped up in a yellow covering! Peace, be still, sorely tried and beloved brother, in whose veins mingle the blood of the haughty Anglo-Saxon with that of another race. The body perishes, but the soul circles on forever and forever.

OLIVIA.

## KATE CHASE SPRAGUE.

### A Dinner With the Queen of American Aristocracy.

Washington, *April 15, 1880.*

During the penitence of Lent, and all the succeeding time which Congress honors the capital with its presence, society of the fashionable form assumes a bleached or faded appearance. In a great measure this is brought about by the absence of the swallow-tail and white-neck-tie element. The assemblings are largely feminine, of necessity, from the fact that Congress, about to depart, is wholly engrossed with its "unfinished business." So the courtly dinner of state and the official reception is superseded by the aristocratic lunch and "high teas." At these purely exclusive gatherings may occasionally be found musty old relics of the Army and Navy on the retired list, whose records and shoulderstraps are fast perishing with official mildew and dry rot; or perhaps a supreme or district judge, for enough of this masculine seasoning should be found at least to flavor the social pot. But it frequently happens these lunches are attended by women alone, the hostess intending to bring together only those who are supposed to be agreeable to each other, at least so far as it is possible to bring these repellent atoms into a compact mass, and oh! how delightful! Our ancestors used to call the same kind of meetings "schools for scandal," for no two or more women ever did come together beyond the hearing of masculine ears without by the merest accident a secret would be told; and in Washington, where every spot is sacred to the death of some poor secret, it is unnecessary to follow this delicate subject to an ignominious end.

All the readers of the *Journal* are invited in fancy to a high-toned lunch at Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague's, at her beautiful home in the West End. Mrs. Sprague has said to the correspondents that she has no objection to newspaper comment if it treats her justly and in the spirit of courtesy; so her lunch is described for not only the above reason, but because no woman in Washington excels her as lady "to the manner born," or can surpass her in those graces which make her the reigning queen in her own home. If fortune has deserted her in a great measure, all the unique, costly, and superb trappings are here. A few terrapin, a few bottles of champagne are all that is necessary to bring the old millionaire days back, unless it be the presence of the young war governor of Rhode Island (God bless him). We shall never forget the day that he came to the capital, dusty and travel-worn, with his thousand men which he had equipped and brought to President Lincoln in person. The capital was cut off from the North by both railroad and telegraph, and the rebel hosts were gathering in Alexandria, as we thought, to burn and sack the city. Governor Sprague did not go to a hotel, but camped in the market-place with his men. The first time the writer saw Governor Sprague he was drinking water from a tincup and eating baker's bread and cold meat with his regiment; and, when we realized that this royal prince of finance was willing to sleep on the ground and drink from the tincup to preserve the Union, an adoration was born which neither time nor misfortune can chill.

But, coming out from the sanctuary of sacred memories to the lunch, for, after all, it is with to-day we must deal, for the past is just as remote as the future. It is 12 o'clock, high noon. An elegant table may be seen in the center of one of the most perfect dining-rooms at the national capital. There is much in the surroundings to recall to the cultured mind thoughts of the royal as well as republican days of sunny France. Some ancient Gobelin

tapestry, handed down from the palace when it was occupied by Queen Marie Antoinette, is suspended from the walls, whose threads may yet hold her imprisoned sighs. Beautiful screens, works of highest art, extend or shorten the space according to the caprice of the fair mistress. Exquisite paintings adorn the wall; elaborate service of silver and gold ornament the sideboard; a Parisian clock measures the time in musical chimes; Persian rugs conceal the polished, inlaid floor. Without exception it is the daintiest spot to partake of an innocent bowl of crackers and milk to be found in all Washington. Upon the table is first laid a thick heavy cloth, made expressly for the purpose to deaden all sound in case a knife or spoon meet an accident; though a dozen forks should fall they would not be heard except for their own dashing. The sound-cloth is now covered by Irish damask, soft and sheeny as satin; and around it clusters eight perfect chairs. These seats are chosen for ease quite as much as beauty, because the sitting will last all the way from three to eight hours. Flowers alone occupy the center of the table, and these are so artistically arranged that each guest is visible to every other. On the table before each chair may be seen two knives of different sizes, and a pair of forks, dessert and teaspoons, sherry and champagne glasses, and a thimble-sized gold salt cellar. An elaborate castor, on the sideboard, furnishes pepper, celery-flour and all other condiments; but these are served in good time, at the exact moment wanted, by the white-gloved, machine-like Ethiopian, who understands a glance from the Princess's eye and does not have to be regulated by means of the English language.

The mistress leads the way and takes her stand at the head of the table, with her ebony assistant at her right. The guest who is to sit in the most honored place is called and seated by the waiter, the next place is filled in the same way, and this is continued until the circle is completed. This consumes but a few moments of time, the

right people are brought side by side, and in such a way as to prove the remarkable tact of the fair hostess, and all confusion has been avoided. After all, this lunch turns out to be a dinner in disguise, for the first course consists of French bouillon, which is only a very rich and nutritious beef tea. The Hoosier housewife who is bold and aggressive enough to attempt a Kate Chase Sprague lunch must look out that no fat swims on the top of the bouillon, for the fat had much better be in the fire, as its presence indicates plebeianism. Nothing can be found too handsome and costly in which to serve this beef tea. If there are no golden bowls in the house, the next best are such as are found in the Sprague mansion. These wonderful gems have been brought on the backs of mules over the Ural mountains from the heart of Persia. It is declared by some that these bowls are made of the dust of broken garnets, gathered by the emerald hunters when they are in quest of gems in the great Himalaya range. They are manufactured expressly for the palace of the Shah; but during the greenback regency a few found their way to the table of an exalted official, and in this way have become heirlooms in a distinguished family. These Persian bowls have never been insulted by coming in contact with beans, or even Potomac oysters. Only clover-fed beeves, of the amiable short-horn variety, slaughtered on the Jewish plan, and treated by a skillful French cook, are permitted to be introduced to these jeweled caskets. During the sipping of this delectable stew, which must be as noiseless as a cat licks cream, the Shah of Persia, his advent as a literary character, his strong points of wickedness as a man are discussed, as well as the mineral and vegetable possibilities of the venerable but distant kingdom. Even old Haroun Al Raschid and his disguises come in. No chance for the conversation to languish whilst the Persian bowls are on the table. The bouillon is kindly assisted by different kinds of dainty crackers, "Havenner's cream" being the favorite, with

French bread. But one must be very careful, whilst toying with the spoon, not to sip too much beef tea, else the space which might be filled with more eatable matter is all taken up.

The Persian bowls are gone! Ah! who would believe it? one-half hour—or as long as it takes a Buckeye or Hoosier to eat an average dinner. So the next course is hurried on. This consists of oyster patties, served on plates, each one different, each a hand-painted portrait by a skillful French artist, and manufactured at the Sevres porcelain works, near Paris. All are costly enough to hang as pictures and works of art on the wall. A commonplace Washington society woman is eating her pattie from the honored head of dear old Lafayette. Another scans the face of Napoleon I, and finds a striking resemblance to Congressman Blinks, from the Michigan district, if he would only clear out the brush of his whiskers and mow down the tall grass of his moustache. Sherry, clear as limpid amber and colored like a meerschaum pipe, has kept company all the time with the Persian bowl as well as the medallion plates. These plates were purchased from one of the sales of royal pottery brought about by the decay of a branch of one of the reigning families of the old world.

The next course of sweet breads is brought in on plates designed by the hostess as a present to the late Chief Justice of the United States—a love offering from a most devoted daughter to an illustrious sire. It was made without regard to cost, at the celebrated pottery near Paris, at the same time and place a set was being made for the Prince of Wales. No two plates are alike, but each one is embellished with a gorgeous bouquet. The violet and early gentian, the sweet but humble wild flowers trodden under foot in the hoyden days of girlhood, away off in the old Ohio home, have been caught and stamped in this imperishable form from the idolator to the idol. What pictures of the old home-life are called up like fast-

dissolving phantoms, but as genuine creations in the invisible world as the exquisite works of art before the mortal vision. The white, waxen eye-lid of the fair hostess doops until the long silken fringe sweeps the cheek. The spirit of hush! be quiet, falls upon the guest, which the hostess alone knows how to remove. The gulf is visible, like a hideous skull at a feast, between the days of the young millionaire wife, designing gifts for the Chief Justice, and the cold bereavements and change of fickle fortune of to-day.

Begone, dull care, with the sweet-bread course! Thy sweetness is bitter and unsavory! The first of the season! Virginia mountain lamb with green peas from Florida. The mountain lamb is served on another "work of art," all different, no two plates alike, and this one is pictured with a single flower. It is a royal pink just culled from the parent stem and thrown carelessly down. One feels like picking it up just for one sniff at the perfume before it is smothered in Southern peas. Now comes champagne, clear and beaded, resembling the fluid in all probability in which Cleopatra dissolved the pearls. A course now follows which is a cross between a custard and charlotte russe—an infinitesimal ocean of cream between banks of snowy paste. After this more meat, vegetables, salads on different bits of porcelain with a history, until the ices and fruits are reached. These are served on daintiest of majolica ware or odd bits of crockery, fished from all the uncanny quarters of the globe.

Only think of being pinned to one spot from three to eight hours, forced to be civil and polite at least, if not working for the title of "agreeable diner-out." Oh, for the blessed privilege, if one must be so tortured, to get as uproariously drunk as did the great Daniel Webster, with the privilege of rolling under the table like him to snore it off. All the nations of the earth who have spent hours eating and guzzling at table have come to that point where decline begins. England's roast beef and ale, and sen-

sual time at the table has culminated in Ireland's horrors and Beaconsfield's fall. The President's salary was doubled on account of these dyspeptic state dinners. Congress should at once make a law placing the social expectations of official life on precisely the same basis as that of the private citizen. This is a Republic. We employ our officials to do certain work for which we pay them. They should be made to understand they are servants, and not masters.

A large lobby is engaged to get Congress to build a new White House, because the present one is not large enough "to entertain." Could we build a house large enough for this purpose, for why should the few be invited and the great mass of voters left out in the cold? Each State is asked to build houses and furnish them for their Senators in order that these gentlemen may "entertain." Who will pay for the oyster patties, the porcelain and champagne when the great new White House dots Meridian Hill, and the States enter into competition for the grandeur of the Senatorial castle? The human body should be cared for because it is the finest created physical object to be seen by the light of the blessed sun, besides being a receptacle of the different sizes of soul as they come imported; but, as a nation, we should not permit in the care of this mortal mould that kind of legislation which begins in spider webs and ends in chains.

When Lucy Hayes moved into the White House she tried hard to reform the precedents, but Secretary Evarts was too much for her. He painted the Russian bear howling because the minister from that barbarous frozen land might, without wine, get a cake of ice in his stomach, and then what would the Czar say? Prince Alexis came to Washington to attend the inauguration, walked up and down Pennsylvania avenue with two bull pups at his side, because Secretary Evarts, or any other human being (except royalty), were thought not good enough to be there. Dogs were preferred to Secretary Evarts; but it

may be possible that Alexis could put the proper estimate on the State Department, and at the same time do justice to the bull pups. The American people should not feel aggrieved, or pull a single feather from the tail of the national eagle because the government at Washington has been fearfully "snubbed." When the Prince of Wales was in this country he planted a tree at Mount Vernon, and was as sorrowful as Mark Twain at the tomb of Adam; but Alexis came over and gave us a taste of the genuine Romanoff flavor. But this could be borne, because we could have called out the Army and Navy and charged on the bull pups, but instead of managing in this way, Secretary Evarts took possession of the kitchen of the White House, forced Lucy Hayes to stultify her convictions, and instead of making the Executive Mansion the reflection of the purity and wisdom of a Christian, sensible, high-toned woman, he brought the wornout bestiality of monarchical Europe as represented by its agents here, and made our administration conform to it. Is it a wonder the bull pups take precedence? Nations, like individuals, must respect themselves. When another good woman like Lucy Webb Hayes, united to a great one, such as Queen Elizabeth or Empress Catherine, finds herself wife of the President of the United States, our impotent and costly plenipotentiary foreign missions will be abolished. Established as long ago as feudalism was in its cradle, when it was necessary to have spies in every court of Europe to bolster up each despotic dynasty, what sympathy, or how can a Republic consistently approve such positions?

Let us have a sprinkling of honest commercial consuls wherever they are needed on the earth's surface; pay them a generous living salary, and the instant they are found coquetting with "fees," cut off their official heads. The Augean stables cleaned by Hercules needed purification no more than our white-gloved, daintily-perfumed State Department. When it is remembered that the hand-

ful of men sent out from their respective governments to attend to business, who are dignified with the sounding title "foreign legations," are only polite to our officials, but "snub" all the sovereign people, are the ones who, while they sneer at us, set all our fashions, dictate our manners, steal our rich American girls, and, through Secretary Evarts, order champagne at the White House. This would be unbearable except for the bull pups that were imported to supersede Secretary Evarts. This proves that every cloud hath a silver lining; for the pups were as white as the glistening ice of the Neva.

The *Journal* comes now regular; I am very much pleased with it. It is what I call a live paper. Hon. Edward McPherson, late of the Philadelphia *Press,* was at my house the other evening, and he said it was the best paper published in the West. I was very glad to hear him say so, because he has excellent judgment, and it is a great honor to be connected with an able newspaper.

OLIVIA.

## LACK OF A LEADER.

### Society Without a Ruling Spirit to Take the Initiative.

Washington, *February 18, 1881.*

It takes the most exquisite kind of courage to paint truthful views of life as it is pictured on the social boards at Washington. If the well-known society writers would furnish the newspapers with faithful kaleidoscopes of the "day's doings" they would be banished or, like Othello, they would "find their occupation gone." It is the small sins of "high life" which weaken the constitution of society; lack of moral courage, love of finery, gilt and glitter, envy and jealousy, and the enjoyment of slander. When the most beautiful and accomplished leader at the capital became the shining mark at which the quivering arrows of condemnation were hurled, have any of the women who used to bask in the sunshine of her queenly hospitality said one word in her defense? One would suppose that after years of smiling and caressing this monster of society, after lavishing tens of thousands of dollars upon it, one brave, strong utterance, one loving word might come back in return. Where are the women who have smirked and basked in the shadows of the dead and dying administrations? What niche will their minds fill in history? We have railroad kings and bonanza emperors and money grabbers in place of statesmen, by the score; but where are the drawing rooms such as Lady Blessington's, or the famous salon of Madame de Stael, which has an existence to-day far more substantial than the daily receptions at the capital. Instead of cultivating their minds the "society women" at Washington are expending the last show of vitality in the adorning of their

bodies. Flitting from one "palatial mansion" to another, from "sunny morn to dewy eve," these human butterflies make no more impression on the world at large than the moths which they so much resemble. Whilst as a general rule the society women have politicians for husbands, it does not always follow that all the politicians have "society" wives. Such accomplished women as Mrs. George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, or Mrs. Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware, will always be found, and, like the men at the pumps, will keep the old worm-eaten hulk of Washington society from going to the bottom.

Since the retirement of the superb Katharine Chase Sprague "society," in a blundering way, manages to get along without an acknowledged "head." If the beautiful and accomplished woman is found, the immense wealth is lacking, for no woman can be a successful "leader" unless she has beauty, brains, and money. To a great extent beauty can be spared, because its loss can be made up by the artistic skill which the brain power will utilize. Just as a general must have the sinews of war to carry on a vigorous campaign, a society leader must be thoroughly equipped, for if the means to accomplish a certain result are somewhat different the end amounts to just about the same. The coming of the bonanza wives is watched with the most intense anxiety. The question is asked: "Has she the qualities to command or will inefficiency and cowardice consign her to the ranks?" A member of Congress was regretting his inability to be present at the Art Club reception. He said he "had reason to believe that in such an assembly he could find a relief or change from the political treadmill where he was forced to be at his post every day." When his attention was called to the stately card receptions of almost every night, he replied: "I hate them; there is nothing there but clothes." These were the words from no brain-distorted, dyspeptic Bostonian, but a Western man, in the full sap of existence, who would naturally be supposed

to cling to the woman who could show the handsomest amount of shoulder to the square inch. Both General Garfield and Senator Blaine have declared that relief comes to the tired, over-worked brain by changing the train of thought, and not by dabbling in inanity. This proves that the doll's occupation is gone. The woman of the nineteenth century must shake from her dormant brain the dust of ages and develop her power in precisely the same ratio as man makes the most of his. Almighty God has made the orbit of the sexes parallel, but they can never intersect.

All that which comes under the head of "formal ceremony" at the capital, such as state dinners at the White House, are faithful copies of foreign courts, or rather the tattered fragments of the manners of old baronial time under William the Conqueror, when the feudal chiefs were served first and their retainers were permitted to scramble on the floor for the bones. It is true the bones are not thrown under the White House table, for the world grows neater in its old age; but should a President entertain Victoria at dinner "etiquette" or the spirit of the old barbarians declares the President must be helped first. Instead of the American gentleman at his own table, where the example of private life should be the model for the public manners of a Republic, we have just enough of the old leaven of monarchy working that any child can smell the odor after a short stay in Washington. Nothing more terrible socially can be conceived than one of these cold, formal state dinners at the White House. It is not a company made up of breathing, living men and women, but is the masculine bones of the awful Department of State, with the feminine anatomy clutched for a brief hour from the highest judicial ermine. It is the ponderous Treasury Department, with its legs crossed under the Presidential mahogany. In preceding administrations the victims were allowed to drown their sorrows in wine, and by the time the fifth or sixth course came

'round the War and Navy Departments were prepared for the most desperate action on sea or shore. Only from twelve to nineteen inches table room is allowed a guest, and the steward of the White House, instead of the tailor, decides on the breadth of the anatomy. To the great credit of the State of New York it has been found that Secretary Evarts could be wedged in between a couple of Supreme Judges without diminishing the size of the table in the least, but he refuses to be a third party to this kind of an alliance, because there is no precedence of the kind to be found in the archives of the State Department.

The size of the White House table is perfectly prodigious, and when covered with the china dishes ordered by Mrs. Hayes the effect is paralyzing to sensitive nerves. No chance is given the poetic imagination to revel in ambrosial sips and taste the heavenly manna. If your soul is soaring to empyrean heights, you are dragged earthward by seeing pictured on the plates the ugly refuse of the dainties with which you are supposed to be tickling your palate. When one swallows an oyster, who wants to be reminded of the huge, ugly shell, a faint suggestion of a coffin? Who desires to see a shining, scaly fish, with its pink gills already to pulsate, and be made to remember that the fish died that you might roll one little sweet morsel under your tongue? Who can bear to be reminded when tasting a sweet, fresh new-laid egg, that looks as if it might have fallen from the sky, that an ungainly old hen scratching for worms was the origin of that egg? The pictures taken from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum may be more sensual, but in no sense can they be called more earthly or barbaric. All things beautiful should be spiritually suggestive. If the new White House china was the property of private life incalculable mischief might be the result, but the crafty Cabinet ministers and aged Supreme Judges have

outlived delicate and lasting impressions, and after the first slight shock no serious trouble will be apt to follow; but it would be well to let Lucretia Garfield know that if the "pitchers go to the well once too often" or a grand collision of plates and platters should take place, such a calamity would be accepted by the nation like the late war—a sore trial at the time but in the long run a blessing in disguise.

If it takes so many scratches of the pen to get over the celebrated china "designed by the highest artistic talent at home," how shall we manage to get the reader through the three hours that it takes to manage the great state gastronomic feast? It is best told in the language of one of the guests:

"I was led out by Secretary Evarts. I don't think he would have selected me if he could have been allowed his choice. You have to go in the order of the Cabinet. Three hours so close to the great New York criminal lawyer! I thought I should faint! I cast my eyes down the table at my husband; he was below me on the other side of the table and he looked 'blue.' I was just thinking what he could find to say to the strange women on each side of him, for he never talks to me, when I would be interrupted by one of Evarts' questions that would make me feel that I was on the witness stand. I can talk fast sometimes, but I felt if I spoke except to answer him it would be sure to be wrong, and I would disgrace the Cabinet. I managed to get through some way and afterwards found out that I was liable to be taken into state dinners by Secretary Evarts as long as we were in the Cabinet. I tried to prevail on my husband to resign, to which he agreed as soon as some other good place could be found for him."

The Cabinet dinners are modeled on the same plan as the state dinners, and the misery endured is in proportion to its size and duration. The torture consequent upon the formal dinners made a hero and a place in history

for dear old Sam Ward. Of course, his dinners were as much above those of the White House as Sam exceeded the steward in brilliancy of conception of dainty cuisine. Sam's culinary reputation rests on a ham boiled with three red clover heads, and when put into the oven to "brown" it was treated to a baptism of champagne. The three heads of red clover have been proved to be a fraud. Nothing was ever served on Sam's table that was half as delicious as himself. He is familiar with nine different languages, three of which he spoke with all the fluency of his mother tongue. He has been seen to put his arm around a foreign minister with all the grace and affection with which a lover embraces his sweetheart. Is it strange that this man became an idol to the public men whose constitutions were impaired by the dyspeptic dinners of "high society?" Extremes meet, and overfeeding is far more disastrous in its remote results than a mild course of starvation. Sam Ward managed that his guests should never be satiated. The oyster patties, like a little woman, would be so perfect, though small, that the next course would be anxiously awaited. "Two dessert spoonfuls of soup with a thimbleful of choicest sherry, that is my foundation for a dinner," says the immortal Sam. Only people of ability were permitted to gather around his board, and it was the brilliant conversation more than the viands that made it appear "a feast fit for the gods." If a dinner was to be given to the Spanish minister the proper number of agreeable people who speak Spanish could always be found for a small party. Could anything be more grateful to a stranger in a strange land than to hear his home language spoken by his host with the ease and fluency of a native; to have the conversation adroitly turned to the subjects which lie nearest to the Spanish heart; to drink the blood of the grape brought all the way from Castile or Arragon? Is it a wonder with Sam's arm around his diplomatic waist that he

would feel as did Mungo Park in Africa when he heard the negro woman singing at the foot of the tree that sheltered him:

"No wife to catch him fish and grind him corn"?

When one of the foreigners died it is said that he left Sam Ward a fortune. If his cuisine was not always perfect the host himself made up the imperfection. He had the power to throw his guests out of their shells and by this means adding any amount of heat to the social atmosphere. The last time Sam Ward was seen he was marching across the Capitol Rotunda, his short, full arm around another man's waist, looking as much like a fat Philadelphia capon as Charlie O'Neill. His round, chubby, boyish face and duck legs bore not the slightest resemblance to the lobby. He is the brother of Julia Ward Howe, the author of the battle hymn of the Republic. The same kind of spiritual essence that enters this poem made the dinners famous, but let no man attempt the same high art. The solitary vase has been broken, but the odor is left and clings to it still. OLIVIA.

# BEN HILL AND ROSCOE CONKLING.

## Mannerisms of These Famous Senators and a Number of Their Colleagues.

Washington, *May 14, 1881.*

Over the great public squares is spread a royal carpet of greenest verdure. Miles and miles of trees occupying the city "parking" are flaunting their tender leaves in the dazzling sunshine; the fruit trees are a mass of powdery blossom, whilst violets and lilacs fill the market space with delicious perfume. The cold North blast has ceased to blow, and from the sunny South comes the dallying wind, laden with the breath of magnolia and orange blossom; but a cloud which has no silver lining envelopes the National Capitol—lo! as an iron shroud. No precedent in history arises to permit us to judge the future by the past. Within the memory of the writer armed legions with glittering bayonets slept upon the cushioned seats of the Senate chamber, whilst the gallant Colonel Ellsworth, of Zouave fame, spread his soldier's blanket on the floor. A war as bitter and unrelenting is being fought, but the cold sharp steel is invisible. It is the same old fight which shook the Middle Ages from center to circumference when the sovereign of millions threw down the gauntlet to his feudal chiefs. Senator Conkling could not have sustained his opposition to the President for a single day if the battle of New York did not include every State in the Union. It was the charge of little Rhody on the "big N." It was to decide whether the two stalwart Senators, like Anthony and Burnside, weighing more than one hundred and eighty pounds each, were not able to look after the political welfare of a State so small that it almost requires a micro-

scope to find it on the map. Conkling was the great general, stationed in the rear, planning the campaign. Men of the Dawes calibre conduct active operations in the field. To amuse the public firing is kept up between the Democrats and Republicans, but the real war, which means death to one or the other of the combatants, is between the Senate and the White House.

To get a thorough understanding of the machine politician he must be judged entirely by his acts, as a personal acquaintance warps the judgment and destroys what might be a first-class opinion, because the feelings are called into play. Beginning with the pages, who skip and flit like butterflies on the Senate floor, all unite in the worship of Senator Conkling. He never has to clap his hands to bring a page, for the moment he begins work that would require the service two or three of these lynx-eyed dots are at his elbow, all anxious for the honor to serve him. The writer asked a bright little page why the boys were so willing to do his bidding. He replied: "He never said a cross word to a page in his life. He says: 'My little man, will you do this kindness for me?' Then we all run!" Just what the sunshine is to the physical world this something which goes from every man and woman in a greater or less degree is what acts upon humanity. It is not love, because it is devoid of passion. It is a force that cannot be estimated or measured and it is given to only a very few in any age. The great Napoleon possessed it in the largest degree of any man in modern times.

A tall Texan comes from the "Lone Star" State and is seen in all the prominent places in Washington. Once observed, he cannot be forgotten, for he is of giant proportions. Colossal is the word, for every limb and feature has been adjusted to the proper scale, as if designed by Randolph Rogers or Vinnie Ream-Hoxie. Handsome is a word not strong enough for justice, but is used because Richard Grant White or the Chicago *Tribune* has

invented nothing better. The tall Texan was prowling about the Capitol, and whether by accident or design, the writer knows not, the Texan and Senator came together in the dark shadows of the lobby which leads to the Marble Room. An intense, anxious expression lighted up the features of the Texan as he neared the New York Senator. As they came in close contact Senator Conkling raised his arm, placed his hand around the man's waist and lifted it to the lofty shoulder, and whilst he drew the colossal figure towards him looked up into his face and said, "You would not ask me to do that." No quiver of disappointment was visible. The two politicians had met. Size had nothing to do with it. Matter went down before mind and the Darwinian theory was vindicated.

Notable among the men who were prominent in the House are those who migrated to the Senate wing and find themselves frozen stiff in their seats and motionless as so many dead flies. If by accident their bloodless lips are unsealed one day they only live to regret it the next. Conger, whose "horn" is in danger of being forgotten, sits glued to one spot and helps make an admirable picture for the galleries. Daintiest of snowy linen covers a breast which is known to conceal the most ecstatic emotions, whilst the costliest broadcloth serves the purpose of drapery. All that he requires is the addition of spices to make him a mummy that would far eclipse those of Egyptian magic.

Don Cameron sits in his seat, and if he were a woman he would be called "interesting." In other words, he may be summed up as pale, sad, and extremely nervous. The iron crown which he inherited from his tough old Highland father is too heavy for tender temples and weaker brain. The people of Pennsylvania can afford to bide their time, for when the Winnebago Chief is gathered to his fathers Cameronism is wiped off the face of the State as clean as though it were a wheatfield in the

path of the tornado; but if the old Keystone is not represented by brains in the National Senate she has beauty, and the poet sings, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." It is not necessary for Senator Mitchell to make himself felt—he should be seen, and then no fault can be found.

The Senate is like an immense cave and unless a man has an intellect like a calcium light there is no chance for him; the tallow dips sputter for a moment, make themselves ridiculous, then go out in the icy gloom. Except for the warriors, both Union and Confederate, the live element would be entirely wanting. The "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash" will never let himself be forgotten, and he reminds one of an oasis in the Senate desert—land of the delicious date and towering palm.

Most winning, dearest to the heart of woman, are the Senate knights of the "lost cause." There is a deference and courtly grace which they bestow on the so-called weaker sex which the cold Northman may counterfeit, but never succeed as an original. Whilst the men of colder latitude approach woman as though she were made out of the same kind of stuff as themselves, the Southerner makes her feel that she stands on a higher mark in the ascending scale and that if she is not quite "winged" she is almost an angel. Even Hon. Ben Hill can so deftly manage a woman that she cannot tell whether she is being pummeled or caressed, as our one solitary interview with this illustrious statesman will prove. In an article which was published some months ago in *The Times,* when a pen picture was being painted of the lobby, a paragraph was inserted which said, "The queen paused in her triumphal march to speak with Senator Hill." In vain the writer pleaded that a Senator was not to blame because the "queen" had seized him. He declared that he had been "maligned" for the reason that he avoided all women the day he made speeches, therefore it could not be true. Again the writer pleaded that he was no more to blame for his seizure by the queen of the lobby than a

big sunflower when a bumblebee pitches into its heart. His head could not be reached by argument nor his heart by petition. He said the article had been copied in a Georgia paper and used against him in the campaign; at the same time he artlessly confessed his love for his wife and his loathing for the "queen of the lobby." If that Georgia editor has a soul will he publish our heartfelt desire to cleanse any spot which we have unintentionally cast on the Senator's record? These Southern men are singularly clean-handed where so many fall. They put the pure woman on a pedestal and worship her, and if there are any bad ones they are carried off to their lairs and devoured and nobody hears of them any more.

OLIVIA.

## PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S CABINET DAY.

### Members of the Official Family—A Soldier's Disappointment.

WASHINGTON, *August 22, 1881.*

A long residence in Washington proves the sad fact that "court life" at the capital of a Republic is precisely the same as in a monarchy, except in the change of its duration. As the time to accomplish results is so very brief the odious process becomes more patent and less care is taken to hide all the art and skill practiced by the parasites who surround the Executive and who change his nature in a very brief time unless, like "Old Hickory" or Abraham Lincoln, he cannot be veneered by his surroundings because the identity is too strong. When a citizen enters the White House as the political head of the nation he never hears another familiar word. From the august Secretary of State to the scullion in the kitchen, it is "Mr. President." Not only the inclination downward of the head with the bending muscles of the knees, but even the voices of the old friends become humble in tone and deferential in spirit. Cringing servants in the shape of Congressmen—in fact, all other mortals who have favors to crave—creep and crawl before the face of majesty. By and by the strong and designing of either sex elbow all the rest away, and form a cordon around the Executive, coloring all in the shape of everything which reaches his ears and eyes until he is no longer himself and is as blind as a bat hung to the walls of the Mammoth Cave.

In proof of the above assertion the writer will give the readers of *The Times* a description of the last day at the White House before the attempt was made upon Presi-

dent Garfield's life. It was Friday, the last "Cabinet day" in the annals of this administration. It was the first day of July, hot and sultry beyond description. The breeze which swept through the open doors of the mansion came like the breath from an open oven. The spray from the fountain turned into vapor in its ascending flight and reminded the beholder of boiling geysers in a volcanic plain. Inside the White House a crowd had congregated to improve the opportunity of the last chance before the President should depart on his summer tour. Both branches of Congress, Army and Navy, governors of States and Territories, with the odds and ends of humanity all unknown to fame, were collected in an indescribable, whirling kaleidoscope. At times the stairs leading to the "throne room" would be turned into a cataract, but instead of animalcules in the water it was humanity in the air. The stairs once free from the descending mass would be instantly filled with the same kind of material in an upward flight, to remain until hope was dead, and the first result would be enacted again. It was understood that the President would see the people between the hours of 10 and 12, although it was "Cabinet day." But, alas, the "people" meant the Cabinet officers, for not content with seeing their chief at the 12 o'clock council, it appeared that each had a little private business of his own. At 10 o'clock, or rather five minutes after, the coupe of the Treasury Department deposited Secretary Windom, apparently fresh from the hands of his laundress, faultlessly attired in thinnest of summer covering, on the Executive porch. The fragrance of a perfumed bath still clung to his handsome person and nothing could be compared to it but heaven's own dew clinging to a morning-glory. With mischief dancing in his hazel eyes and a wave of his fragrant hand to the little woman whose duty it is to press his official name between leaves of lavender, he disappeared. Then came Lincoln —"Bob" the people call him, not tall like his late father,

but stalwart of limb and broad of shoulder, a strong, handsome face, which lights up with the same expression which we all remember who had the honor of standing in the presence of Abraham Lincoln. A moment and he is gone. And now comes Postmaster-General James, looking neither to the right nor the left, with his eyes bent, as usual, in one direction. Built on the narrow-gauge plan, long, slim, shallow and slender, ophidian and dazzling, one listens for the death-dealing rattle. Cold chills begin to creep along the great nerve centers. He glides up the stairs. Thank heaven, he has gone. A moment later and a prominent governor says: "Garfield never knows what that man is bringing about." Stand aside! He's little, but how he can sting! It is MacVeigh —a Scottish chief. The tartan plaid, bare legs and pibroch are invisible. Round, dense and compact as a bullet, with the characteristics of Scotland which mark him as surely as the furze that each season adorns the heather. American-born generations may stand between him and his ancestors, but he is no more changed than an English walnut would be transplanted to the Western continent.

Square, heavy-rigged, sitting low in the water, bearing down under full sail, determined to reach the port in time—this is Secretary Kirkwood. His clothes are thin and fleecy, but more sheepy-looking than cloud-like. He perspires! One is reminded of great drops of rain pattering on a shingled roof, only the noise must exist in the imagination. Homely and plain as a crooked apple tree, and yet the very shade where it would be delightful to linger. Only a rough shell, containing the sweetest of kernels. After 11! The clock hands point to the hour of 12. A moving tableau enters the broad corridor from a side door. Secretary Blaine is the central figure. On his right walks Sir Edward Thornton, in full court dress, dazzling in decorations and gold lace. He has come to take formal leave of the President, as he has been called home by his Queen. On the left of the Secretary walks

his eldest daughter, proudly—Miss Alice Blaine. She is clad in pure white, unrelieved by color. A broad-brimmed chip hat on the back of her head frames her oval brunette face, and with her youth and grace she is a striking addition to the picture. Secretary Blaine looks troubled and worried. The shadows have grown darker under his eyes, while the other portions of his face are far more pallid than of yore. His step is less elastic, but the heat must be considered. The doors close and the curtain falls.

It should have been mentioned before that the officials who guard the front doors of the White House have the power to assign people to different rooms in the order which may seem to them best. Those whom they consider of most consequence are permitted to go up the stairs, whilst the "rabbles," so called from want of honorary prefixes to their names, must remain below. This is applicable to Cabinet day. When the fortunate arrive up stairs the winnowing process goes on again. The highest privilege is to be permitted to enter the room or headquarters of Mr. J. Stanley Brown, a youth of 22 summers, whose velvet cheeks, destitute of hirsute ornament or manly decoration, is sufficient evidence of his guileless innocence and his willingness to obey the will of others. Mr. Rose, who had been the President's private secretary for years when he was a Congressman, was found to have opinions of his own, and it did not suit those who have matters in hand to have that kind of material to manage.

Whilst Dr. Bliss has shown the country that he does not believe in having too many doctors around, Swaim and Rockwell are the men who keep guard at the chamber door of the President and will not permit a friendly face to pass. As proof the following fact is given to the readers of *The Times:* When Mrs. Garfield visited New York, before her late illness, she invited her warm personal friend, Miss Ransom, to accompany her. The two

intended to visit the art galleries together. Mrs. Garfield wished to have Miss Ransom's opinion on a picture of Alexander Hamilton that had lately been resurrected and come to light, after lying for many years among the rubbish. Mrs. Rockwell also went along. When the names of the august female Presidential party were made up to be given to the press Colonel Rockwell instructed the correspondent to leave out Miss Ransom's name, saying that "no names must be mentioned but Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. Rockwell." All the old trusted friends of the Garfields are thrust aside, whilst Swaim and Rockwell guard the doors. The isolation and cruelty towards the President is not the work of the doctors, for they are only intent on killing off each other, and if the country could be relieved of this surplus material the nation would have cause to rejoice.

But coming back to the White House, among those permitted to wait up stairs was the gallant Colonel Buell, who had come to Washington after an eighteen months' campaign in the field after the murdering Victoria and his savage band. He waited until the Cabinet meeting was over, and it was well on to 4 o'clock. "Better on an Indian trail in the wilderness than the trail of a President, if this is the experience," he said. Did President Garfield know that this brave, gallant soldier awaited audience at his door? The writer believes not. Did the soldier depart with his face crisped with disappointment? He did. Who saw the President? One woman of all the women who hung around like the lost souls around the gates of Paradise. This was Mrs. General Morgan L. Smith, the woman who began a suit in the New York courts for $25,000 damages for refusing to pay her for giving a decision of the Supreme Court in advance of its being known through the regular news channel. Mrs. Morgan Smith informed the writer that her interview with the President was perfectly satisfactory. The joy stamped on her beautiful face was suffi-

cient proof. The soldier walked sad and dejected away, but from the window of the Executive Mansion a woman's eyes filled with tears followed his retreating footsteps; and from the holiest depths of her heart ascended the prayer that God would shield and protect him, and give his brave soul and strong arm the strength to protect the lone settlers from the murderous savages that infest our remote frontier. OLIVIA.

## A NEW YEAR RECEPTION.

### The Diplomats and the Public Pay Their Respects to President Arthur.

Washington, *January 2, 1882.*

According to immemorial usage, the broad doors of the Executive mansion opened their portals to receive the gorgeous pageant that inaugurates the President's first official reception of the New Year. Thoroughly renovated and partially refurnished, the old historic building appears like an antiquated belle rejuvenated by the modern accessories of the toilet. Oriental designs, artistically arranged, give the surroundings a magnificence never attained since a former White House mistress died. The Red Parlor, where the foreign legations assembled previous to their presentation to the President, has been recently furnished in modern style and with exquisite taste. From the lofty windows fall cascades of ruby velvet and real lace. The furniture is upholstered in ruby plush, and the prevailing tints of the Persian rugs, which cover a large proportion of the floor, have been chosen to harmonize with the ruby surroundings. Potted plants, but not in profusion, were used to ornament the tall mantels and pedestals purposely placed for their reception.

Another marked feature was the absence of the police until the immense unofficial crowd began to pour through the corridor. Then the necessity of keeping the living river within its proper bounds became apparent to the crowd itself, and good nature and kind words for the President were heard on every side.

A New Year's reception at the White House forms a picture on the mind never to be forgotten. Precisely

at the hour appointed the foreign legations began to assemble and in a brief time the Red Room was filled to overflowing with representatives of the different civilized nations of the globe. The gorgeous costumes worn by these people can only be compared to the plumage of birds which infest the tropical forests. The appearance of the English diplomat is among the most subdued.

The French minister, M. Maxime Outrey, appeared in the usual court dress which the French Republic has adopted. In the dim light its hue could not be detected except that it was very dark, with semi-military appearance. The pants were ornamented with a broad gilt band up the side, with a limited quantity of gilt embroidery. His chapeau, which he carried, looked like that worn by Napoleon I. Monsieur Outrey seemed particularly engaged in playing oak to the vine, for on his arm clung winsome Madame Outrey, clad in a long-trained black velvet dress. When the old minister was balancing his dignity before the red fez of Turkey, the madame, in the sweet language of her native land, had asked after all the seraglios on the banks of the Bosphorus. But the most charming face and figure which shone in the diplomatic throng belonged to Miss Sackville-West, the daughter of the new English minister. In the absence of her father she appeared with one of the attaches of the legation. Imagine a slight, girlish figure, yet perfect in development as a rose in full bloom, with a face cast in the most aristocratic mould, low brow, full, large, almond-shaped eyes, classic nose, the saucy, short upper lip and wonderfully chiseled chin, all animated by the highest grace of expression. If the haughty Victoria has ever looked upon this dainty subject she will not bear too heavily on the lineage of the Sackville-Wests. Miss West was clad in a heavy dark green satin walking dress, with a simple Fanchon bonnet to match, and amidst all the pomp and splendor her presence brought the same sweet emotions which come to mind with an English daisy.

In picturesque effect imperial China glowed in the Red Room like a fireplace in the dark. An imposing figure, clad in a blue satin petticoat, surmounted by a cap, from which trailed gracefully that which might have been clipped from Pegasus. It is said this Chinese minister is of the highest rank ever sent out of his own country, his person more fully representing the permanency, the fixity of purpose, of his imperial master than any of his predecessors. Closely following the mandarin comes South America—land of political turmoil and earthquakes. All these ministers appear to be the descendants of Cortez. A genuine Spanish grandee is represented by Senor Don Simon Camancho, from Venezuela. He is unaccompanied, as Mrs. Camancho still tarries in New York.

It is very hard to leave the Red Room with its striking figures for pen portraits, but the "throne room" must be reached. You pass the threshold which leads from red to blue. The first impression is republican simplicity. An official of the State Department stands at the left of President Arthur and presents the passing throng. The dean of the diplomatic corps is the first to enter, followed very closely by all that is official from other lands. Towering above his associates stands President Arthur, in personal appearance and attitude every inch a ruler, with all the stately courtesy of James Buchanan, the native dignity and warmth of manner of Abraham Lincoln, and a grace which is all his own. He was clad in a simple black full-dress suit.

At the right of the President stood his new Secretary of State, slender, attenuated, but spirituelle and refined. Near by is Secretary Folger. Imagine a man of perfect proportion and exactly the right size, with a face so classic that it might be carved, with iron-gray hair, and this is Attorney-General Brewster.

A long line of ladies had been invited by President Arthur to help him receive. The innovation of numbers

was inaugurated by Mrs. Julia Grant, when she presided at the White House. It is not known whether Mrs. Grant meant to emulate Eugenie surrounded by her court, yet the effect is somewhat the same. The leading lady who modestly stood at the head is Mrs. Frelinghuysen, dressed in black silk, without the slightest pretense of doing anything but her duty. How tired and worn every feature of her face seemed, turned into an interrogation point, which asked, what does it all amount to any way? Then came the wife of the Attorney-General. Mrs. Brewster wore a royal robe of ruby velvet. Another lovely face was that of the wife of the young Secretary of War. Mrs. Lincoln wore Spanish lace over old gold satin. Although the youngest of the cabinet circle, Mrs. Lincoln's whole childhood was associated with official society at the capital. Room only for one more of the stars that compose President Arthur's galaxy of assistants—Mrs. Senator Logan, most queenly in appearance of all. Slightly taller than the others, with a face lighted with flashing black eyes and snowy hair rolled back in Martha Washington style, with rosy cheeks and pearly teeth, a veritable picture of "roses in the snow." The saddest picture is Mrs. Blaine in the background, bereft of her official crown, disappointment peeping out of her face covertly, as the picket guard watches for the foe.

The Supreme Court marches by, but some of its members are absent. Afterwards file by the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, wearing a badge which indicates devotion to a cause. Now a cold, sad wave comes down the long corridors following the gay throng which has just passed. It is the Oldest Inhabitants Association —encased in the frozen armor of age. There is a brush. A sigh that seems to breathe from everything around. It is gone. The beautiful ladies who stood by President Arthur are gone, because all that is "official" has drifted by. There is a muffled sound—the crowd, the strangers,

the citizens of the District are coming. Policemen begin to appear, they are strewn around as though a siege were about to begin, but President Arthur shows not the least sign of weariness; he shakes every offered hand. "Where are the ladies who were to receive with the President?" is anxiously asked. "Gone to their own receptions," is answered from somewhere. A bit of a woman appears leading a little child. It is such a tiny speck, but its sweet face peeps out from its fleecy hood as an angel's might from under the mist. There are no grand dames around—only the people. President Arthur takes the little one in his hands, then he lifts it high, and gives the humble little tot a kiss. It was so exquisitely done that it seemed the work of inspiration. With this incident the ceremonies came to a close, whilst the Marine Band was playing its choicest airs, composed by its talented leader to inaugurate the new year. OLIVIA.

# AT THE TRIAL OF GUITEAU.

## Anecdotes of the Judge, Jury, and Audience.

Washington, *January 5, 1882.*

A strange tale comes floating down the surface of the centuries. Its strange points assimilate with those associated with the unique criminal trial of to-day. During the period that the Roman inquisition was at the zenith of its power, a Catholic priest invented an instrument of torture. It was in the shape of an iron room, long and narrow, and with seven small windows looking toward the rising sun. By means of noiseless machinery the space contracted so that the wretched prisoner would see by the first light of dawn that a window had disappeared. The torture of the infernal machine could be lengthened or shortened according to the mercy of the executioner. But on the last day, or rather night, the iron bedstead would assume the form of a box, and as the sun appeared in the east the muffled tones of a bell would fall on the ear of the doomed, whilst the lid would fall, and after the clang there would be heard the fastening of screws if insensibility had not previously intervened. To prevent the existence of this instrument being known, the Doge of Venice seized its unfortunate inventor and put him into the machine, that everything connected with it should be destroyed, even to the inventor. Just as the Catholic priest created an instrument of torture and destruction, Guiteau has woven a web from which there is no escape.

The mercy or weakness which Judge Cox is accused of exercising toward the prisoner is the same sort of kindness which the executioner had for the Catholic priest. The windows of the iron cage are a little longer in disappearing. A thoughtful spectator watching the counte-

nance of Judge Cox will see that he carries all the weight of responsibility which goes with the judicial ermine. Cool, calm, inflexible, he seems to realize that his course in this celebrated case will be put on record to stand as long as the archives of the Republic. No opportunity has been given for the defense to obtain a new trial; no chance for ill-timed sympathy to accuse him of want of clemency or withholding that which is decreed the humblest citizen on trial for his life. In this most trying position in which a man could be placed, Judge Cox has filled all the requirements of the case in a manner which unbiased, unprejudiced posterity will applaud.

Coming to the jury, taken altogether, a clearer-headed set of men could not be found. If the writer was on trial for her life and allowed the privilege to select a jury, a large proportion of those now serving would be chosen for this painful and thankless duty. One of the jurymen has had honors paid him accorded only to the most distinguished men of the world. He has been met at the threshold of the Winter Palace of the Czar of Russia, the great Nicholas, standing with a silver salver in one hand, upon which was placed corn bread, and a golden chair in the other, the seat of which was hollowed out to hold salt. He has sat at the same table with the Emperor, amidst all the splendor and pomp of the Russian court. This gentleman (Mr. Heinline) was engineer of the monitor that carried Assistant Secretary Fox, of the Navy, when he went to take President Lincoln's dispatches to the crowned heads of Europe during our late war. In charge of this wonderful war craft, he received as much attention and in one sense more than Mr. Fox, for the Czar, like his ancestor, Peter the Great, had unbounded respect for the science of mechanics. During the lifetime of the monitors only the highest talent was employed to manage their machinery. Cool and brave must be the men who went to sea in these iron pots, and who would not choose such a juryman? And yet fate or accident has

determined this man should be one to bring his strength of mind to decide in the matter of the assassin's responsibility. It would make this article too long to make sketches of the different jurymen, but all enjoy the respect of those who know them best, so far as the writer has been able to ascertain. Few men, whether their crimes have been heavy or light, have been so fortunate as the assassin. No mortal hand was extended to help Guiteau in the selection of a jury. To the credit of all the citizens of the District, not a man was chosen that did not bewail his fate and hope that something would prevent his selection. It was claimed at the time that no jury could be impanneled because all had expressed opinions as to the guilt of the prisoner; but whether the assassin was insane or otherwise placed the trial in a different light, and only the repulsion remained in the minds of the people of the capital.

It is cruel slander on the women of the District when it is claimed it is "the same old set" of theater-goers that have gone to the Guiteau trial every day. A very few faces, less than a dozen, have been daily attendants, but these are the suspected adventuresses who come to Washington in advance of Congressmen to get the winter nests well warmed. They stop at the leading hotels, where they behave with that becoming modesty that secures them from molestation. When the real work of the Congressional season begins they flit to the different "boudoirs" in some of the most respectable quarters of the city where carriages going and coming attract not the slightest notice. The women wear "seal skin" and have all the attractive airs of "official life." Excitement they must have, and the Guiteau trial is an excellent preliminary to the winter festivities.

It is this class of female adventuresses who dog the footsteps of the virtuous Congressmen as well as the other kind. They even have the "cheek" to attend private receptions uninvited, and claim to be on intimate terms

with those who compose our most refined circles of "official society." When these women are excepted it will be found that the surging crowd that fills the court room is composed of strangers visiting the national capital. Our ladies had a desire to look once upon a man who could murder a President, but the desire was gratified with one visit. A glance at the newspapers will prove that this pardonable curiosity pervaded all ranks of the people. Even clergymen have been seen in the small space allotted to spectators of this criminal trial.

All the "star" actors or actresses who have appeared on the stage in Washington since the trial began came to the court room—the Florences, Mary Anderson, Lotta, and a troupe of lesser lights which have escaped the writer's memory. All seemed seeking to try to solve the problem, whether the assassin is insane, and, with scarce an exception, all believe, as did Frederick the Great of Prussia, that cranks "are responsible." When Frederick ruled his subjects assassination became a familiar crime, while insanity became the bridge which carried the criminals to safety; but the far-seeing, irrepressible Emperor thought it would be a good plan to crush out this kind of dangerous material by the extreme penalty of the law, and the result was that fanaticism did not bloom out any more in this kind of way. Whilst "experts," or those who have had experience in the management of insane people, can give their belief, that has little to do with the actual and proper settlement of the question as to the responsibility of the "crank." An honest man or woman who has been insane, yet restored to health, should be the ones to decide this most important point. Shakespeare settled the subject when he asked "Who can minister to a mind diseased?" Now, this most superior of human beings did not dare to answer his own inquiry. If the "experts" could take hold of a broken mind as the surgeons do of a shattered limb, possibly they might cure it; but if a human soul by some inscrutable means, like

a ship at sea, finds its bottom covered with barnacles, or a terrible rent in the hold, torn by a hidden rock, only the Builder can plunge into the vast ocean of mystery and mend the sinking wreck.

Taking the testimony of the "experts," Dr. Gray seemed wisest and best informed, and he was very careful not to commit himself. He conscientiously let the jury know how very little we know about insanity, but he did bear out the fact that a mind a little off color, or what is vulgarly called a "crank," for the want of a better term, is not relieved of responsibility and should be punished for crime committed the same as other criminals.

Notwithstanding the prisoner has been allowed better food and has had the stimulant of excitement imparted by his trial, there is a change gradually stealing over his features, which, rightly interpreted, means despair. His naturally pale face has assumed a kind of ashen hue which makes a sombre background for the lightning play of the fierce passions with which he is continually interrupting the court. There are no particular points to mark this man. He is like the great masses of the human family who resemble each other almost as much as do the leaves of the forest.

There is something very touching in the appearance of Mr. Scoville, brother-in-law and counsel for the assassin. He seems to have advanced ten years in age since the trial began. He has grown very much thinner, and a painful, eager, anxious expression is stamped on his otherwise kindly face. And the sister, who comes so regularly and shares the odium and disgrace of the brother! It is said her husband was very much averse to having anything to do with the trial, but when so many lawyers refused he yielded to the earnest entreaties of his wife. But instead of becoming an object of loathing to the ladies of Washington, like her brother, the assassin, her womanly devotion is appreciated. It is true she has not been crowned with laurel or welcomed to hospitable boards,

but woman's heart at Washington beats in sympathy with this sister, for no place can be so vile that it is not purified and uplifted by the presence of the same spirit that qualified Mary to become the mother of Jesus.

John W. Guiteau, the brother, has also won the respect of the community. He is trying to make the public understand that only an idiot or mad man would be guilty of the crime which a brother has committed. He feels the disgrace so deep and burning that all facts connected with the assassin's life should come to light. Unlike his sister, he has pity, but no affection, and if he can be made to believe his brother is responsible, he, like Mr. Scoville, under the same circumstances, will be among the first to approve the carrying out of the extreme penalty of the law.

OLIVIA.

# ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

## Captain De Long's Departure—The Polaris and Her Commander.

Washington, *January 7, 1882.*

Since the cablegrams of James Gordon Bennett to the authorities at Washington, no further news has been received of the ill-fated survivors of the *Jeannette,* who are now supposed to be traversing the frozen waste of Northern Siberia in dog sledges to reach once more a welcome home. Sad as the fate of all those who have undertaken to penetrate the secrets which Nature keeps eternally locked in her Arctic jaws, the moment a new expedition for the same purpose is mentioned, the spirit of adventure stirs within the naval breast, and more officers and men are found to offer their services than would man a fleet.

When Commander De Long, of the *Jeannette,* drew the awful prize in the lottery of Arctic exploration, his ambition rose to fever heat. So much so that in a measure it dried away the tears of his almost heart-broken wife, who felt the fate of Lady Franklin wrapping her mind as a dead body swathed in a winding-sheet. Just before Commander De Long left the capital, husband and wife decided to go to the White House and receive the Executive prayers and blessings ere the doomed vessel should unfurl her sails. Arriving at the proper morning hour, they waited and waited until patience was gone, when a messenger returned bringing the sad intelligence that "The President could not be seen, but Mrs. Hayes would soon be at leisure." Another period of precious time passed, when the rustling of silk was heard in a distant corridor, and at last a huge bouquet "hove" in sight, with

a remarkably smiling lady behind it. Without giving Captain De Long an opportunity to get a word in edgewise, Mrs. Hayes seemed determined to let the visitors know that she had mastered the situation and knew all about it; but imagine the consternation of the brave naval commander to find that he had been mistaken for a charlatan who had invented what he believed to be a method of freezing out yellow fever on board of ships irrespective of the vessel's latitude.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hayes, her soul palpitating with devotion to her fifty million loving subjects, "if you have only succeeded in ridding the world of yellow fever."

"Breakers ahead!" thought the embryo explorer, whilst the little wife was struck dumb to think her captain, whose name was to be enrolled with Franklin, Kane, Hall and others, and which will last in the world's archives so long as civilization remains on top, should be the victim of a mistake. It is not known whether Commander De Long piloted Mrs. Hayes from the tropical regions of the yellow fever to the Arctic barriers of the North Pole, but it is certain that both husband and wife left the Executive mansion wiser if not happier than before.

A good sharp taste of Arctic adventure can be obtained by gazing upon a picture of the *Polaris*, of the late Hall expedition as she lay locked in her frozen bed in the cruel polar sea. The artist has caught the icy atmosphere, with all its bleak, horrible surroundings. If the *Polaris* remains undisturbed by beast or savage, the centuries will roll by, leaving the vessel intact, like the mastodon, now extinct, but preserved by the glaciers of Siberia. A fiery enthusiasm took possession of the late Capt. C. F. Hall, and he came to the capital to plead his cause before Congress, as did Columbus before Ferdinand and Isabella. This same kind of flame is what lights up the path of progress, and keeps civilization from going down to the tomb. It made Isabella sell her jewels, and it forced our Congress to give Captain Hall an ear, and the consequence was the

purchase by the Government of an ice vessel of the Delaware, *Periwinkle* by name. She was brought to Washington, where Secretary Robeson caused her very ribs to be taken out and others of the greatest strength put in the place. To finish all, he added to the long rakish sailing body an iron nose. In nautical language seven feet of "dead wood," or solid timber, protected the forward part of the ship and this was strengthened by a plating of iron. Her sides were from twenty inches to two feet in thickness, whilst she had just twice the number of iron bolts in her carcass that are used for ordinary vessels for whaling purposes. Nearly every dollar of the appropriation was used in the purchase and strengthening of the ships, leaving nothing for ornament; but everything in the shape of comfort and luxury was contributed by the wealthy citizens of Boston, even to musical instruments, which were to pierce the solitudes with cultured airs. The *Polaris* was rigged as a foretop-sail schooner, and was able to sail and steer without aid from her engine. The engine could burn either coal or oil, but it was not expected to be of much use in extreme northern latitudes, as the danger was imminent of breaking the paddle-wheels on the ice; and the propeller was arranged in such a way that it could be lifted on deck through a shaft or "propeller-well." But if the propeller was broken a new one was provided. The cargo was made up of duplicate articles to insure its progress and safety. Most wonderful life-boats were provided. One in particular attracted attention because it was made for sledge journeys. It was constructed of hickory and ash, and folded up like an umbrella, thus occupying one-eighth of the space as when opened for use. It takes only two or three minutes to spread this boat on the water. Its weight was two hundred and fifty pounds. A life-preserving buoy was placed on the outside of the stern of the *Polaris,* and in case a man fell overboard it could instantly be lowered by touching a spring somewhere near the pilot-house.

By touching another spring an electric light was elevated two feet above the buoy, and this would light up the water for yards around.

The vessel was loaded with pemmican, dessicated vegetables, canned meats and fruits. The pemmican was the life of the expedition. The latter is an ugly brownish compound to the eye, disgusting to the taste in civilized regions; but an old whaler says: "It is an entirely different article in the Arctic regions. When exposed to the intense cold it becomes pale straw color, and melts in the mouth like a peach, only ten thousand times more delicious." It is said to be worth a journey to the North Pole to be able to eat pemmican accompanied by raw walrus liver.

All this frozen knowledge is vividly retained in the writer's mind, because it was her experience to sit at the same table with Captain Hall at the National Hotel during the time the vessel was being fitted out for her last voyage. This enthusiast had already spent five years of his life with the Esquimaux and looked upon it as the happiest period of his existence. There seemed to be a delightful thrill in his mind when he would relate his escapes from freezing. "One night," said the Captain, "I had gone to pay a visit to an Esquimaux lodge. I had gone to bed and was enjoying the most sublime dreams. It seemed as if the whole sky in every quarter was blazing with auroral lights, when all at once I felt myself trampled on, rudely shaken and beaten with small fists. For a time I could not collect my mind or understand what it all meant, but as soon as consciousness asserted itself I learned that my kind friends had discovered that I was freezing to death. The lodge was colder than the one I had been accustomed to, and I had foolishly decided to sleep alone, but I had been watched as a mother looks after her child."

"How did you get through the night, Captain?"

"After that experience I was willing to share the beds

with the Esquimaux, their favorite dogs included. The proprieties of civilized life are entirely wiped out in the Arctic regions. It is merely the animal fighting for existence."

"But what good will come from this vast expenditure of precious blood and treasure?"

"The stars and stripes must float from the icy pinnacle of the North Pole. Congress has given me the means, and with God's help I'll nail our banner there."

Now that we have so many brave men battling for their lives on their return from the ill-fated *Jeannette,* the writer thought the readers of *The Times* might wish to see recalled a picture of the *Polaris,* with her intrepid commander, whose bones have been left to crumble in the awful "ice field," for soil there is none to be reached with pick and shovel—only a snow grave.

The *Polaris* left her moorings at the Washington navy yard with nothing omitted which would detract from her success. Captain Budington, the old whaler upon whom devolved the safety of the vessel, left nothing undone. It was this indomitable seaman who floated the fragment of Captain Hall's crew home on a cake of ice. The experience of this little band reads like one of Hans Andersen's fairy tales. The cruise of the *Jeannette* makes a good advertisement for the New York *Herald,* but what has the Government or nation gained by its outlay in the Bennett scheme? Hereafter the fools must not be permitted to fall into the *Herald's* trap if the Government is expected to pay the greater part of the bills. Judging the future by the past, an incipient Arctic explorer should be treated as a lunatic and be placed where the contagion can be treated with the freezing process such as Mrs. Hayes understood so well. OLIVIA.

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